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What the Dollar at Par Means to B.C.

Lumbering and mining chiefly affected—Record shattering wheat movement

By CHAS. L. SHAW

WHEN Mr. Ilsley made his sudden and unexpected announcement that the Canadian dollar had been returned to par with American, there was a considerable outcry from British Columbia manufacturers who had been selling their products in the United States and receiving a ten per cent premium for it during the long period of Canadian dollar inferiority.

But while British Columbia is probably affected to a greater extent than any other province by the change in the exchange, this is a time of readjustment anyway and few doubt that over the long term the transition will not be without its advantages. If the change was to be made at all—and the inflationary tendency in the United States made the change inevitable—it was made at an opportune time, while Canada was enjoying a sellers' market south of the border and steps to increase prices to offset the theoretical loss of ten per cent would be met with comparatively little resistance.

Superficially, of course, British Columbia stood to lose substantially by a return to parity. About 80 per cent of British Columbia's pulp and paper was sold in the United States at the ten per cent premium because it was paid for in American funds. The same thing applied to British Columbia's shingles, of which 70 per cent were marketed in the United States, and of lumber, although only about 12 per cent of the province's sawmill output has recently been going south of the border.

After the first surprise had worn off, representatives of the forest industries realized that they had the remedy in their own hands. With price controls off in the United States, they could raise the price of their product ten per cent and thus recover the dollars lost through re-establishment of parity. The order had been in effect barely a single day before the newsprint manufacturers did just that. Lumber and shingle producers will probably do the same thing.

Prices of Lumber and Gold

But lumber prices in Canada will not necessarily be increased as high as in the United States, even though the sawmill operators have been claiming that they are entitled to some advances in view of higher costs of production and the recent order of the Timber Control directing them to allocate at least 50 per cent of their total output to the domestic market instead of the previous 35 per cent.

The lumbermen were caught in a squeeze between advancing costs and the necessity to sell more of their product in a cheaper market. By the terms of settling the 36-day loggers' and sawmill strike, the industry has to pay 15 cents more per hour to all its 36,000 employees, give them a 44-hour week instead of one of 48 hours. It also has to pay higher workmen's compensation and other costs. The lumbermen felt so disconcerted about the whole thing that they sent a delegation to discuss their plight with Ottawa. What they accomplished was not known at this writing, but in view of the past month's events a moderate increase in lumber prices would not be unexpected.

British Columbia's mining industry may find it more difficult to recoup its loss which, in the case of gold, amounts to \$3.50 on every ounce produced. But at the moment the mine operators are more concerned with the strike of hard rock miners than with prices. The miners asked for higher wages and the 44-hour week. Their walkout resulted in the shutdown of a dozen gold and base metal mines in various parts of the province.

Strikes have become so fashionable that threatened refusal of deep sea



salmon and pilchard fishermen to operate their vessels was taken as a matter of course. However, the fishermen managed to settle their grievance with the packers before the season began, and at the moment harmony prevails.

Reverting back to the forest industries, the tieup of logging camps was a particularly severe blow to the box factories on which the Okanagan fruit industry depends. There was a shortage of box shooks in 1945, but by gathering in raw materials from farther afield it was believed that this season would see an abundance of supplies. Then the strike occurred, with the fruit growers expecting the biggest apple crop in the region's history—probably more than 8,000,000 boxes. Box manufacturers are scrambling for lumber wherever they can find it, but it looks as though, regardless of what success they may have, they will be short about one-fifth of what they require.

Incidentally, it was the federal government's action in appointing a controller to take over the box factories and set them to work that finally broke the back of the forest industries' strike. The government realized the seriousness of the box shortage; it didn't want to see the fruit crop ruined. So it took steps to run the plants itself, with ample federal authority. The strike leaders took the hint and called off the strike. They didn't want to have the government declare an emergency in other branches of the lumber industry and take over the sawmills, too.

70,000,000 Bushels of Wheat

British Columbia has one important advantage in the diversification of its interests. If one industry happens to be in trouble, the chances are that another is experiencing particularly good times. While the mining community ponders its current misfortunes, the wheat export trade booms. It is expected that at least 70,000,000 bushels of wheat will be cleared through Vancouver this crop season, which is the highest total since 1932-33.

Representatives of the Canadian Wheat Board in Vancouver would not be surprised if all records were shattered during the next crop year. The Pacific coast has staged a quick recovery from the wartime doldrums when practically all wheat from the western prairies was routed east via the Great Lakes rather than through Vancouver for export. Now that war's hazards have been removed from deep sea shipping there should be a steady rise in volume of the grain movement through the Pacific outlet.

Grain isn't the only commodity that will be shipped by water route through British Columbia ports during the coming months. Under normal conditions, the Orient and Australasia are exceedingly important markets for British Columbia, and they are gradually returning to the trade picture. Japan may be an uncertain quantity for years and will probably never return to the dominant position it held prior to Pearl Harbor, but China is already buying on a limited scale and Australia and the South Sea Islands are eager buyers of Canadian goods. The main obstacle to this trade is lack of merchandise to sell.

This lack, of course, is temporary and Vancouver shipping men are setting their sights a long way ahead and planning accordingly. More than 50 10,000-ton cargo ships are being operated out of Vancouver by British Columbia shipping houses which own the craft and do not merely charter them, as they used to before the war. The fact that these ships make their home port in Vancouver is a guarantee that they will continue to load and unload cargoes there.

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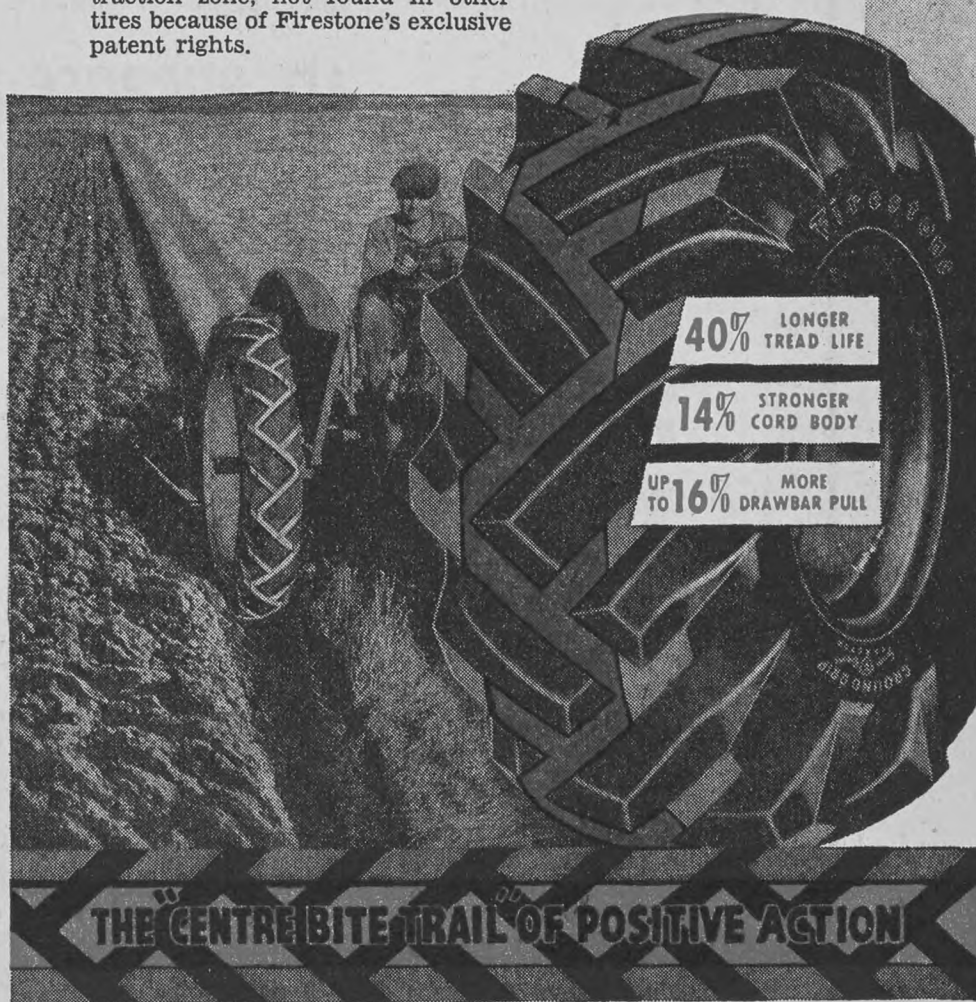
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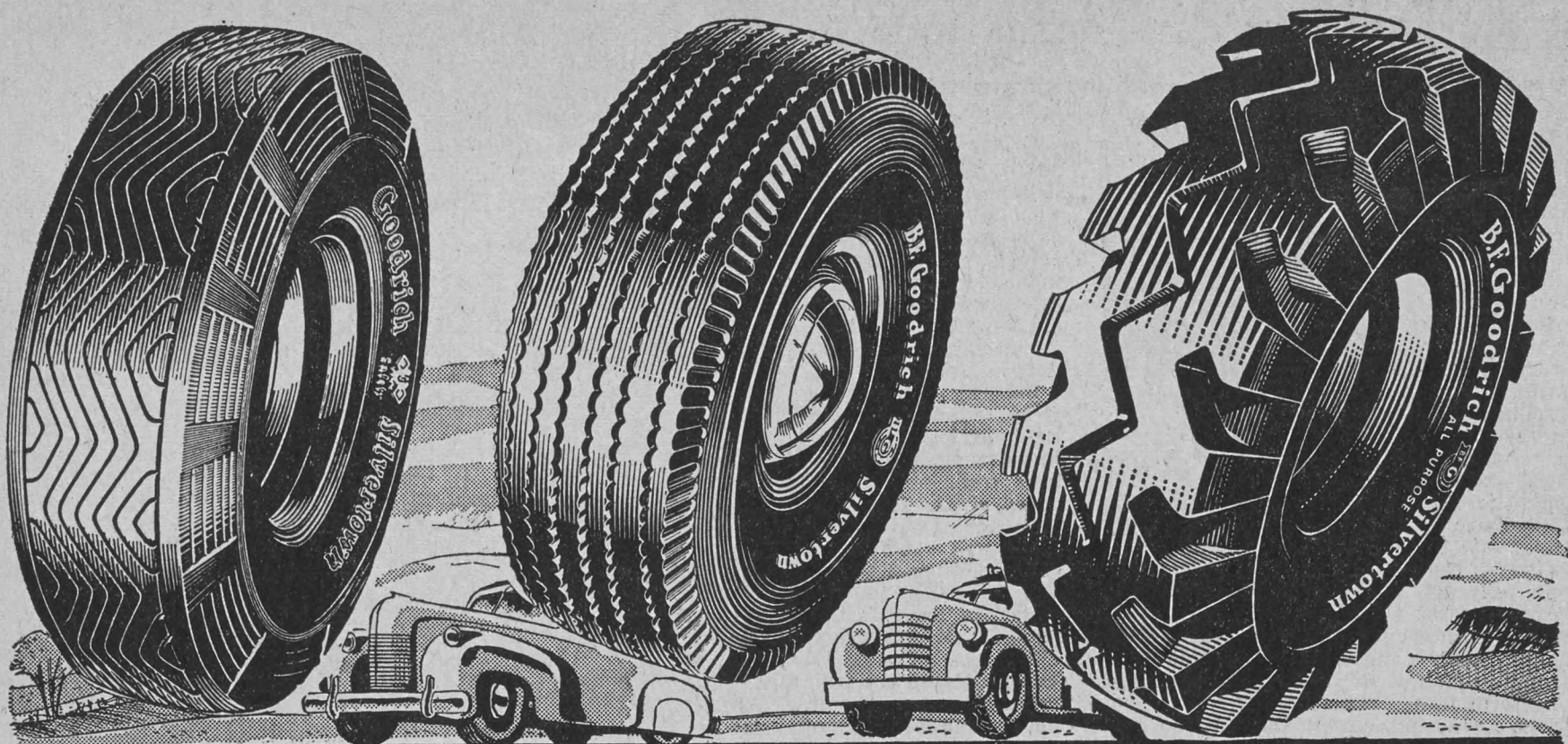
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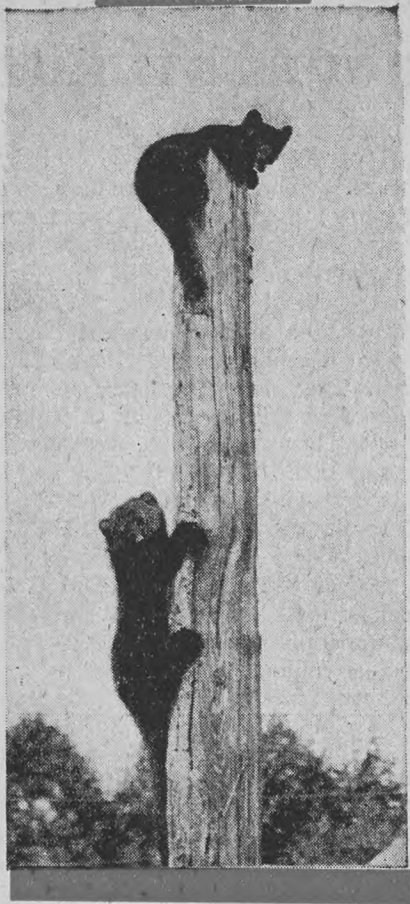
RIGHT FROM THE START
B.F. Goodrich
FIRST IN RUBBER

Fur Farming De Luxe

By WM. BLEASDELL CAMERON

Chesney S. James produces furs that set fastidious femininity palpitating with delight

The marten and the fisher take a serious view of affairs.
Three of a kind, a happy family all of martens.
The marten, always tops, tells the mink to get off his pole. The fisher, left, ignores both.



on the backs they had formerly adorned and which had produced them, but he knew very little about fur-bearers. And he had never before heard of a mink farm or met a mink face to face. He would not have recognized the animal if he had. But the die having been cast, he bought

much else, and with his share of the customary setbacks. All this took time—though luckily not too much time, for in the tenth year after his start he sold ten thousand dollars worth of pelts and breeding stock. In the meantime he had been making yearly sales, however, after his first one or two seasons, but this was his best to that date. Subsequently, as will appear, the business brought him returns which dwarfed those of 1938.

Enter the Tail—Body Attached

TO go back a step, by 1932 the James enterprise had developed to the point where its founder decided he might safely expand. He wished to add new varieties to his string and had long had his mind on the fisher. The fisher is a regal animal with a deep dark coat and a great sweeping tail of rippling fur, resembling an enormous ostrich plume, barring the color. The high place which a beautiful fisher pelt holds in the eyes of the men whose job it is to evaluate furs is shown by the price of five hundred dollars bid some years ago at the fur auction sales for an exceptionally lovely fisher pelt.

James obtained his original stock from trappers in the Prince George and Golden districts of British Columbia. For the first three years he got no increase. Then, in 1936, they began to produce, with four litters of three young each, and this has since been his yearly average. His largest litter has numbered five. He has now fishers ten years old born in his cages and his sales have been numerous, both of pelts and of livestock. In January, 1945, his fisher pelts brought a low price of \$68 and a high of \$160. His breeders sell for \$400 a pair. He is one of the few ranchers who have had any success with fisher. Fishers mate in seven days after the birth of the young in April. The gestation period is one year.

Welcome, Little Stranger

HAVING found his second investment profitable, James cast about for a third fur-bearing breed to add to his interest and income. This time it had to be marten. This trim and lovely little animal is clearly the aristocrat of the furry kingdom. As in the case of his fishers, James secured his foundation stock from trappers and from the same districts. He began with two males and three females and, like the fishers, they were slow to mate in the cages. But after five years he got his first litter of young martens. After that they gave him an occasional litter and in his best year five, averaging three kits each, his top litter numbering four individuals. He now looks for at least three litters a year.

Until recently there was a great deal of conjecture as to the mating season of the marten, but, owing chiefly to the first-hand study of Mr. James, "now it can be told." The marten mates in July and the gestation period is nine months. Marten pelts range in value from \$40 to \$100, though at a recent auction sale they reached a high of \$150.

In Character

THE fisher is a strong and rather formidable animal, with powerful teeth and claws, and strangers are warned to keep beyond reach of the latter when he is hanging on the wired front of his cage. He shows his hostility to visitors by the violent swishing of his great handsome tail. Although some are fairly

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WHEN a man quits a business he has followed for years to plunge into another, strange, intricate and totally different, and makes it go, as the saying is, "that's something." Chesney S. James, living in a suburb of bustling Vancouver, B.C., has for the past seventeen years been producing furs the sight and feel of which sets fastidious femininity palpitating with delight. In a word, Mr. James' plunge has catapulted to a towering success.

There was nothing premeditated about James' venture into fur farming. When he left his home near Toronto, Ontario, in 1904, it was to homestead in Alberta and farm land, not fur. Later he went into business as a building contractor in Medicine Hat and Vancouver, taking time out between moves for a turn at running a dairy farm in the Fraser valley—the only time, as he likes to impart, that he ever worked for wages. And then, in 1928, possibly to his astonishment, he found himself in an occupation about which he knew exactly as much as Popeye the sailor.

It was an item in a Vancouver newspaper that turned James' activities in the new direction. He glanced at it casually but had not read far until his interest was aroused and he became absorbed in the story the article had to tell. It dealt with the breeding in captivity of fur-bearing animals—specifically minks—and the writer really let himself go when it came to playing up the fascination and the profit to be found in the business. Mr. James has a keen business mind and is quick, not only to recognize opportunity but—more important—to seize it. Mink breeding was in its infancy then, but it didn't take him long to decide. He liked animals and the business was right up his street. As he remarks:

"It struck me as a good idea and I made up my mind to give it a whirl."

James Takes the Plunge

JAMES knew that furs didn't grow on trees because he had seen them on the backs of fair ladies if not

seven minks at a high figure from a well-known breeder—three males and four females (instead of one or two males as he would have done if he had been "wise" to mink nature) and five acres in suburban North Burnaby to put them on, and with everything to learn and no one to instruct him, he was away.

Of course he could not be sure how his venture would turn out, so as a sort of financial backlog in case it proved a liability instead of the expected asset, he bought and found a tenant for a house in the city and settled down to get his experience, like most beginners, the hard way—by the highly-touted system of trial and error. He had to master the fine points of feeding, mating, care and rearing of the young and



Chesney S. and Mrs. James.

Left: A regal Fisher. Note the magnificent tail.

Right: A beautiful specimen of the new mutation, a Silver-Blu mink.



It Was Really For Janey

... by **JOHN RHODES STURDY**

IT WAS lucky for Old Ham that he had once been a rumrunner. Or, rather, that he had saved the money he made as a rumrunner. That kept him alive now and able to take care of himself as well as he wanted, and he didn't want much. His one small fishing boat was tied up for lack of anything to do, because fishing did not pay any more, and now, with the war, the Navy was using his grounds for practice maneuvers, and he had to keep his boat off them.

Mr. Miller would have tried to look after Old Ham if there had not been any money. Mr. Miller had a high regard for Old Ham. Of all the men who had sailed for him in those days—say, that was a million years ago, wasn't it?—shipped the stuff from Miquelon to Halifax, and then down along the United States coast, Old Ham was the only one you could say had amounted to anything. He had merely gone back to his little house on Ham's Cove, where the seas came tumbling in between the headlands and on windy days the spray almost reached his door, and there settled back to the fishing that had been his family's business for three generations, and his own before he had gone into steamships.

As for the others, you could find them in the back kitchens of Halifax off Water street, most of them down and out, bumming drinks, hoping for an attentive ear that would listen to their tales of a thousand dollars, cash, for a single voyage with a cargo of booze. Sweet memories! And they'd say, "It's a dead certainty that prohibition'll come back. Wait until the war is over." They would accept a loan, pending such time.

Mr. Miller had been a big operator. He had a summer home just around the point from Old Ham's and was a respectable man, and no one cared if he had been a rumrunner once, because there were few who had not had some finger in it. And it was all old history, dead and buried.

He was glad Old Ham had money, because he liked him, and if Old Ham had gone broke he would have packed up and wandered off to some other fishing grounds, because he would not accept money. He had always refused it, even when people had tried to pay him for the use of his boats.

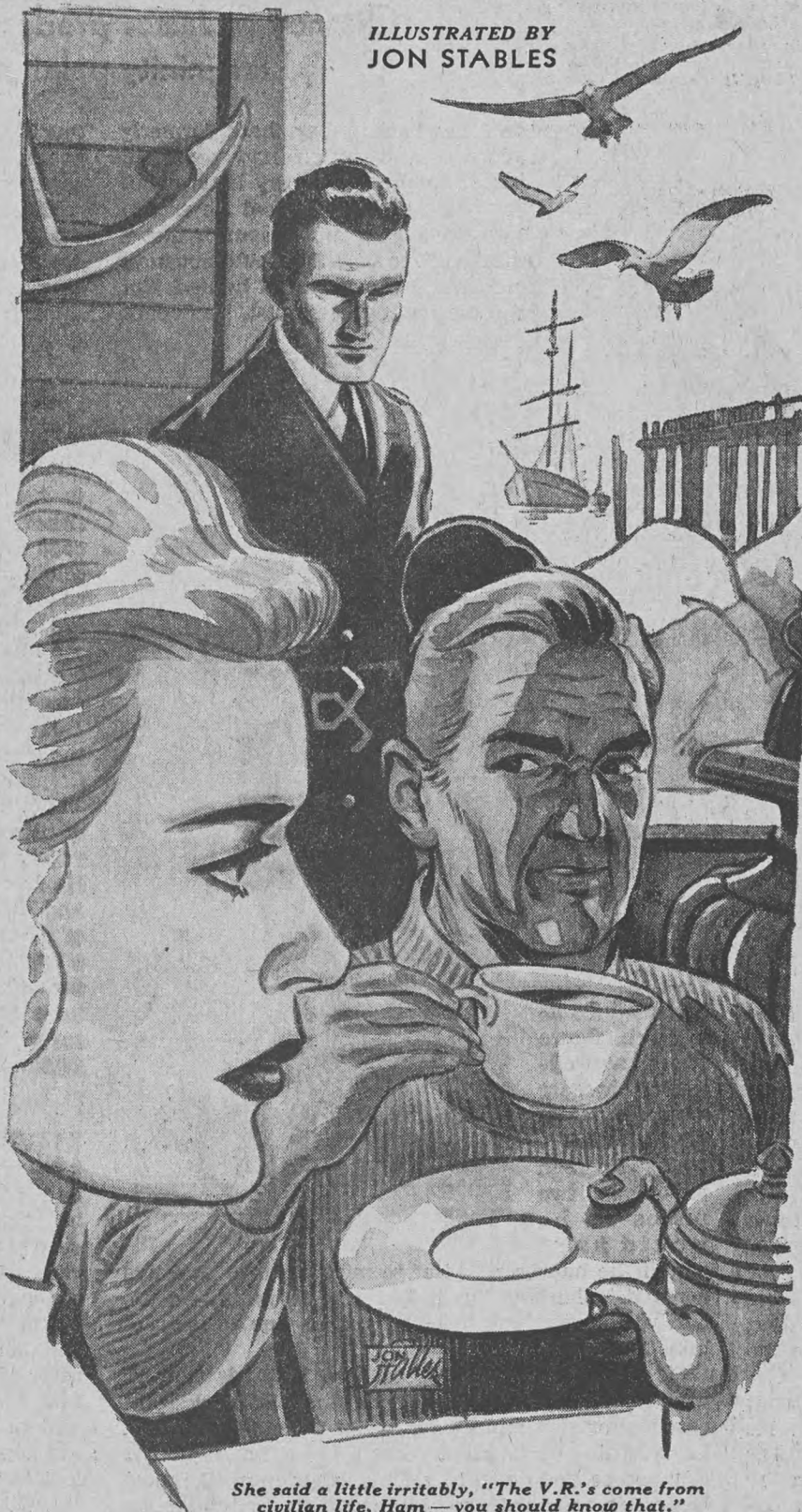
"I'll take a few rounds of bullets, if you have them," he would say. He liked hunting in the fall. He never shot anything much, but he got pleasure out of strolling through the bush with a gun under his arm, and, if you wanted to pay him for anything, you could send him a box of cartridges. That really pleased him.

His name was Old Ham, but he wasn't old. He was not much past forty, and he was a strong man, with a lean face that had tanned a deep brown from years on the Cove and at sea. But he had grown up young, and it seemed someone had called him Old Ham once, and the name had stuck.

This was Ham's Cove, barren and wind-swept on the Nova Scotian coast, and the barrier of rocks a mile out to sea was called Ham's Barrier, because once, when he had shipped a load for a gang in Halifax, the R.C.M.P. had chased him down the coast, and he had run his ship in between the rocks and the shore. The old-timers still chortled over it, because no other man on the coast could have taken a ship inside the rocks without breaking her up, and Old Ham had just sat there waiting, while the R.C.M.P. fretted outside, and then two nights later he had sneaked his way out. So the barrier became known as Ham's Barrier, as a tribute to his fine seamanship.

Jane Miller would have missed him the most if he had packed up and left. To her he was something permanent, like the Cove, and something dear, too, like the rest of the priceless things that were mixed up with her childhood. She could remember Old Ham from the beginning. At ten she had been madly in love with him. And now, at twenty, she was his closest friend. She spent most of the summer on the

ILLUSTRATED BY
JON STABLES



She said a little irritably, "The V.R.'s come from civilian life, Ham—you should know that."

point, at the big Miller place, and there were not many days that she did not see him.

She knew about his disappointments. She got them out of him somehow. She knew about the day war had been declared, and Old Ham had dressed himself in a suit and gone in to Halifax to enlist. The Navy, of course.

They had turned him down on account of his eyes. "Look," Old Ham had said, "I can split a twig with a rifle bullet."

"We're sorry. Your eyes."

And Old Ham had boiled up inside. "Eyes!" he had shouted. "My God, I don't need eyes! I can smell my way along this coast! Give me a ship—and I'll show you what I can do with her."

He had come back to Ham's Cove, bitterly disappointed and hurt inside, because he figured he was still young and he wanted to be in this thing. And he called Dr. Price from the village and asked him; and the Doc said, "Well, you're not blind, Ham, but they have standards and they have to keep to them."

The fog was thick and the water treacherous, but despite the pain in his body and hurt in his soul, Ham went out to the trapped ship ... Janey's young man was aboard

"But I'm a seaman," Old Ham had protested. "I know more about ships, steam and sail, than any of those—" And then he had stopped and muttered, "Damn!"

"Personally," the Doc had said, "I'd forget the eyes and think about that appendix of yours. You're a stubborn mule, Ham. For three months I've told you to get it cut out. One of these days that useless bit of insides will blow up and you'll be in a sweet stew."

"I hate hospitals. They smell."

"So do undertaking parlors."

"Well, I won't smell anything, will I?"

IT WAS perfect logic, as far as Old Ham was concerned. He was not worried about his appendix, not for quite a time. Deep down, of course, he knew that he was being stubborn, and that one of these days he would have to go to the hospital and let the sawbones work on him. But he hated the thought of it. Hospitals meant sickness to him, and he had not been sick as long as he could remember; except, when a kid, he had filled his stomach with lobster and someone had given him a glass of beer, and he had been violently ill over the side of his father's fishing boat. The crew had laughed at him, and called him a landlubber.

He was fifteen at the time. He had crawled into his bunk and cried his heart out. And when his father came to him, he had sobbed, "I'm not a fisherman. I'm not a fisherman." And his father told him, "You are a fisherman," and that was his accolade, and he had never cried again.

Jane knew about the appendix. "You're a nut, Ham," she said. She was young enough and frank enough, and old enough in his friendship to tell him what she thought.

"Sure, Janey," he said. "Did you see the fog roll in this morning? Did you see it come over the barrier, and sit down on the rocks, one after another, and take them away from you—the big ones first, and then the little ones, until there was nothing but the surf between you and it, and soon not even that. And you were lost in it? Did you see it, Janey?"

Listening to him talk like that, she knew she was defeated. "Oh, Ham!" she'd say despairingly, and let it go at that. . . .

From his personal throne on the headlands he could often see the convoys moving out toward England. With binoculars he could pick out the ships, with their escorts of destroyers and squatty corvettes, and later he would put down the glasses with a sigh, and there was a look in his eyes that people very seldom saw there.

He was sitting this afternoon on a rock, with his face toward the sea and a pipe between his lips, when he heard steps approaching, and, turning, he saw Jane climbing up the hill to meet him. He admired her pretty face and her blond hair blowing in the wind, and he knew that it would not be long now before some young man would take her away from here. He would miss her.

Before she reached him she was calling, "Ham, did you see her? Did you see her?" and he nodded in return. She was excited when she sat down beside him.

"They've changed her. But I couldn't mistake the Mary Belle. Did you know?"

Ham nodded. "Doc told me," he said "She looked different—didn't she?—painted grey all over and a gun on her bow. The Navy got her from the man your dad sold her to, that's what the Doc says. She's got a new name, too."

"It must," said Janey, "it must have made you feel funny when you saw her."

"Yep, it did." It had made him feel very funny, all clogged up inside, and the appendix had had nothing to do with it. He had seen her far off from shore, but had recognized the lines of her—His Majesty's

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Machinery will be Different

By L. B. THOMSON

Some shortage of farm machinery may exist for another two or three years and new designs to come make it advisable to plan purchases ahead to secure greater economy of operation plus adaptability

THE farm machinery picture in western Canada involves a number of problems that require the attention of every farmer at the present time. Efficient production of food is dependent upon the proper use of machines and equipment. It is necessary, therefore, to examine the present position in relation to production plans, so that farmers may judge for themselves how they can overcome present shortages of adaptable machines; and how they may plan their future cropping practices in order to maintain production along with sound soil conservation practices. At farmers' meetings on food production, one of the basic factors discussed is that of machinery and equipment. Just recently, agricultural engineers from the four western provinces reviewed the situation in a meeting at Swift Current, Sask. This article presents, in part, the examination made by the Western Section of the National Committee on Agricultural Engineering.

The supply of machines and equipment will not be adequate to meet the demands of farmers in western Canada during the next two years. Each year since 1939, the demands for farm machinery have greatly increased due to increased agricultural production. Then, during the war, machine shortages aggravated the situation and normal replacements have not been made by farmers. In order to determine the necessary machinery requirements as indicated by farmers during 1946, 1947 and 1948, a survey was made by the Dominion Economics Branch in 1945. The results of this survey have already been published and summaries have been made in the farm press. It is quite evident from the survey that, during the next three years, farmers intend to purchase large numbers of tractors, one-way discs, combines and many other types of commonly used machines. It is also quite apparent that the supply in sight will not meet this demand, unless there is a rapid increase in manufacturing in 1947 and 1948. In view of this situation, it would appear that it will be necessary for farmers to prolong the use of their machinery and equipment. If, however, a farmer is able to purchase a machine, care must be taken that it will fit into his present types on the farm and do the work in the best possible manner.

ANY discussion of farm machinery must consider the basic factors of crop production in the three prairie provinces. In the prairie region where cereals are the cash crops, the major factors of crop production are soil moisture and soil erosion. In the park belt area the storing of soil moisture is not so important as on the prairies because the rainfall is higher and the evaporation less. Soil erosion by wind and water is of special importance and must be carefully watched in cropping and tillage practices. There is no one machine or implement made that will fit into all soil, climatic and cropping conditions. There is a vast difference

between the tillage result of the machine when used under different conditions. If the one-way disc is the most suitable implement for fallow operations on the Regina Plains, this result does not necessarily recommend its use in the Edmonton district in Alberta.

Tillage operations must be planned to conserve the greatest amount of moisture in the soil. Machines that excessively pulverize or mulch the soil, increase the loss of moisture by exposing the soil particles to the air and cause excessive evaporation. Soil moisture experiments carried out at Swift Current during the past 24 years show quite clearly that there is no one implement that will result in more stored moisture than another. The control of weeds in fallowing is more important than the type of implement used. The tillage result that will leave the trash well anchored in the soil, produce a cloddy surface condition and leave the field free of weeds, should be the objective. Claims made for one particular implement to store more soil moisture than another, are not substantiated by experimental evidence in the Prairie Provinces. Farmers are warned against such claims made for many machines in advertising pamphlets.

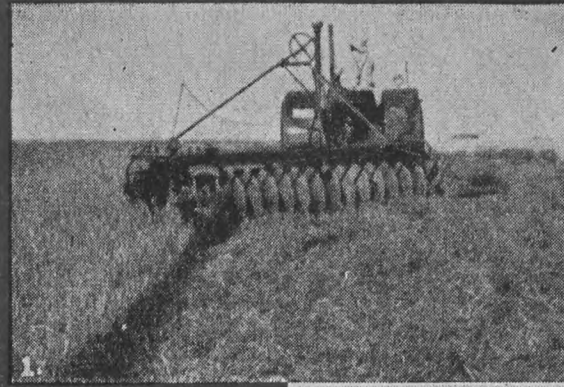
The advent of the combine has improved the amount of soil moisture stored from winter snowfall. The longer stubble holds more snow and increases soil moisture storage for subsequent crops. Experiments with machines such as damming listers and other special machines that make soil pockets in the fall have not proved successful in soil moisture conservation. These machines excessively pulverize the soil and accelerate the soil drifting problem. The extra tillage operation required to make these pockets or dams to hold snow, increases the exposed surface for the evaporation of moisture, which is usually more than the amount conserved through snow.

The soil drifting problem is still serious and can become a critical one in western Canada. A combination of factors has caused this problem. One of the important contributing factors is the improper use of implements to do the tillage work. There are several reasons for this condition.

Slow-speed implements drawn by high-speed tractors cause excessive pulverization. In many cases farmers have old-type one-way discs, cultivators and plows; and have a modern tractor which travels at higher speeds than the older models. The result is the soil is thrown rather than turned. It is left in a condition highly susceptible to drifting.

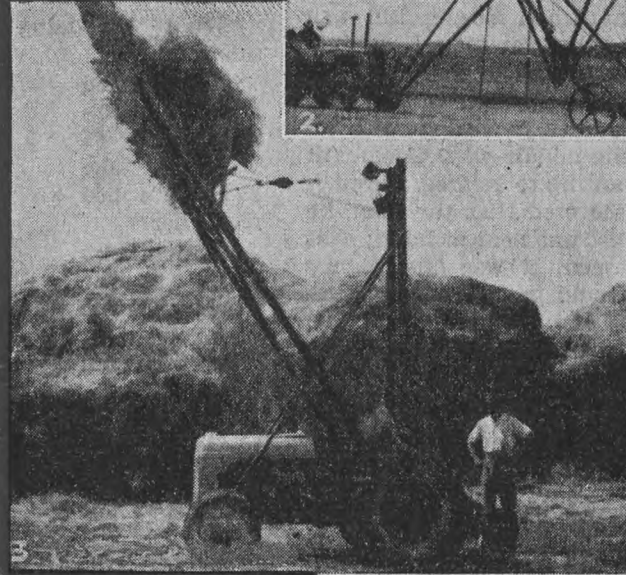
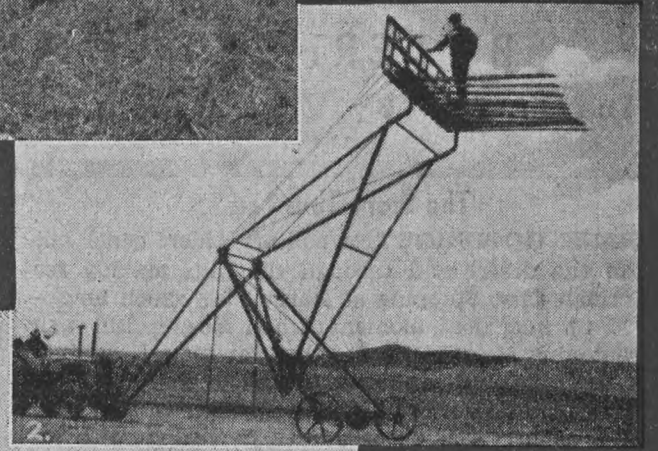
High speeds of travel of all farm implements, except blade weeders, have resulted in excessive pulverization of the soil which has had serious results in soil drifting. The majority of one-way discs, cultivators and plows in western Canada are of the older models. Experiments and field trials

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1. The one-way, a valuable implement when properly used.

2. The Jayhawk stacker, labor of time, money and backaches.



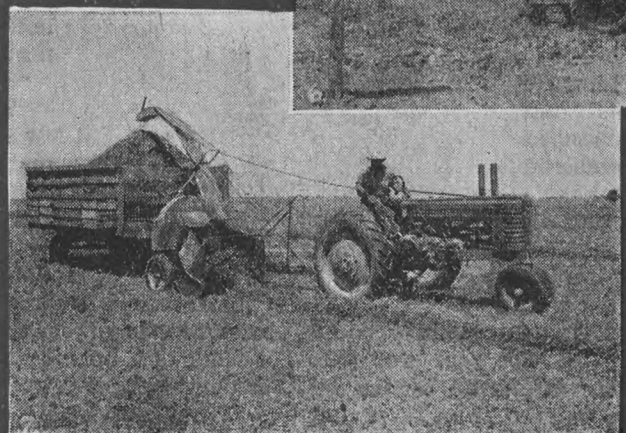
3. The Fulton sweep used for stacking.

4. Small, adaptable tractor-combine outfits contrast strangely today with the much larger and less efficient outfits of a decade ago.



5. Haying today and tomorrow will be mostly a riding job.

6. Loading the manure spreader the new way.



7. Imagine! Chopped feed from the field—and no hay fork to handle or horses to feed.

Photos Nos. 1-5, Swift Current Experiment Station; Nos. 6-7, John Deere Co.

The Wild Bunch

By ERNEST HAYCOX

Illustrated by CLARENCE TILLENIUS

The Story Thus Far:

FRANK GOODNIGHT, a solitary rider, came out of the desert and through the hills making for Sherman City. Stopping at Harry Ide's ranch he arrived at a critical moment, when Boston Bill was threatening Harry's life. He thus set himself against Boston Bill's outfit and still refused to consider joining forces with Harry Ide. Every stranger in that part of the country was suspect until he tied in with an outfit. No man stayed in the middle way. Goodnight had his own reasons for wanting to be free. Through his pal Niles Brand he discovered that the man, he was seeking in deadly earnest was near at hand; that his name was Theo McSween. It was Goodnight's intention that McSween should pay in full measure for the suffering and death of his sister.

In Sherman City Goodnight met Rosalia Lind, who owned considerable property and later learned that Boston Bill was in love with Rosalia, who used people for her own ends. Then he met Virginia Overman, who took him to meet her father Hugh Overman. Goodnight accepted a job on the Sun Ranch with them. Overman seemed to be shadowed by some great fear. McSween was also with the Sun Ranch, and Frank bided his time, seeking in every way possible to make McSween feel his hatred. Niles Brand was wounded by someone evidently intending to finish Goodnight. Niles was sheltered in Rosalia's home. Goodnight refusing to hide from danger returned to the Sun Ranch and found that Hugh Overman had been shot. Virginia was stunned with grief but steeled herself to carry on. Boston Bill sought to take over control for her. She failed to understand the hardness and lack of responsibility of Goodnight who finally mixed into a fight with Theo McSween. McSween died knowing that the avenger was brother to the girl he had deserted. Virginia made one more plea for Frank to remain but he rode off not giving her an answer because he did not know what his plans were to be.

PART IV.

HE reached Sherman City before midnight, left his horse in the stable and strolled as far as the hotel corner. He wanted to go directly to Niles Brand but he knew it would be best to be seen by Rosalia's men before attempting to enter her house. Therefore he loitered a few minutes, crossed to the Trail for a drink, and came out again to find Rosalia's chore man, Gabe, standing on the corner staring at the sky. As he went past, the old one murmured: "Go into the back door of the hotel and turn right." Then the old fellow resumed his absent-minded study of the stars.

Goodnight moved toward the screening blackness at the street's end. He reached the shed whereby he had earlier met Niles, turned by it and came back along the rear side of the row of houses. He crossed Rosalia's yard and let himself into the back door of the hotel. A spot of light came through the keyhole of another door directly to his right. He hit it once with his knuckles and stepped inside. Niles Brand sat up on a bed, propped against pillows. Rosalia stood at the corner of the room.

The sight of her struck him. He met her glance, its dark depth and its growing glow; her lips changed faintly and then he remembered the shape of them and the heaviness of them against him, and all that had its way in him as he looked back upon her. Niles Brand said in a softly ironic voice:—

"Well, Frank, how's the big world?"

Niles was cheerful and grinning, but it appeared he had been through his torment. His face was pale enough to show the freckles ordinarily hidden by heavy tan and his lips were cracked from fever and his cheeks were lankier than usual. There had been a doctor working on him; he was properly bandaged and he wore his shirt.



"You eatin' well enough now?" asked Goodnight.

"Appetite came back today, like a rain on a dry land."

"What you doing in this room?"

Niles showed a bit of embarrassment. "I wouldn't take a lady's bed from her."

Goodnight looked at the window, at the door. He said: "Not protected much."

Rosalia moved over the room and opened its door. Goodnight looked across the hall to another room whose door also stood open. A man sat in a chair, facing them with a rifle over his knee. She closed the door, making no comment at all.

"You see?" grinned Niles. "There's another fellow outside by my window. This lady owns the town." He had been studying Goodnight all this while with the critical and experienced eyes of a friend, and what he saw took the cheerful grin from his face. "Somethin' happened in the hills?"

"Yes."

A glinting expression showed on Niles' face. "Catch him?"

"Yes," said Goodnight. "That's done."

"Then," said Niles, "we can turn around and go home."

He had no answer from Goodnight. Goodnight showed him nothing; he was dry and tired, and beyond that lay some kind of unpleasant feeling. Niles said: "Better get a room and go to bed. Then we can play rummy a couple days until I'm ready to ride."

"I'll see you tomorrow," said Goodnight, and turned out. His steps struck the hallway floor, going forward to the front of the hotel. The girl listened to them thoughtfully.

"Not like him," said Niles.

"What has he done?"

"Killed a man," said Niles. "A man that ran away with his sister and left her dyin' somewhere out in Nevada. Been a hell of a long trail

and I'm glad it is over. But he don't take it right. He ought to be pleased."

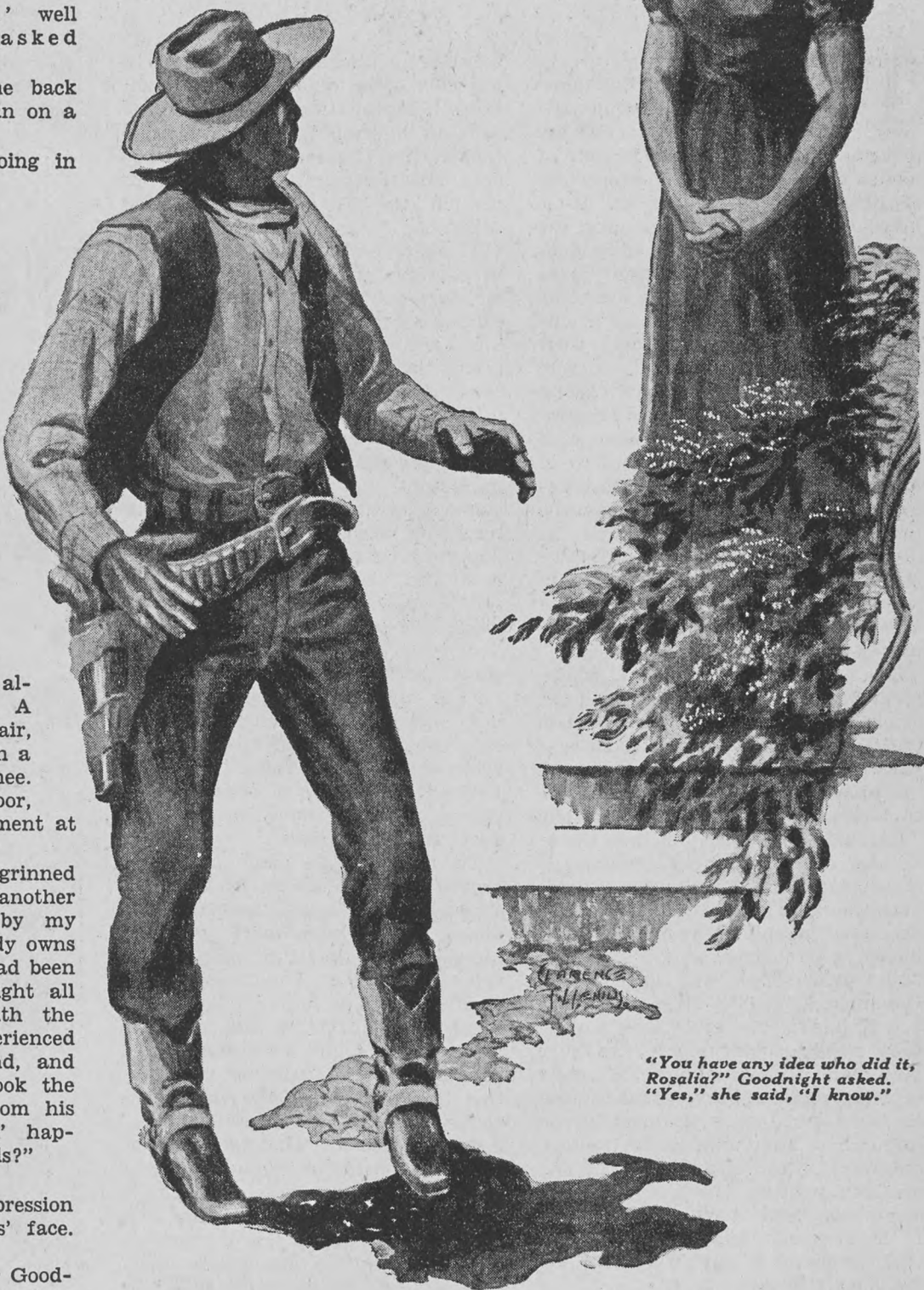
She turned back to Niles. "Then he never was running away from anything?"

"He's an honest man," said Niles. "But there's something wrong."

"What was he like? Before all this happened to his sister?"

"Everything," said Niles, "was fun. Always smilin'."

"I've never seen him smile," she said. She stood



"You have any idea who did it, Rosalia?" Goodnight asked. "Yes," she said, "I know."

soberly by the bed, looking at Niles. But it was now as so often before—she looked at him without seeing him. She was far from him.

"I don't know what's workin' on him," said Niles.

"I do," she said. She turned out his light and left the room. She stood in the darkness of her own yard and she called, easy-voiced: "Syd," and waited until a shape drifted up from some yonder patch of blackness. "Go to the Trail," she said. "There's a man in there—you know the man—and he'll be getting drunk. Don't let anything happen. When he's good and drunk, bring him to me."

GOODNIGHT walked through the small lobby of the hotel, waking a man who sat sprawled asleep in a chair; the man opened his red eyes briefly and closed them again. Goodnight reached the street, looking both ways. There was an occasional light burning out of a window but nothing showed on the street except for a fellow sitting on the edge of the walk in front of the Trail, drunk and fighting to keep erect. Goodnight turned toward the Trail. The drunk saw him and the drunk murmured: "It's my legs, that's all. They went to sleep on me. Ain't that the damndest thing?" The Trail had a swinging door with a window in it made of colored glass, green and red and blue; the lights of the saloon came through it and turned the drunk's face rainbow colors.

Turn to page 32

Rain clouds kiss the mountain tops.*Mt. Rundle, massive and dignified.**Riding into a mountain storm.*

2,000 Miles of Mountains

By Clarence Tillenius

FROM the arctic tundras of Alaska to the sandy wastes of New Mexico, more than 2,000 miles, there stretches one of the mightiest mountain chains on earth, the far-famed Rocky Mountains. Product of age-old volcanic upheavals, earth in labor pains—now rising sheer, bleak and forbidding, now rolling gently down through the foothills to the encircling plains—these mighty crags are a constant and potent attraction to travellers all over the world.

On the Canadian side, the chain is divided by four great passes—the Crows Nest Pass (C.P.R.), the Kicking Horse Pass (C.P.R.), Yellowhead Pass (C.N.R.), and the Vermilion Pass (motor road). Through one of the northern passes the famous explorer Simon Fraser made his way to the western sea. From the region of the Columbia Ice Field, "Mother of Rivers," great river systems flow—north, south, east and west, emptying into three oceans—the Atlantic, the Pacific and the Arctic.

With a history as old as the earth, richly abounding in animal life, scenery of a grandeur scarce equalled elsewhere in the world, the Rockies offer the traveller passing through them, an experience beyond anything he might have imagined.

LAST summer it was my privilege to take such a trip with a companion, a congenial soul with an extraordinary leaning toward a breakfast made up of corn flakes, shredded wheat, grape nuts, fresh raspberries, puffed rice, cream and sugar—a concoction calculated to stun the ordinary mortal, but which only served to put him in a cheerful frame of mind.

Starting from Banff, the route we followed is shown on the accompanying map. Looking westward from the foothills at Calgary, eighty miles away rise the great peaks at Banff, etched in palest blue against the sky, serene, majestic, yet with that indescribable, mysterious remoteness that belongs to all great things seen across vast distances.

No descriptions can convey adequately the sensations aroused by seeing the mountains close at hand for the first time. My strongest impression was of the vast bulk of them—those mighty peaks rearing their hoary heads into the very clouds.

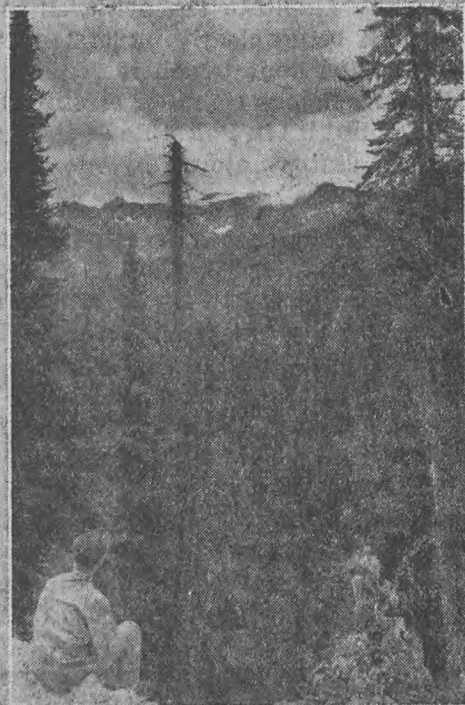
In the mountains we soon learned that the shortest distance between two points is not a straight line. Though your goal may lie in plain sight, seemingly but a few miles away, be assured that to reach it you will drive long

Turn to page 27

Through the mighty peaks and shadows of the great Pacific mountain system, the author travelled for more than 2,000 miles, and records his impressions



One of many mountain lakes, with (inset) a route map, showing the course of the author's 2,200 mile journey.

We saw few straight avenues of trees.*Looking across the tree-filled valley of the Columbia.**A group of giant cedars on the Big Bend.**A huge snow-pocket on the east Big Bend.**A single monarch surveys the treeless roadway**A lone Bull Pine guards highway near Yahk.*

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Piecemeal Entry

Probably if Mr. Bracken were still premier of Manitoba he would accept the federal government's offer of individual entry by the provinces into the Dominion-Provincial scheme as his successor, Premier Garson, has reluctantly done. The federal government was faced with the alternatives of allowing the whole matter to drop or of offering the compromise scheme. The provinces are now faced with the alternatives of accepting the compromise scheme or remaining out of it. Manitoba, Saskatchewan and New Brunswick have indicated their willingness to come in under the existing offer.

Perhaps others will decide to come in also. There is a possibility that all the provinces except Quebec and Ontario may so decide. The two central, high-income provinces would, in that eventuality, be called upon to help finance the plan while deriving no benefit from it. They would be faced with double income, corporation and other taxes; their own to finance their own budgets and heavier federal levies to finance the Dominion-Provincial scheme. This may be something of a squeeze play on the central provinces as Mr. Bracken seems to think. So what! The Maritimes may speak for themselves but as for the Prairie Provinces, the central provinces have had them in a squeeze gate for decades. It may, as Mr. Bracken fears, tend toward national disunity but the present inequality of the provinces in the matter of taxable income also tends toward national disunity.

No arrangement that the provinces and the Dominion could come to would be satisfactory to all. The most satisfactory arrangement would be one in which all the provinces participate. If there were the slightest possibility that Ontario and Quebec would be more amenable in another conference than in the previous ones, it should be called. But time is passing. The present war-time emergency agreement expires with some of the provinces this fall and with the rest of them next spring. Prime Minister Mackenzie King is in Paris attending the peace conference, which may last for many weeks. His presence at a renewed meeting with the provinces would be indispensable. In any case the piecemeal offer, made by Mr. Ilsley on behalf of the government in his budget speech, does not preclude the holding of another conference at any time nor does it debar the provinces from coming in under a revised plan if they could reach a unanimous decision to do so at such a conference.

Circus or Experiment?

The atomic bombs were exploded at Bikini as a scientific experiment not as a circus spectacle. The disappointment of the newspaper correspondents, who wanted to see a show that would make a big story, should not, therefore, leave anyone feeling depressed. The first one was not as spectacular as a thunderhead which can be seen almost any day over the prairies during the thunder storm season, or as a column of smoke from an uncontrolled bush fire in British Columbia. The second one didn't start a devas-

tating tidal wave nor set off an earthquake. One American editor reminded the correspondents after the first explosion that it would have made a better "story" if the good ship Appalachian had been sunk and they had all been killed.

What the authorities wanted was more knowledge of this new instrument of devastation. The experiment would have been successful even if the bombs had been duds, for anything which adds to the store of knowledge is successful from the scientific viewpoint. But they were not duds. They provided further confirmation that science has developed a means by which whole populations could be snuffed out in the twinkling of an eye.

It may be, however, that the atom bomb is even now obsolete. Another war might not see it used at all. More likely would be the use of radio active gases, giving off rays which would extinguish life over vast areas. Cities would not be reduced to piles of rubble. Buildings, machinery, transportation facilities and other physical equipment would remain intact. All that would be necessary for the conquerors to do would be to dispose of the dead, repopulate the depopulated areas and start up the country's economy again—that is if enough people would be left to repopulate them, which is unlikely.

Grim prospect! But it is not out of the fertile imagination of a Jules Verne or an H. G. Wells. We are living in the Atomic Age. The Atomic Age must be warless or else—

Liquor Advertising

Saturday Night has been bristling up a bit at the United Church Observer on this liquor advertising business. In defence of carrying advertisements sponsored by brewers and distillers, Saturday Night claims that its editorial policy regarding the liquor question has been the same, through the years when such advertisements were prohibited by government decree and now, when brewers and distillers are again permitted to extoll the virtue of their wares at the usual advertising rates.

The Country Guide doesn't accept advertisements from liquor firms, even though the copy, except the signature, is devoted to extolling the glories of Canada as a campers' paradise. This is not because the distillers and brewers might try to influence editorial policy on the liquor or any other question. As a matter of fact big advertisers do not try to influence it. Away back 25 years or so ago the Canadian Manufacturers Association engaged a smart young graduate of an American university as secretary. He got the bright idea that protectionist manufacturers could lick free trade or low tariff papers into line

by withholding their advertising from them. Moulding the Moulders of Public Opinion, he called this boycotting stunt. But it backfired, and how! The Guide exposed the whole business and the C.M.A. dropped the policy like a hot potato. It also dropped the bright young man.

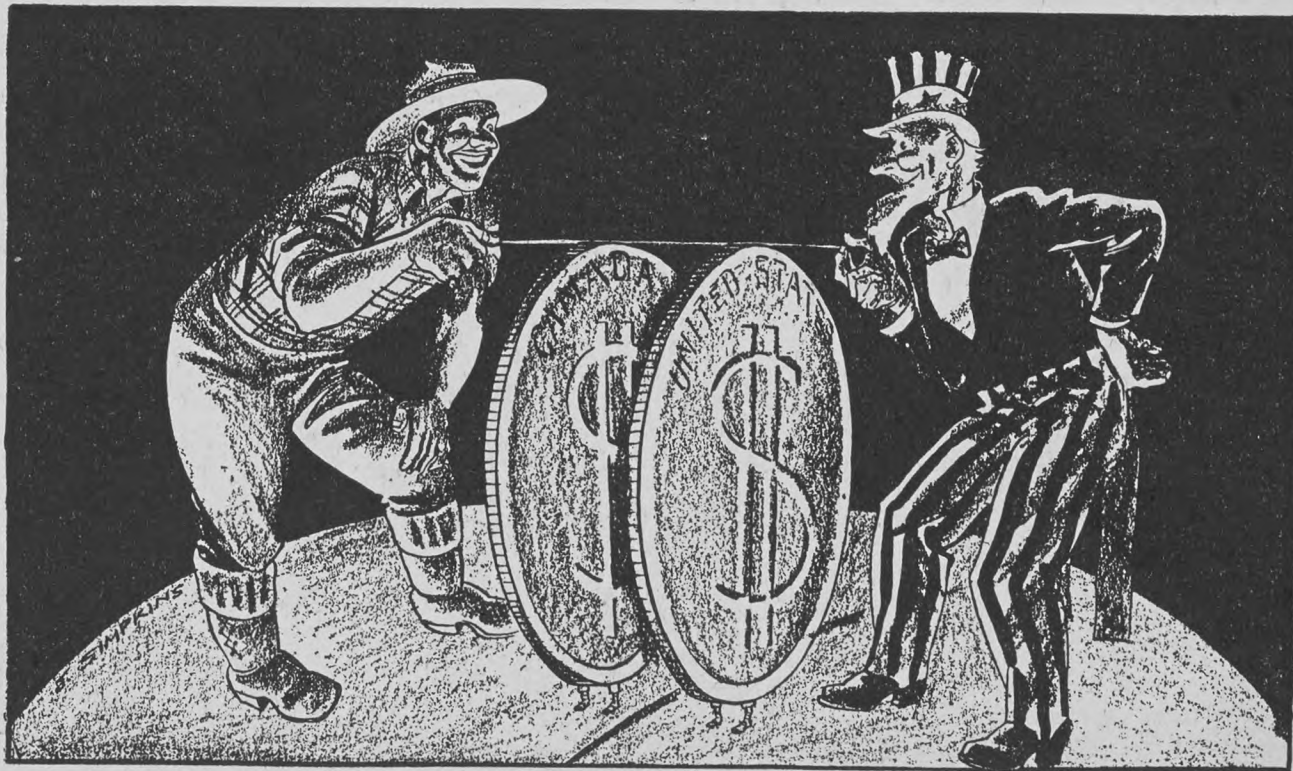
No, The Country Guide refuses liquor advertising for quite another reason. It believes that advertising increases the sales of the advertiser's product. It does not want to see liquor consumption increased; on the contrary it would like to see liquor consumption diminished. For that reason the traditional policy of The Guide has been that liquor advertising should be prohibited by law, as it was during the war years. Consistent with this belief it does not accept liquor advertising, although that refusal costs it thousands of dollars of revenue annually. It even refused during the war to accept what is known as goodwill advertising by liquor firms in which they publicized not their product but their contribution to the war effort, such as the manufacture of industrial alcohol. Should the time ever come when the continued life of this publication would depend on the acceptance of liquor advertising, it would be quite willing to cease publication. That, however, is a very remote possibility.

The Palestine Question

Now that the Palestine question has assumed world significance it might be well to keep the record clear by recalling the exact words of the Balfour Declaration. On November 2, 1917, The Right Honourable Arthur Balfour, British Foreign Secretary, wrote to Lord Rothschild:

"His Majesty's Government views with favour the establishment of a national home for the Jewish people, and will use their best endeavours to facilitate the achievement of this object, it being clearly understood that nothing shall be done which may prejudice the civil and religious rights of existing non-Jewish communities in Palestine or the rights and political status enjoyed by the Jews in any other country."

This has been interpreted by Zionists as a promise to establish a Jewish State in Palestine. The interpretation seems to sit on a very slim foundation in view of the qualifications which Mr. Balfour introduced into his declaration. The hard core of the matter is that the Arabs, not of Palestine alone but of the whole Middle East, are determined that a Jewish state shall not be set up in Palestine. To that end they have organized the Pan-Arabic League which could probably draw support from the 80 million Moslems in India. There are now 600,000 Jews in Palestine, along with a million Moslem Arabs



Back to par again.

and 130,000 Christian Arabs. The Arabs are fearful that immigration of Jewish refugees would swamp them numerically so that when the British mandate, or whatever succeeds it, is withdrawn, and independence granted, a Jewish and not an Arab state would emerge. For that reason, if the recommendation of the British-American Commission, submitted last April, were implemented, and 100,000 European Jewish refugees admitted, the British would collide head-on with the Pan-Arabic League. The British government wants guarantees from the United States, which is reluctant, to put it mildly, to send troops to Palestine. The situation has erupted in riots, bombings, bloodshed and wholesale arrests. Added to her other troubles, Britain has had to shoulder the burden of keeping some semblance of law and order in the Too-much-promised Land. As Gilbert wrote, in a line set to music by Sullivan, "A policeman's lot is not a happy one."

The Canadian Flag

The troubles of the parliamentary committee in selecting a design for a Canadian flag are reviewed in the adjoining columns by Austin Cross. The recommended design will in time, no doubt, be adopted by parliament. It will have much the same appearance as the familiar Canadian Ensign, with the maple leaf on a white background substituted for that incongruous looking jumble, the Canadian Coat of Arms. The design meets the two chief requirements: It is distinctively Canadian and it symbolizes Canadian membership in the British Commonwealth of Nations. Controversy has largely narrowed down to the proportion of the flag that should be occupied by the Union Jack. Some fellow Canadians in Quebec hold the peculiar notion that the presence of the Union Jack indicates a position of Canadian subservience. It is pointed out by authorities on heraldry that this objection is removed if the Union Jack occupies less than one quarter of the entire flag. Out of deference to the punctilios of heraldry and as a gesture of appeasement toward our Quebec co-patriots, it might be suggested that the total area occupied by the Union Jack be one thirty-second of an inch less than the full quarter. The nice point would be met, while, if the design is thrown out of proportion, the divergence could not be detected without the use of calipers.

The Golden Dilemma

The loudest and longest cry of agony that followed the shift of the dollar back to par came from the gold mining interests. The price of their product was reduced from \$38.50 to \$35 an ounce. But it doesn't take a long memory to recall when the price of gold was jacked up from \$20.67 to \$35 an ounce by the decree of President Roosevelt. That was in 1933 in the depth of the depression, and it was done in an attempt to restore price levels. It didn't restore them, though it may have helped. It certainly helped the gold industry which, with the possible exception of diamond mining and pearl fishing, is the most wasteful and socially useless of all primary industries. Then along came the Foreign Exchange Control Board and set the price of the wartime dollar at 90 cents American which added more cream to the gold miners' apple pie. On that basis phoney gold mining companies were set up galore and the scandalous gold stock racket smeared the name of Canada. Gold mines were put into production which cannot operate profitably even at \$35 an ounce. Now that they will have to close up, it is no national calamity in a country which is crying aloud for all kinds of goods that are of some use. If you put enough capital, labor and materials into making a bathroom and the appurtenances appertaining thereto, you have a bathroom. If you put the same amount of capital, labor and materials into mining gold, what have you?

Under the PEACE TOWER

WELL, we've got a new flag. We hope. This business of selecting a new "distinctive Canadian flag" as the instructions put it, has been a long and patient job, punctuated with acrimony. Now, at this writing, as the flag committee's design, approved 21-1, is put before the Commons, it might be interesting to look back, and see some of the milestones we passed getting as far as we have.

Last winter, the offices of Hon. Paul Martin, secretary of state, began to fill with some terrifying material. These were the new flag designs which people kept sending in. Some were tasteful, chaste, proper. But most of them would frighten the rats out of the West Block. By April 30, there were 1,788 on hand. I cite that date, because it was along about then that the flag committee started to function seriously. However, that was not the end. The flags kept on coming in, and at this writing, the flag committee has a record of 2,695 designs.

This committee was headed by Walter Harris, Liberal, Grey-Bruce, and Sen. Norman Lambert, Ottawa. Mr. Harris was the only member of parliament to be wounded, while an M.P., in World War II. Having fought for the country, certainly he had as good a right as any, to head a committee deciding what kind of flag our country would have. The other co-chairman was Senator Lambert, a mild-type, elder statesman, a brain truster of sorts, a steady personage, and above all, a man who has the ear of Mackenzie King. Those who can get quickly to the Kingly presence around Ottawa you can count on your fingers. The personnel of the flag committee indicated a wide variety of choice, from Quebec nationalist zealots to extremely broad minded men. If we start going into details and personalities, we'll never get finished. Take my word for it, it was a good committee, it was a representative committee, it was truly an all-Canadian committee.

There were called in as advisers two notable figures, Lt. Com. Alan Beddoe, heraldry expert; and Col. A. F. Duguid, D.S.O., army historian. Beddoe has also gained modest immortality as the man who did most of the Book of Remembrance now reposing in the Peace Tower, and chronicling the name of every Canadian killed in World War I.

When the Harris-Lambert committee first met, it was confronted with a bewildering array of flags. Some were beautifully done in silk, others were crudely sketched on cheapest paper. To get down to cases, each of the 37 M.P.'s and senators were asked to select five flags. Many selected the same flags, but it did bring the total down to 55. That was a real gain over 1,788. Then 621 more designs came in, and 21 more were picked from the new batch, leaving a new net of 76 designs. Such was the situation May 7. On May 9, another vote was taken, when each M.P. or senator was asked to make one choice of this 76. The total number of designs emerging was 12.

ON May 14, the committee really got down to business. Each man had to make a choice of the flag he liked, from the 12 before him. The committee sat in a semi-circle in the famous railway committee room. Before the M.P.'s and senators were the flags to be voted on. Carefully scrutinizing these designs, which now were reduced to sensible patterns, votes were cast. Of the 12, three flags got no votes at all, and were automatically eliminated. Of the remaining nine, three got only one vote.

The score at this interval was: six flags had fair support, three other flags had one adherent each.

A further elimination brought the total down to five. Here were the five designs left, as reported May 15:

1. The Union Jack with the red fly, and a gold maple leaf on the fly.
2. The Drapeau Nationale, consisting of red and white triangles, with a maple leaf sitting squarely in the middle. This was designed by La Ligue du Drapeau Nationale.
3. The white ensign with a green maple leaf in the corner, and the Union Jack in the upper quarter.
4. Leroy Holman's flag with a union jack, a white body, and blue bars running diagonally from lower left to upper right across the white. "The bar sinister" it was dubbed, later.

5. The crown in the corner instead of the Union Jack, and three maple leaves conjoined on one stem.

On May 24, the white ensign, which was No. 3, was eliminated. No one much worried about that.

Then the committee was addressed on May 28 by the irrepressible Jean Francois Pouliot, M.P. for Temiscouata, who, although not a member of the committee, made a 12-minute speech.

The big event along about this time, however, was the elimination of "The Bar Sinister." Senator Brewer Robinson backed this flag, apparently in all innocence about a bar sinister indicating bastardy. Alan Beddoe, a noted expert on heraldry, was quoted as saying the bar sinister in effect made bastards of us all. Senator Robinson wanted Beddoe rebuked.

"He saved us from making fools of ourselves," interjected Arthur Smith, Progressive-Conservative, of Calgary West, and this ended the senator and his blue bars.

FINALLY, the show down which everybody expected came, on May 28, when the Maple Leaf and Union Jack got 18 votes, and the drapeau nationale got 10. This was a far from unanimous report, and so a sub-committee was urged to assemble, and see if they could not get nearer to agreement. A month and more went by, and finally, Mackenzie King went into caucus, and talked turkey to the boys. He told them he wanted a real Canadian flag to take to the peace conference. There was a free for all, but King stuck to his guns.

Finally the committee, hastily convened, eliminated the drapeau 15-8. But Louis Rene Beaudoin, of Vaudreuil-Soulanges, said that he had two compromises to suggest. The first was, that there should be some white somewhere in the flag, since French Canada liked the idea of white in a Canadian flag. Second, he wanted the Union Jack reduced more than to one quarter, since to quarter the Jack meant subservience to Britain. This was to be a "distinctive" Canadian flag, he recalled. He got plenty of support on that, notably from English speaking Conservatives, and so the sub-committee went back to work, and agreed to outline the autumnal maple leaf with white. They also reduced the Jack a little, so it was less than a quarter. A face saving gesture, it made French Canada a bit more mollified, and English Canada got the Jack even if diminished.

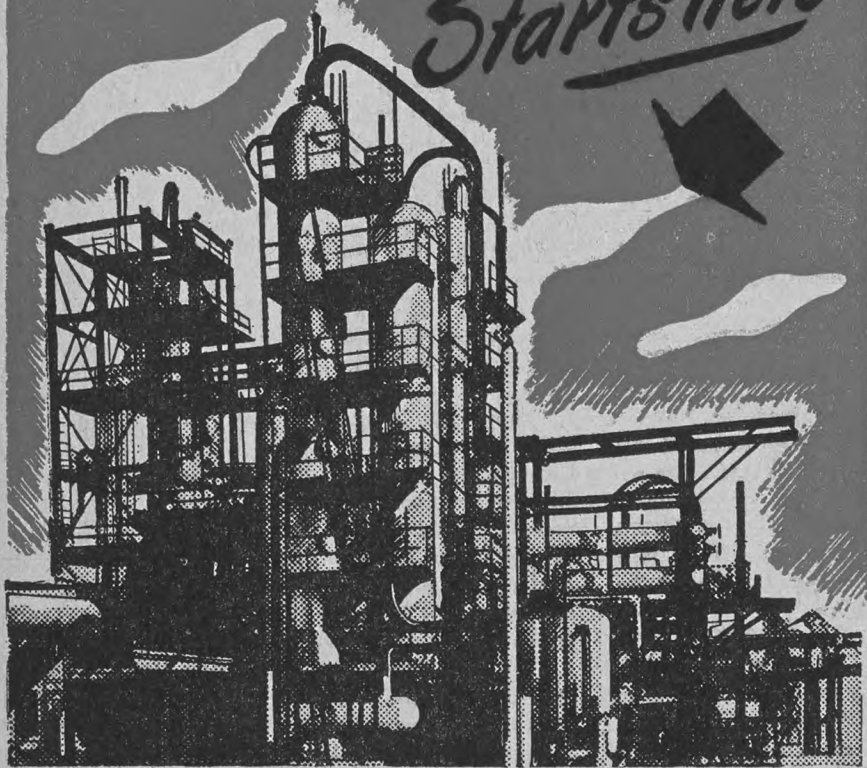
Here's an interesting thing about the maple leaf. Everybody understood it was to be gold. But Mackenzie King saw a maple leaf in London outside Canada House, or some such place, that he liked, and he brought it home. So we are going to get, not a gold maple leaf, but an autumnal maple leaf with gold colors in it.

That French Canada does not like it is indicated when, during the St. Jean Baptiste parade in Montreal, thousands and thousands and thousands of drapeaux nationales broke out in the parade of Quebec's patron saint. Too, the fact that certain French Canadian buildings, even in Ottawa, fly the drapeau, shows that French Canada is taking this hard. Whether time will heal things, no one can guess. In the past, your Quebecker has flown the gold and white papal flag, the sacred heart flag, the tricolor of France, in fact, everything but the Union Jack. Now that he has a flag of his own, a real made-in-Canada flag, he may like it better. Or he may not.



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NEWS OF AGRICULTURE



Dr. Robert J. Hilton

Dr. Hilton Follows Dr. Shoemaker

DR. Robert J. Hilton, recently appointed Associate Professor of Horticulture, Department of Plant Science, Faculty of Agriculture, University of Alberta, succeeds Dr. J. S. Shoemaker, who headed the Department of Horticulture for ten years while it was a separate branch, and left at the end of last term to accept a position with Ontario Agricultural College, Guelph, as head of the Department of Horticulture.

The new appointee, accompanied by his wife and three children, arrived the first week of July from Kentville, Nova Scotia, where for the past two years he was horticulturist and fruit specialist on the staff of the Dominion Experimental Station. He assumed his new duties at once on the campus where summer courses are under way and considerable experimental work with fruit and gladioli is being carried on in a trial garden. In the fall there will be teaching duties for the incoming class of agricultural students.

Dr. Hilton, a native of the Maritimes, was graduated at Macdonald College near Montreal, pursued his Ph.D. studies at the University of London, England, and took horticultural work at East Malling Horticulture Station near Maidstone. He served a year or so on the teaching staff of Macdonald College, McGill University, and spent a year in Newfoundland prior to taking the Kentville post.—A. W. McINTYRE.

William Godfrey Retires

WORD received from W. R. Leslie, Superintendent of the Dominion Experimental Station, Morden, Manitoba, tells us that William Godfrey, head gardener at the station since 1923, retired in June. With him he will take, unfortunately, the knowledge of, and a skill in his own chosen line that is given to few men in western Canada. Fortunately, however, he has left his mark upon the experimental station at Morden, which everyone who knows him well will be glad to remember; and it is fitting that the staff of the station have chosen to call the ornamental driveway curving through the flower gardens and lawns of the station Godfrey Drive in acknowledgment of his work.

Mr. Godfrey, in the words of Mr. Leslie, "has performed many good works." The propagation and culture of ornamental plants and the scientific breeding of roses and herbaceous perennials have received his expert attention. "He has been," says Mr. Leslie, "architect of the rock garden, rose garden, lily, iris, peony and mixed borders." The new varieties he has contributed include Prairie Sailor Rose, Prairie Wren Rose (named on June 21, the date of his retirement), Morden Pink Lythrum and Morden Maid and Nasturtium Gladioli. In 1928 he began a large project in rose breeding in which more than 10,000 cross-bred roses have bloomed and in which the largest population of rose seedlings in the project to date, is blooming this year. Not so long before his retirement he completed a bulletin on house plants.

Youth Training Course Popular

THE Dominion - Provincial Youth Training Program in Saskatchewan during the past winter, involved the holding of 53 short courses averaging about two weeks in length and involving a total enrollment of 1,521 rural youth. This attendance represented a fifty per cent increase over 1944-45 and meant that the average attendance at each, of the fifty courses held in rural areas, was approximately thirty. Notwithstanding the strong effort made to arrange the courses so as to require the smallest number of instructors, it was necessary to engage sixteen instructors for this short course work. According to Dr. L. C. Paul, Director of Youth Training, Department of Extension in the University of Saskatchewan, enthusiasm ran high during the courses and in some cases students walked four to five miles night and morning for a two-week period, or rode ten miles on horseback.

Lessons From Atomic Bombs

THE great atomic bomb experiment in Bikini Island, is being put to a great variety of uses. The U.S. Navy Department has established twenty-five stations for the purpose of studying the effects of atomic bombing. These are located at various distances from the centre of the explosions, and on these various stations the United States Department of Agriculture has provided collections of seeds, molds, plant and animal disease materials, and insects both beneficial and unfriendly. On these stations these various types of material will be exposed to the alpha and gamma rays and the exploding nuclei, and later checked as to the effect of bombing on such materials. For the purpose of studying the effect of atomic energy on the ability of seeds to germinate and afterwards to grow, and also to check the possibility of changes in the inheritable qualities of such products, ten lots of cereal seeds, nine forage crops, twelve vegetables, two flowers and one lot of cotton, as well as a lot of smut spores and one lot of snap beans infected with a virus disease carried in the seed were supplied.

Included in the seed lots were hybrid corn and barley of known heredity. In order to preserve the viability of this experimental seed it was dried and each lot then wrapped in foil and sealed and then placed in canvas bags, in order to protect it from the high temperatures and the high moisture content of the air between the United States and Bikini Island. After the test, the seed was to be flown back to the Plant Industry Station at Beltsville where some of it was to be planted immediately and the remainder held for varying lengths and space of time.

A considerable variety of insects was forwarded for exposure to the effects of bombing. These included bedbugs, dog and fowl ticks, cheese mites and chicken mites, as well as mosquito eggs, beetles, weevils, moths and termites.

£1,000,000 Co-ops

INFORMATION to hand from the National Farmers' Union of England and Wales, indicates that there are several farmers' trading organizations on the register of the Union, which do more than £1,000,000 business annually. Among the four such organizations listed recently by the N.F.U., the leading position is taken by Yorkshire Farmers, Ltd., with an annual turnover of £1,402,793. Next follows the Eastern Counties Farmers' Co-op. Society, Ltd., with £1,394,344, followed by the Southern Counties Agricultural Trading Society Ltd. with £1,180,099. The fourth largest organization was Preston Farmers' Trading Society, Ltd., with £1,141,557. It is reported that in addition to five per cent interest on capital, these societies pay bonuses on trade, or patronage dividends, varying from one shilling and threepence to one shilling and tenpence on each pound's worth of business done with the Society. Two societies other than those mentioned almost reached the million pound turnover.



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A-DUST

Food Conservation

IN June of this year flour milling operations in the United States had reached an all-time low and were operating at only 38 per cent of capacity, as compared with 84 per cent the year previous. The size of the American loaf was cut by 10 per cent, bakeries were running 25 per cent below operations the year previous and wholesalers were down almost 25 per cent.

British people were gloomy, but more or less resigned to a nine-ounce bread ration (effective July 21) and all because of the emergency world food situation which finally led to the abolishing of the Combined Food Board at Washington (of which the United Kingdom, Canada and the United States were members), in favor of an International Emergency Food Council, for the more efficient allocation and distribution of limited food supply over the next two or three years, or until food production again reaches normal.

Agricultural Institute of Canada

TWENTY scholarships of a value of \$800 each will be awarded deserving candidates to take post-graduate training in agriculture this coming year, it was announced at the closing session of the annual meeting of the Agricultural Institute of Canada held in June at Macdonald College, Quebec. The scholarships are to provide more highly trained personnel to undertake the many research problems which have to be solved if Canada is to take her full part in producing food for world requirements.

The meeting agreed that it was desirable that some thought be given to the publicizing of an agricultural policy for Canada in order that producers may look forward with assurance to definite markets and prices. A national committee was formed to undertake the study of this question and to co-ordinate the study of all the branches of the organization.

The meeting endorsed the formation of provincial professional institutes as a means of increasing still further the effectiveness of the services being rendered to Canadian farmers and to the maintenance of higher standards in the profession.

New subject group divisions of the Institute were formed in agronomy, with eastern and western sections, and in agricultural engineering.

The meeting went on record as being in favor of greater use being made of the national committees on agriculture sponsored by the National Advisory Committee on Agricultural Service.

In view of the large attendance of undergraduates enrolled in the agricultural faculties of universities, plans were made to canvass industry in an effort to forecast the future market for the services of these men when they complete their courses.

In closing the convention Mr. Frank Foulds of Ottawa, the newly elected president, announced that the next annual meeting would be held June 23-26, 1947, the theme to be conservation and land utilization.



A. E. Palmer, who succeeds Dr. W. H. Fairfield as Superintendent of the Dominion Experimental Station, Lethbridge, Alta.

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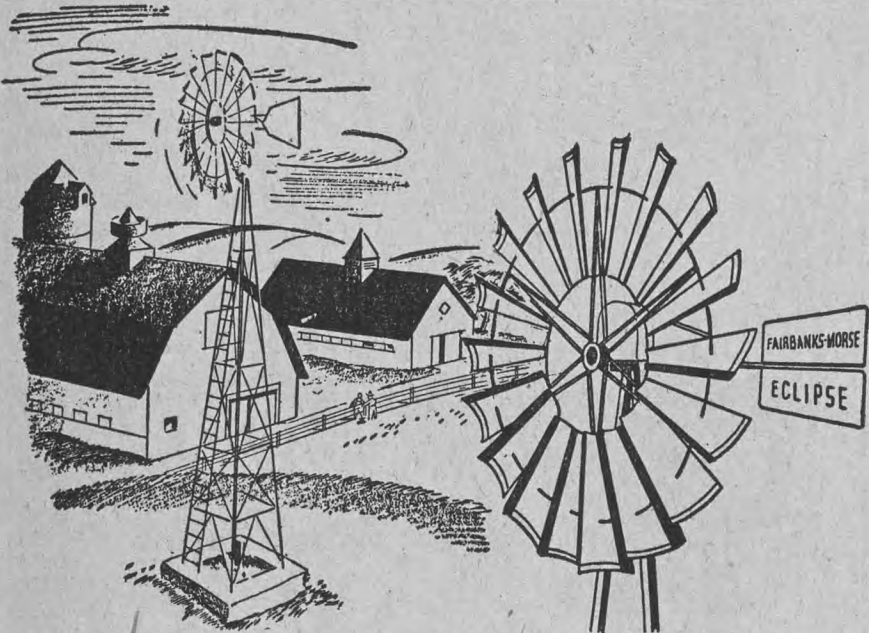
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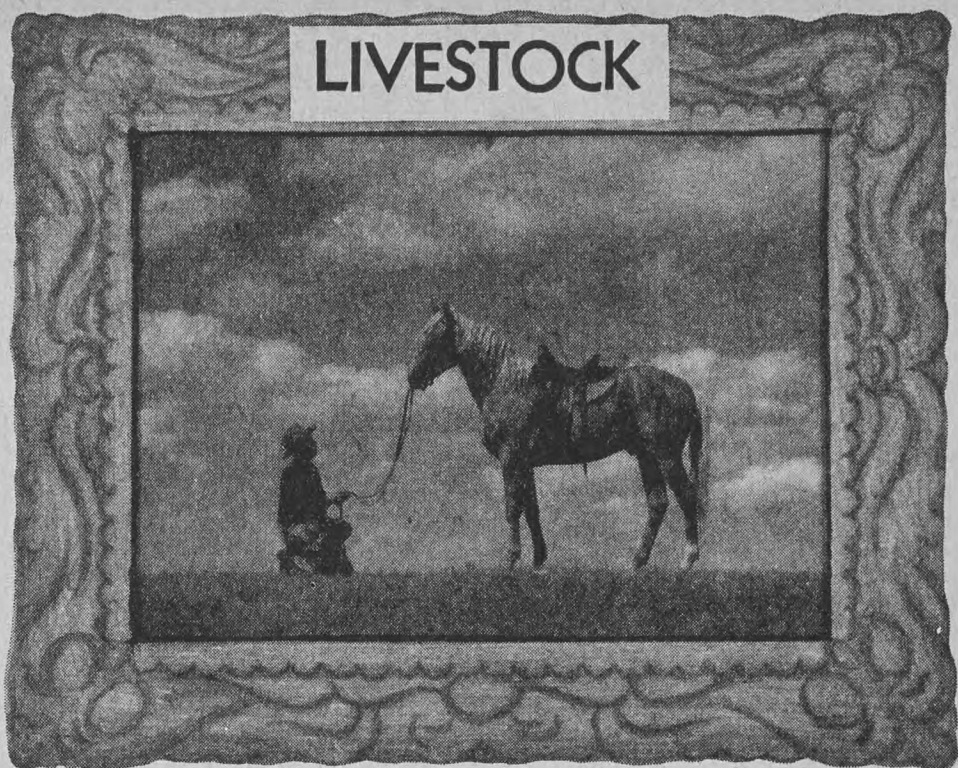
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This picture of a Palomino horse formerly owned by him and lent to The Country Guide by C. C. Matthews, Calgary, seemed to deserve a frame.

Starting the Dairy Animal

IN one of his talks given last winter before the Saskatchewan Dairy Convention, P. H. Moore, Manager of Colony Farm, Essondale, B.C. stated that starting the dairy animal in life was for all practical purposes, a nutritional problem. As far as the breeder and feeder of dairy cattle is concerned, the calf was really started before it was born, owing to the importance of the care and feed given the dam over and above the quantity required for her maintenance. This is especially true during the last four or five months of the gestation period.

Mr. Moore pointed out that in specialized dairy districts, sometimes located in leached out soils, trouble was frequently experienced in successfully raising dairy calves, while on newer soils that were richer in essential growth elements, this difficulty was seldom experienced. This factor, Mr. Moore pointed out, is much more important than we commonly think. Our fathers sometimes made fun of what they called "new fangled ideas!" In their day, our soils were newer, and they did not experience the difficulties of which he was speaking, to anything like the same extent. At the same time they knew that green spring grass was beneficial to young animals, as was also the colostrum, or first milk of the cow, in the feed of the young calf. They didn't know why, but they knew that green grass and colostrum were healthful.

We know now why these things are important and our scientists have given us such fancy names as hormones and vitamins, and have told us that these agencies in the feed of animals and the food of human beings are essential for health. Mr. Moore, nevertheless, thought that it was possible for feeders to pre-occupy themselves too much with the "fancy points" of feeding, and neglect the fundamentals of ordinary decent rest and good, wholesome, everyday feed.

It doesn't take a great deal of feed to grow a calf. For the first two weeks, the milk produced by an ordinary good milker requires more feed than to grow a calf for nine months. It is not the quantity of feed that is important in rearing the calf, but quality. This was well proven by some excellent work done in Wisconsin by Dr. Paul Phillips, who was encouraged to study this subject because he found that in certain districts, where the winter feed had not been very good, mainly straw and corn silage, as many as 75 per cent of the spring calves had died. He undertook to find out why. As a result of this work in Wisconsin, Mr. Moore began to inspect the health of the calves at Colony Farm the same way, and found that his feeding methods could be improved. Now all calves born are given some vitamin A in order to keep them from catching colds and coughs. The calf is born with almost no vitamin A in its system, and must depend on its feed for

an adequate supply. This is the reason why the cow's first, or colostrum milk, is so essential, because it is very rich in vitamin A. Within a comparatively short time the calf is able to build up within its body a good supply of vitamin A so that it can be fed satisfactorily on average herd milk. A recent Wisconsin bulletin points out that sometimes a calf fails to build its vitamin A to a safe level for protection against such diseases as scours or pneumonia. With the vitamin A deficiency sufficiently serious, blindness may result. In such cases, special vitamin A supplements are advisable.

Where scours occur, vitamin A, along with niacin, one of the B vitamins, will be helpful. While it is generally inadvisable to rely on capsules and medicines more than necessary, capsules are manufactured that contain vitamin A and niacin, made especially for calf scours.

The calf is born with enough vitamin C for three or four days, but by the end of ten or twelve days its system will contain no vitamin C unless it is supplied. When the calf gets enough fresh milk the vitamins of the B group are supplied naturally, unless, in the case of tendency to scour, a little more niacin may be necessary. Vitamin D, secured from direct sunlight and sun-cured hay, helps the calf utilize the calcium and the phosphorus in its blood so as to produce strong, sound bones. When this vitamin is lacking, calves become unthrifty, fail to gain normally and may develop rickets. When the calf eats from 1½ to two pounds of sun-cured hay per day, however, its requirement of vitamin B is taken care of. This is the reason why it is good practice to teach calves to eat hay and grain early.

Mr. Moore pointed out that we have devoted great effort and thought to increasing the milk production of dairy cattle until good cows now produce many times as much milk as a calf requires. From 2,500 to 3,000 pounds of milk will grow a good calf, but "a cow outside, calving on the hillside and giving 15 pounds of milk daily, has as much 'kick' as a cow giving 80 pounds daily." In other words, said Mr. Moore, if we are going to work one way artificially, we must meet the artificially created conditions by further artificiality. There is a certain inheritance in the cattle beast which puts certain things in the milk, in addition to butterfat and the solids not fat. If we destroy the balance which nature created, it is up to us to restore it if we hope to get best results.

After trying many different combinations of vitamins, Dr. Phillips in Wisconsin eventually found out how he could mix all the vitamins necessary, in a small capsule the size of a bean. Mr. Moore has been using these capsules for the past four years, and he said that it had cost him about 60 cents to test every calf in the herd, and since

that time had never lost a calf from these causes.

The healthy calves from 12 to 30 days old should look bright and be feeling good. He said he could tell by looking at a calf a month old whether it had had any early trouble. It was hard to describe, but it could be done. Once the calf reached the month-old stage and had avoided trouble, and remained bright and healthy, it could be considered to have received a good start, and exact methods of feeding were not so important.

He likes to use skim milk, but where skim milk is not available, it will be necessary to get the calf on a good calf meal as soon as possible. Calves require some milk for six weeks. In his own case he uses pasteurized skim milk. The calves are never allowed to suck once, and even at six or seven days old they are encouraged to eat a little something, preferably a mixture of some kind with a little grain in it. Some green feed,

perhaps dried alfalfa leaves, along with a little ground, mixed grain. "There is more in grass that we don't know anything about," he said, "than in all the good things we do know about."

Mr. Moore says he likes to keep his calves solitary, or to tie them up. When they are old enough to let loose, he ties them up to feed. The important thing is to keep the calf fat on, and keep it growing.

When young cattle reach the yearling stage, they need a dry place with plenty of exercise and an abundance of bulky feed, such as good hay, at least some of it with a little green in it, and good straw; and Mr. Moore prefers to use a little potassium iodide in all grain fed to livestock. He also uses a little bit of cobalt, since this seems to give better breeding efficiency.

As young animals grow older, the rate of growth slows up, and Mr. Moore does not believe in too early breeding.

Device to Stop Pigs From Fighting

EVERY hog raiser knows that when strange hogs are thrown into a pen together, some fighting is sure to follow. When hogs are forwarded to market they are inevitably crowded together, first into trucks, then into cars and finally into holding pens in the yards at the market and on each occasion there is opportunity for fighting and subsequent injury to the carcass of the dressed hog.

It is not unusual in the yards adjacent to a packing plant and on the rail after the hogs have been killed and dressed, to see hides badly scratched and scored and sometimes to find that deep bruises have been inflicted which lower the value of the carcasses. When bacon is graded for export, a side must be reasonably free of scratches and other injuries, otherwise it is degraded to B grade. Packers have frequently complained that it is a daily occurrence in every exporting plant to find a considerable number of hogs degraded for these reasons. Efforts have been made in the past to find sprays which could be applied to the live hogs so that all the hogs in the pen might smell the same and neutralize the odor of any strange hogs, which has sometimes been held responsible for the fighting. Unfortunately, any sprays that have been developed that are strong enough to achieve the results, have also been strong enough to taint the water in the scalding vats and impart some taste or odor to the carcasses.

It appears that one of the Dominion government's carcass graders located at a packing plant in Hamilton, Ontario, has for some considerable time been working on this problem and has at last evolved a method which, though very inexpensive, has operated satisfactorily on several hundred hogs which have been tested.

With the co-operation of the packing company he began experimenting with some mechanical means to stop this fighting in the yards. Eventually he evolved a metal tab, consisting of a strip of stiff metal $3\frac{3}{4}$ inches long by $\frac{7}{8}$ of an inch wide which was spot-welded on a special hog ring. The ring is clipped into the cartilage between the nostrils of the hog and hangs down far enough over the mouth and teeth to prevent the animal from biting and scratching. It is also reported that the tab does not seem to prevent the hog from eating or drinking.

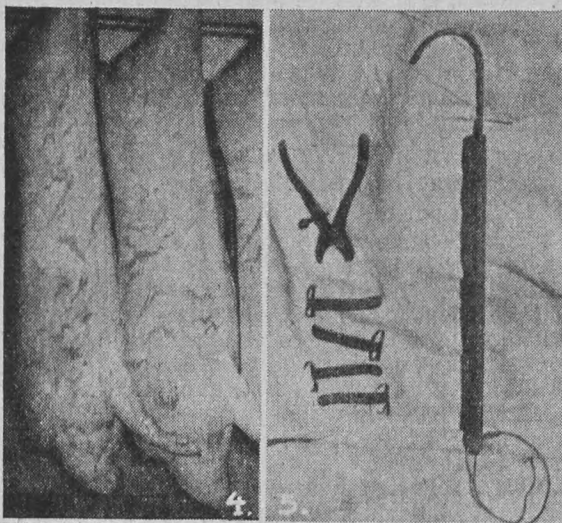
Along with this metal tab, the grader, Mack Gordon, has also developed a device for holding the hog while the tabbed ring is put on. A small section of pipe about 15 inches long is threaded with a length of galvanized clothesline wire, to one end of which a handle is affixed in the form of a curved piece of heavy wire. The other end of the clothesline wire is fastened to the far end of the hollow pipe with enough free wire to form a noose which is enlarged or made smaller by drawing on the handle previously described. With this

1. The pig holds easily with the wire noose. 2. He doesn't seem to mind the metal tab and poses readily. 3. Harmless—and also quiet—after being tabbed.



2.

1.

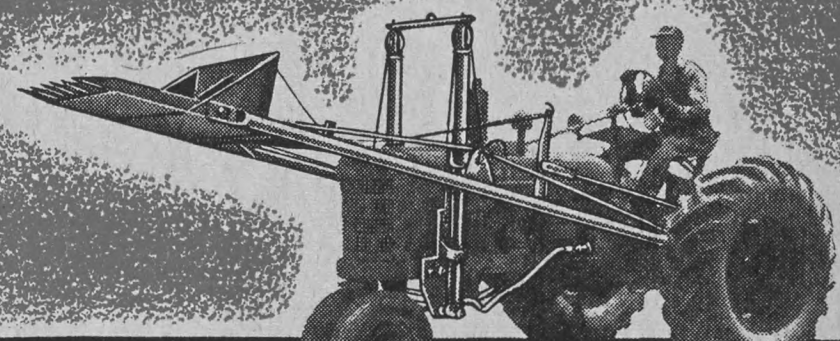


3.

4. Badly bruised and scored carcasses. 5. The equipment is simple.

[Photos courtesy F. M. Baker.]

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simple gadget it is easy to snare the lower jaw or the entire snout of the pig, which, on the basis of experience, merely sets its feet, but will not fight the noose. Held with one hand, the ring and tab are fixed into the nose with the other hand by means of an ordinary pair of hog-ring pincers.

This simple device has been demonstrated to groups of farmers in Ontario and recently in one test at the packing plant in question, two lots of 100 hogs each were selected, one of which was tabbed alive. Both lots were of the same average quality, but when graded for export bacon, eighty of the hundred carcasses from hogs which had been tabbed alive were given grade A selections, while the other lot which had not been tabbed were badly scored and scratched, and only thirty-six of these made the grade A selection.

The time to apply these tabs is before strange hogs are mixed together. Country truckers could carry the simple outfit and ring the hogs before they are loaded into the trucks. Shippers at country stockyards might similarly tab hogs just as they are turned into the pens. The pincers are not expensive and the snare is cheap and easy to construct. The tabs themselves, having been on an experimental basis, are not as yet available commercially, but it is estimated that, in quantity, they could be supplied for about two cents each.

Meal For Skim Milk Calves

THE Dominion Experimental Farm at Brandon calls attention to the fact that overloading the stomach of a young calf is a common cause of scours. It also points to the fact that one disadvantage of the skim milk so commonly accepted as the standard feed for young calves, is that it is very low in fat content.

A home-mixed calf meal is, therefore, used at the Brandon farm in order to replace a part of the fat which has been removed from whole milk. This meal mixture is composed of sifted, finely ground oat chop, two parts, another part of finely ground sifted barley chop and one part of ground flax seed. Scalding water is added to this mixture a few hours before it is fed. On cooling, the mixture thus procured forms a jelly which is added to the milk. Two heaping tablespoonfuls of the dry meal, before preparing the jelly, is the allowance for young calves, which amount is gradually increased until about one-half pound daily is consumed. The milk and meal mixture is fed at as near blood temperature as possible and in three feeds daily. In addition to this calf-meal mixture, Brandon authorities suggest that young calves may be self-fed grain as soon as they will consume it, and also supplied with good quality hay. The self-feeding of grain should be from a mixture of whole oats and bran. A supply of clean water is, of course, important.

Bacteria—The Invisible Enemy

THE worst enemy of a dairy farmer whose revenue comes chiefly from milk or cream, is invisible. Most of us realize that milk and cream sour easily and that it is advisable to be as clean as possible in handling these products. Nevertheless, we are more inclined to pay attention to dirt that we can see, than to the bacteria which really cause the souring of milk and cream, and which are invisible.

To hold milk and cream a reasonable length of time, especially in warm weather, is a matter of constant vigilance. Bacteria have no regard for the fact that farmers are busier at one period of the year than another. They multiply at an enormous rate and on the slightest provocation. They lurk in the corners and cracks of all utensils and will withstand ordinary washing.

Dirt itself is not necessarily unhealthful, if it were not for the fact that the dirt that is likely to be gathered in and about the dairy barns, almost certainly carries large numbers of these tiny bacteria, which cannot be seen except with a powerful microscope. There is a sense, then, in which cleanliness is ahead of godliness in the dairy barn, because godliness alone would not stop the action of bacteria, nor their multiplication so as to prevent the production of high-grade, clean milk and cream.

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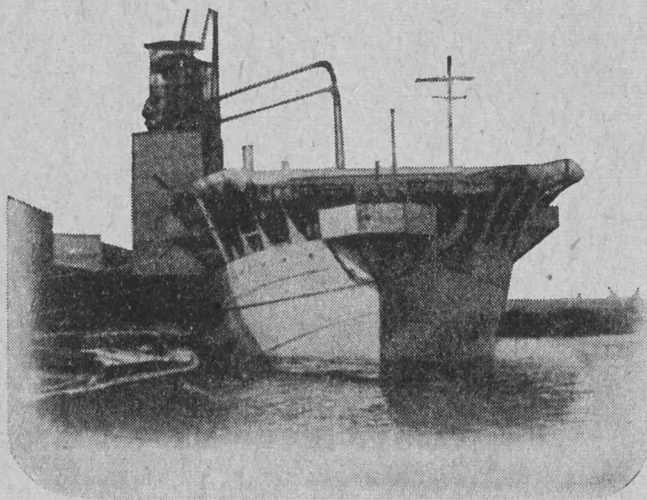
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There were freighters from America and Norway and Denmark and France and Britain and a score of other countries. The floating grain elevators lay at anchor in dozens. I saw one of them actually at work transferring grain from a sea-going vessel to an inland barge. The official who took us was happy to see some work again after the stagnation of war. He declared that he had no concern with politics—only with having enough to eat. And the dock workers outside whom I questioned gave much the same answer.

OBSERVER IN BELGIUM.

CANADIAN WHEAT REMAINS FRONT PAGE NEWS

The progress of Western Canada's 1946 wheat crop is front page news of vital importance to millions of human beings who depend upon our wheat to sustain their lives.

In a recent radio broadcast, the Honourable Herbert Hoover, United States envoy to the famine areas of the world, declared: "Canadian wheat has already sustained against famine and want, one-fifth of the population of the famine-ridden areas."

Dr. H. L. Richardson, until recently agricultural advisor to the Chinese Government, affirms that for the past six months, more than 60,000,000 of the world's population have been living on the rim of starvation, and that the loss in human lives due to the lack of adequate food supplies during that period amounts to three times greater than the loss of life caused by the first six months of the war.

Western farmers have, by their contribution of food production, helped to bridge the gulf of Famine and Want

for millions. Immediately ahead lies the all-important task of harvesting the crop which may well prove to be the most vitally important crop in Canadian farming history.

The Western farmer thus finds himself an all-important figure in a drama being played upon the stage of history, involving the present and future well-being of a large proportion of the human family. Food Production and its adequate distribution must always continue to play a foremost part in maintaining the physical and economic health of nations and the trade of the world.

As a farmer-owned co-operative, United Grain Growers Limited is privileged to play its part in the movement of a large proportion of the Western harvest to the needy areas of the world. It will continue to use every influence within its power to promote the well-being of Western Agriculture in relation to the larger objectives of Peace and stabilized world trade.

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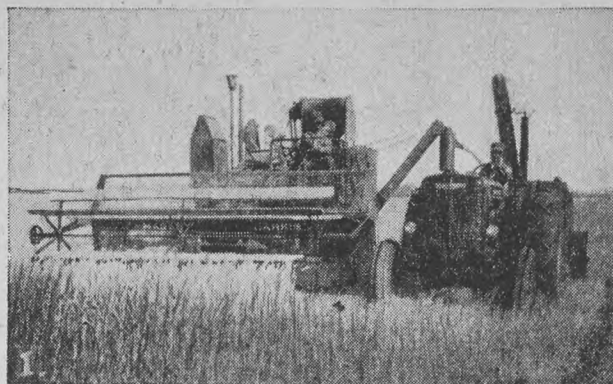
And no wonder... for White Rose Motor Oil and Gasolines and the long list of other White Rose products are backed by over forty years successful refining experience. That is one reason why these famous products are definitely superior... and why — from the Rockies to the Atlantic — you will find that it always pays to "Stop at the Sign of the White Rose".



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MOTOR OIL and
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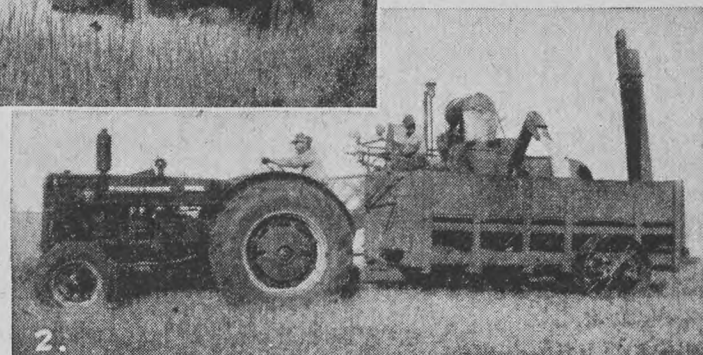
*"The PICK
of them all!"*

CANADIAN OIL COMPANIES, LIMITED



C. R. Costall, Sedgewick, Alta., operates this 14-foot self-propelled combine (1) and W.D.9 tractor. To handle the grain without shovelling he built the V-bottomed box (2) equipped with auger and rear elevator operated by power take-off. The box will take two dumps on the move and three standing — and cost just over \$100.

FIELD



Plant Breeders Fight Crop Losses

IN recent years, more and more has been heard about the work of the plant breeder—the man who patiently hybridizes or crosses two varieties, grows the resulting seed, tests the cross-bred or hybrid plant under different conditions, makes careful selections from among them, perhaps finds one plant containing a desirable combination of characteristics, tests it thoroughly, and perhaps eventually becomes responsible for introducing a new variety.

Not too much is known even yet about these men whose efforts are continually set in the direction of warding off crop damage from the farms of western Canada. Time was when new varieties came along only at long intervals. But those were the times, too, when the plant breeder received little recognition; when governments were niggardly in their allotment of money for plant research; and when even the research men themselves did not realize how fully they must co-operate with each other.

Take, for example the question of rust in wheat, which on the average did millions of dollars worth of damage each year in western Canada until rust-resistant varieties were developed. Plant pathologists, those men who specialize in the study of plant diseases, men like Dr. T. Johnson, plant pathologist working in cereal rust at the Dominion Laboratory of Plant Pathology, Winnipeg, have known for many years that rust resistance in a particular variety of wheat is not a guarantee of resistance against all forms of the same disease. In other words, they have known that there are a number of different strains of the rust organism, and that varieties which are resistant to one strain which may be most common in a particular area such as western Canada, are not necessarily resistant to some other strain of the same disease. Recently, Dr. Johnson discussed before the Western Canadian Society of Agronomy in Winnipeg some recent changes in the physiological races of cereal rust. What this means is simply that the rust organism has the same possibilities of change as the higher plants which the plant breeder works with. That is, they have cells, chromosomes and all the machinery, so to speak, which makes cross-breeding possible, and which leads in the organism producing disease, to the same possibilities of producing new varieties and types of the disease, as exist in the higher plants which the plant breeder himself works with.

As a result of this condition, Dr. Johnson pointed out, it is not surpris-

ing that after 30 years of study with rusts, it is possible to notice some changes and to recognize new types of rust organisms which have developed in an effort to adapt themselves to the new varieties which have appeared and which the plant breeder has evolved in an effort to secure resistance to the older types of rust. He referred, for instance, to a type of stem rust of wheat, known as Race 56, which became predominant about 1934, and was discovered about 1928. For a number of years the variety Ceres had been regarded as resistant to rust, but the heavy rust year of 1935 proved that it was not sufficiently resistant any more, with the result that it went out of use, owing to the gradual development and increase of the new rust type. More recently there has appeared a still newer type, Race 15B, which presumably has evolved from Race 15. Fortunately, this new rust type is not predominant in western Canada; but unfortunately, also, if it were predominant, our present rust-resistant varieties would not be very resistant to this particular type.

The discovery of these new types of organisms long before they become the predominant type, is one of the functions of the plant pathologist; and once discovered, the pathologist and the cereal breeder can work together for the development of a variety resistant to the new type before serious need of it arises. Already in western Canada, though 15B is not nearly the predominant type, all of the well known varieties of wheat have been tested against it, and some have been discovered which have a great deal less susceptibility than others. These will be a starting point for the plant breeder, who will speed up his operations as much as possible, in order to evolve a satisfactory new variety before the new strain of rust can build up a sufficient strength in western Canada to seriously menace the crop.

Thus it is certain that the farmer will always have use for the plant breeder. Just as Marquis superseded Red Bobs, and Thatcher has superseded Marquis over all of Manitoba and Saskatchewan, so our present list of varieties in time will be forced out of the picture by new diseases, new market requirements, new insect pests, and perhaps by new, economical and labor-saving machinery. If some plant breeder could evolve a variety of alsike clover which would not shatter, or a variety of sweet clover which would ripen its seed evenly, or a variety of flax which would combat weeds, he would confer a boon of many millions of dollars on the agriculture of the Prairie Provinces.

Cut Waste Time on Fallows


When land is fairly dry, any unnecessary cultivation serves only to pulverize the soil, adds to the likelihood of erosion following heavy rains, and permits the escape of much needed moisture by disturbing and aerating the subsoil unnecessarily. The spike-tooth harrow, while frequently very useful once or twice after seeding, where annual weeds

must be controlled, is more frequently harmful than useful on the summer-fallow because of its pulverizing effect. The disc harrow is similarly harmful.


The most useful implement is probably the duck-foot cultivator, but here again time and expense can be saved and extra operations completely eliminated by having the cultivator shovels

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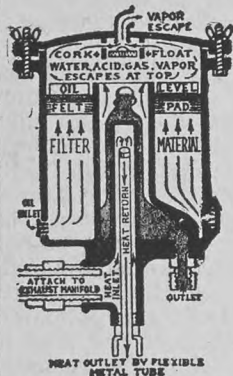


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sharp and able to cut weeds effectively, and by having the cultivator properly adjusted to the tractor.

Efficiency is always gained by putting a sufficient load on the tractor to use its power as fully as possible, without overloading. Implements that are too small for the tractor, waste power and fuel and therefore run up the cost per acre.

Deep cultivation is to be avoided, and the use of moldboard plows is being rapidly abandoned over large areas, not only because of the fact that moving the soil by this method is two or three times as expensive as surface cultivation, but because, in large areas of western Canada, the one-way disc, if properly used and not operated at too high speed, will do more effective work, leave trash cover on top and prepare the ground for the cultivators to follow, at less cost.

Frenchweed, Pennycress or Fanweed

AGRICULTURAL authorities in North Dakota have recently commented on the fact that Frenchweed, or Stinkweed, as it is commonly known in western Canada, is becoming serious over large sections of the State. This is an annual weed that has become very troublesome in certain parts of western Canada, and is perhaps as persistent in areas where it is bad, as any annual weed troubling the farmer, except perhaps wild mustard or wild oats.

Frenchweed is a member of the mustard family. Though an annual, it is sometimes a winter annual, beginning to grow in the fall after harvest and seeding early in the spring or summer. This habit makes it very troublesome, because its early maturity frequently causes it to produce a crop of seed before the farmer has time to work the land in the spring. Certain seasons appear to be particularly favorable for its development, and though a single plant does not produce nearly as many seeds as do some other weeds, such as Russian pigweed and wild mustard or tumbling mustard, it needs constant watchfulness in order to keep it under control.

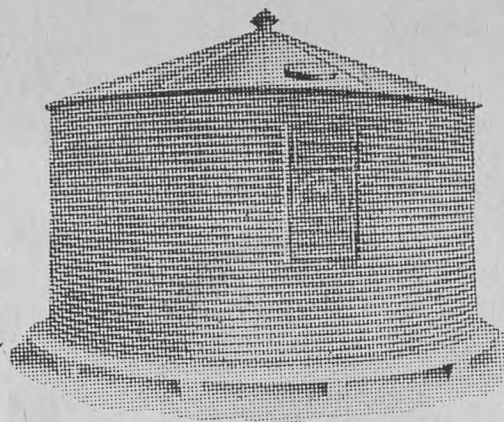
Fall or early spring cultivation, and the early working of summerfallows are the accepted method for controlling Frenchweed, but a watch should be kept for patches of it in districts where it has not hitherto been troublesome, in order that it may be controlled promptly. Frequently it will show up first around a pothole or some other spot in a summerfallowed field where moisture conditions are quite favorable. The object is to destroy the plant before it can go to seed.

Heat Canker of Flax

LATE sown flax is sometimes affected, and the yield lowered, by a disease known as heat canker. This disease, according to the Dominion experimental Farm at Lethbridge, is more liable to occur in heavy soils that are inclined to cake, and causes losses more frequently in the western United States than in western Canada.

When the ground is not sufficiently shaded, due to the fact that the stand of flax is thin, with short and tender young seedlings, the surface of the soil becomes extremely hot and the tissues of the young and none-too-vigorous flax cannot stand the heat. The plants then break over just at the surface of the ground and die. They present a girdled appearance which leads to the idea that they have suffered from insect damage. Most serious damage occurs to flax crops which have made a very rank and rapid growth and then suddenly been subjected to excessively high temperatures.

Obviously, earlier seeding is one way of avoiding heat canker in the flax crop, because the plants of earlier seeded crops will have developed to the point that extreme hot weather, when it arrives, will find the flax plant large enough to partly shade the ground. The same considerations also mean that anything which can be done to give the plants a start, such as the use of first-class seed, the preparation of a good seed bed, and control of weeds, will also help to control any tendency to canker.



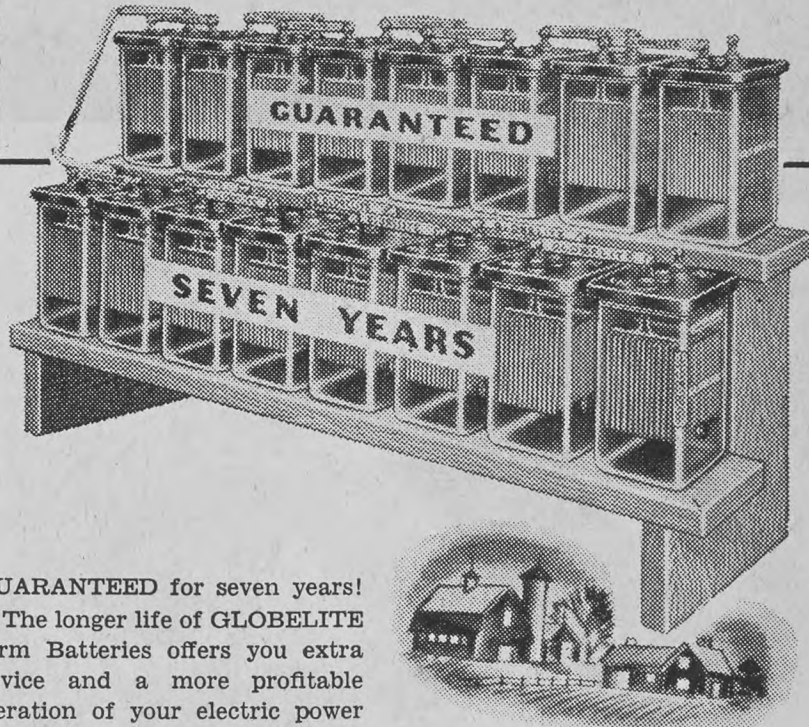
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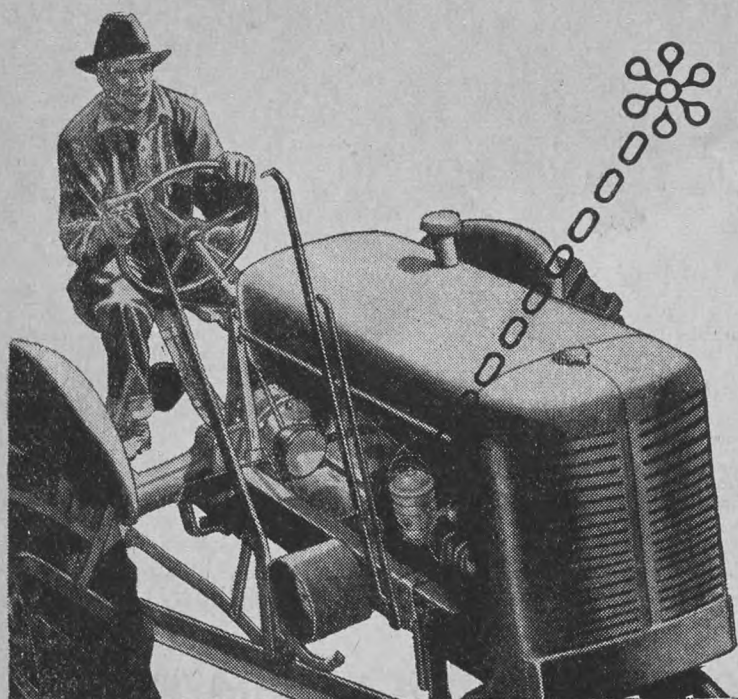
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HORTICULTURE



[Can Forestry Assoc. photo.]

Trees cast their shadows and exert their beneficial influence for long distances on either side.

Why Shelterbelts and Hedges?

THE Canadian Forestry Association is dedicated to the proposition that trees have value; that existing trees and forests should be protected; and that trees should be planted in large numbers in treeless areas. The argument for planting much greater numbers of trees in the Prairie Provinces is irrefutable, but unfortunately, is not irresistible, because many trees remain yet to be planted in areas where they are badly needed.

The Forestry Association through its president, Robson Black, has summarized the arguments for the planting of shelterbelts in the Prairie Provinces in a manner much more concise than that in which it has often been stated. The argument runs thus:

"Shelterbelts are generally planted around a farmhouse because of their value in beautifying the farmstead and, for protection from winds and drifting snow. While it is difficult to calculate this value in dollars and cents, there are other definite monetary values."

A shelterbelt across a field results in the accumulation of snow, which means increased soil moisture in the spring. As moisture is generally the limiting factor in crop production on the prairies, increased soil moisture means more bushels per acre. The amount of snow accumulated and the area covered depends on the nature of the shelterbelt, the direction and velocity of the wind and the snow fall. A thin, open belt is more effective in trapping snow, than a dense, wide belt, for the latter tends to trap the drifting snow within its boundaries. This is an advantage to the trees, but has little effect on the adjacent fields.

Studies conducted by the Soil Research Laboratory at Swift Current have shown increased yields of 2 to 11

bushels per acre on the area of snow accumulation, which has varied from 50 to 200 feet in width.

A shelterbelt also reduces the wind velocity, which causes a reduction in the moisture loss by evaporation from the soil and transpiration by the crop. A dense belt of trees 25 feet in height will reduce the wind velocity for a distance of 400 feet to leeward, with a velocity at 200 feet approximately 50 per cent of that in the open. A four-row belt of caragana and maple 10 to 13 feet in height will reduce the wind velocity for a distance of 100 to 200 feet. As the increase in velocity to leeward is so gradual and the nature of the wind so complex, no definite ratio of height of belt to wind reduction has been accurately estimated. The reduction in evaporation as measured by the Livingstone atmometer is approximately 75 per cent as great as the reduction in velocity.

A shelterbelt adjacent to a garden is of particular value in increasing the soil moisture, which means increased production of vegetables. Likewise, hedges or snow fences near dugouts or dams increase the spring run-off, thus giving greater assurance of filling the dam. A system of ditches and dikes will aid in controlling the spring run-off, thus retaining the snow water on a desired area, or leading it to the dam or dugout. A four-foot snow fence set up on level ground in the open field, caused the formation of a snowdrift approximately 70 feet wide and three feet high, which was equivalent to approximately four inches of water over the area of snow accumulation. A hedge would be equally effective in trapping snow.

Plant shelterbelts are for beauty and utility. Trapped snow means more water for plant growth, which pays big dividends on the investment.

Garden Wanderers

IN fields and woods may be found many varieties of flowers that are classified, by botanists, as garden wanderers, or escapes. It sounds as if such plants were like animals that had escaped from the zoo or circus and, in fact, such a comparison might well be made because, when it is stated that these are garden wanderers, the meaning is clear.

Time marched on and with that march came changes. Many of the more simple plants were discarded in favor of blooms more elegant and inspiring. Many garden plots were overcrowded and were thinned out so that heaps of plants were thrown away in unused field or woodland. Some were not considered quite good enough and were demoted to a lesser garden, perhaps down by the stone wall, resulting in neglect, after a time, and the return of those plants to a wild state. Today many of those plants are now known as weeds.

The plantain is a good example of a demoted plant for, in the days of the early settlers, that plant was a favorite. Today it is supposed to be a nuisance weed, although its value has not been lessened as a medicinal plant.

Others that are classified as weeds and also considered as pests, include the daisy and hawkweed. The ordinary daisy once had an honored place in the garden and was thought to be a flower of good omen. Today the first growth

of a daisy is checked immediately, because it is said that it would kill out the grass. Hawkweed, another favorite, is even worse in the eyes of the farmer and market gardener. In addition, such plants as the black-eyed susan, Scotch thistle, tansy, yarrow, purple aster, mullein, sorrel and toadflax were all well considered in the old-fashioned gardens and are now in disrepute.

Not all garden wanderers or escapes were set free because of demotion or overcrowding in the old-fashioned plots. The wind has been responsible for a great many varieties, once carefully nurtured in the gardens, which may be found, wild, in field or wood. The wind carried seeds and blew them into nooks where they were sheltered for the winter, to come forth and grow in the spring. Rain also enabled many plants to escape from the gardens. A thunder shower, heavy fall rain or flooding of the garden by a brook might wash away plants or carry seeds to the foot of hill or incline, there to bury them in mud. Spring rains caused the seeds to sprout and the summer might be dry, to enable such plants to gain a foothold. In many cases, seeds and plants were carried by flooded brooks for miles before they were located in a new place where a colony of such specimens might be established.—WALTER K. PUTNEY.



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The Interesting Strawberry

WE do not have much commercial strawberry production in western Canada, except in the province of British Columbia where fruit crops provide the largest single item contributing to cash farm income. In the Prairie Provinces, strawberry production is largely confined to farm and backyard gardens except for certain small, favored areas adjacent to towns or cities.

The strawberry, however, is one of the most universally grown of all fruit crops. It is a native of North America, but first travelled to Europe and was later brought home again. Not only is it grown in every province and in every State in North America, but in every foreign country where the climate is temperate. All of our cultivated varieties originated from two species, one being native to the eastern and the other to the western part of the continent. It is adaptable to various soils, although it prefers a warm, sandy loam and will also grow from sea level up to altitudes two miles high, in humid and dry regions.

Canada produces about 25,000,000 quarts of strawberries annually, which are harvested for the most part in late June and July. In this respect the much larger commercial crop of the United States differs, in that it is harvested from December to July, on an acreage which in normal times runs as high as 200,000, but during the war years has declined to half that amount.

Harvest in the United States starts in December, in the state of Florida which is the only state having a winter commercial crop. The Florida harvest continues until March and about mid-March Louisiana strawberries begin to come on the market. In this state, according to the United States Department of Agriculture, is located the strawberry capital of the world, the little town of Hammond, where is conducted the only car-lot auction of strawberries in the world. The Louisiana crop continues until mid-May, with the bulk of it taken off in April, and accounts for about 20 per cent of the pre-war strawberry acreage in the United States. In May the mid-spring crop begins to come from Arkansas, Tennessee, Kentucky, Virginia, Maryland, North Carolina, Missouri, Illinois, Delaware and California, while in June, the late spring areas, especially Oregon, Washington and Michigan, are actively harvesting about 30 per cent of the annual strawberry acreage in the U.S.

An interesting fact about strawberry production in the U.S. is that though some 30 varieties are grown, only six of these are required to take up about 90 per cent of the total acreage, notwithstanding that the search for new varieties combining acclimatization, quality and disease resistance, has been going on for about 55 years.



*I will not have the mad clytie
Whose head is turned by the sun;
The tulip is a courtly queen
Whom, therefore, I will shun;
The cowslip is a country wench,
The violet is a nun:—
But I will woo the dainty rose,
The queen of every one.*
—Thomas Hood.

Worried about Milk Rejections?

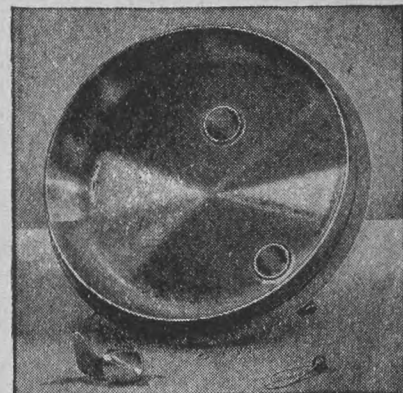


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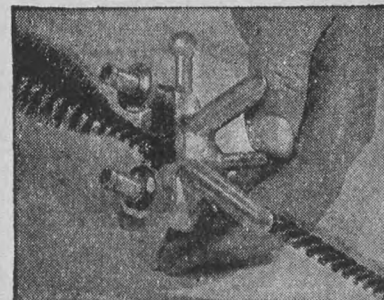
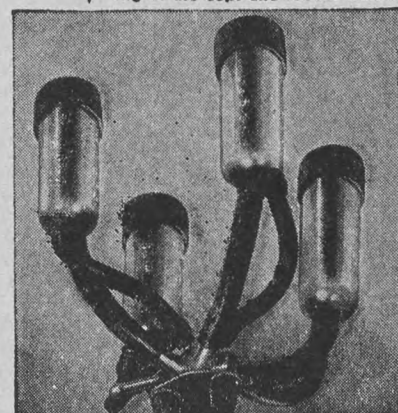
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↑ The sanitary claw has a straight-through design, with a smooth, burnished finish on interior of milk lines that washes easily.

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M^cCORMICK-DEERING MILKERS

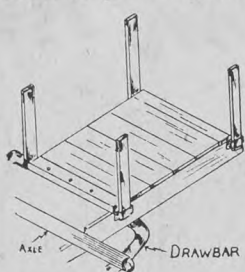


Workshop Suggestions by I.W.D.

You like Mr. Dickerson's ideas so here's a bunch of them

Pick-up Box for Tractor

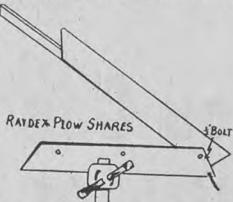
Here is a sketch of a pick-up box to fit almost any tractor, which will be found very convenient around the farm.



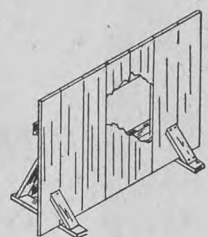
The side pieces are 2 by 6's six feet long, the bottom is one-inch boards except the one over the drawbar, which is a heavy 2 by 6. These boards can be nailed or bolted to the side pieces as preferred. The bottom 2 by 6 is bolted across the top of the drawbar and the front ends of the side 2 by 6's slip under the axle. The width and the distance from the axle to the kingbolt will vary with different tractors. One can easily see how convenient it is when the tractor is brought up at noon and night for refueling.

Sheet Metal Cutter

This sketch of a sheet metal cutter made out of odds and ends around the shop was found a great time and labor saver. For the cutting edges two discarded Oliver Raydex plow shares were used. By using the edge that fits up against the moldboard as the cutting edges, they have about the same bevel as a pair of tin snips. Use a half-inch steel bolt to fasten them together at one end. Then fasten a 24-inch handle to one share and clamp the other share in a vise, with a short length of chain to fasten to the bench to help hold against the heavy pull. With this device you can cut sheet metal up to one-eighth inch with ease. After being used for several months the cutting edges were still sharp.



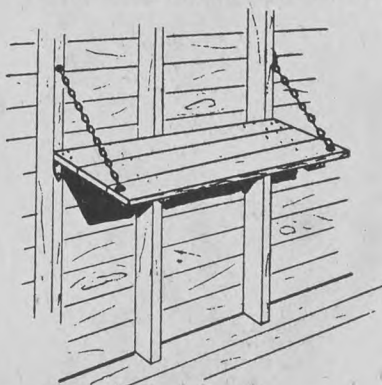
Moving a Wall



This sketch shows how to move a piece of wall safely, such as the end wall when lengthening a garage. First slide two 2x6's about 8 feet long under the wall, quite near the ends. The base of the wall is toe-nailed to these skids. Then four 2x4 braces three or more feet long are nailed from the wall to the skids as shown. In this way the wall can be slid to where it is needed without any danger of it toppling over. A few pieces of small pipe under the skids might make the moving easier.

Handy Milk Shelf

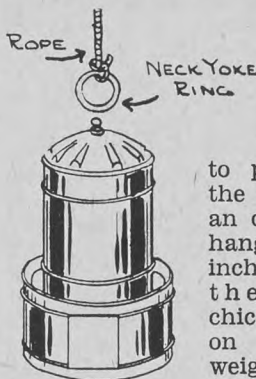
Here is a handy milk shelf to keep the milk clean and cats away from it during milking time. Build the shelf against the barn wall. Cut an old tire chain in half and staple one end of each to a studding about 12 to 15 inches



higher than the shelf, and fasten heavy hooks in the outer corners of the shelf, so that the chains can be hooked up until it is level. When not in use, both the shelf and the chains hang down against the wall.

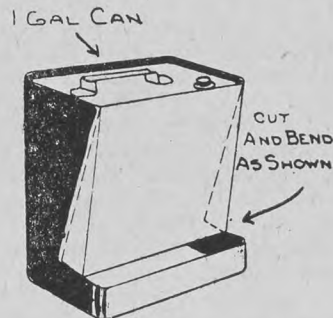
Guards Poultry Fountain

If you have trouble with chickens roosting on your water fountain and getting droppings in the water, rig up this device to prevent it. Take the centre ring from an old neckyoke and hang it about four inches directly above the cover. When chickens try to fly up on the cover, the weight will knock them off. This will save a lot of time and trouble in cleaning the fountain.



Oil Can Grit Feeder

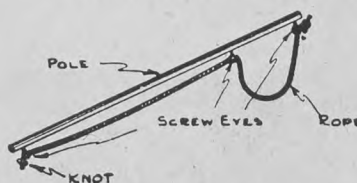
The diagram shows how to solve the problem of feeding oyster shells and minerals to poultry with no cash outlay. Use a discarded oil can, cut and bent as shown. When completed, this can is nailed against the wall just high enough



so a chicken can reach in. Several of these may be used to feed the different minerals and grits. It can be made much more convenient by cutting all around the can about half an inch below the top to make a removable lid for easy filling. The top could be made to fit over the can either by slitting the corners of the top and spreading it slightly or by pinching in the corners of the can. Cut and force in only about four or five inches of the side.

Animal Catcher

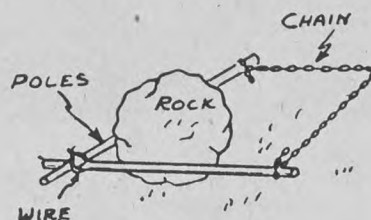
Here is a device for catching sheep, calves, pigs, etc. It consists of a wood stick or small pipe about four feet long, with a rope or sash cord five or six feet



long fastened to it at each end and through a heavy screw eye about a foot from one end. Throw the loop over his head and pull up the slack and you have him securely. This is especially handy for use in the barn or stalls at marking, shearing, vaccinating, etc.

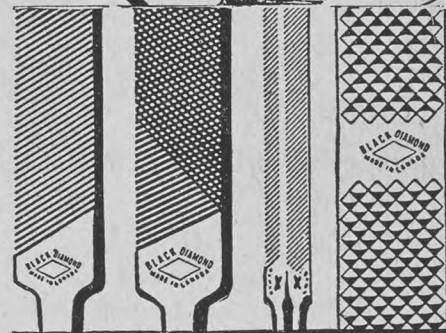
Boulder Remover

If you have a medium sized rock that you want moved to the fencerow this device saves the back breaking job of loading it on to a stone boat and is



easier to draw than if it is simply dragged with a chain. The members have to be of good strong seasoned wood. Either horses or tractor can be used for the motive power.

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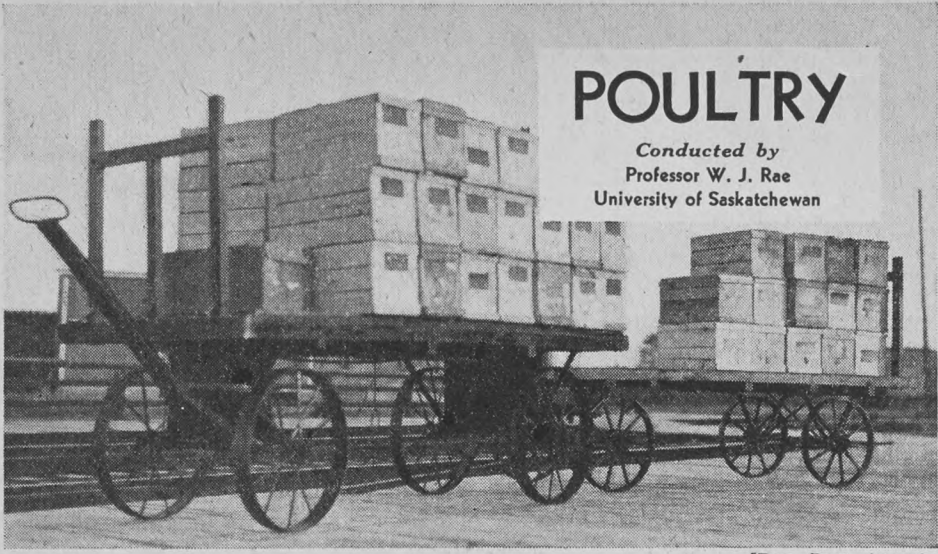
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[Dom. Dept. Agr. photo.]

Egg production, though much increased in Canada since 1940, still promises a fairly good return

Poultry Housing

THE following summary of an address on Housing the Farm Flock given by Professor C. M. Ferguson, of Ohio State University, appears in the proceedings of the Saskatchewan Poultry Congress, January, 1946:

"Let me say that in my opinion, there is no one best shape or type of poultry house; that insulation is the most important factor in maintaining conditions; that moisture control is a matter of insulation coupled with intelligent ventilation; that light brought in through the windows can be reduced far below that which we once thought necessary; that for efficient operation, dropping pits can well replace dropping boards; that built-up litter is as important as insulated ceilings and side-walls; that water piped into the house, and feed in bins, are the greatest labor savers; that multiple-deck houses and remodelled barns are most efficient from the standpoint of the use of building materials but can become labor consuming devices rather than labor saving if mechanical means are not provided for handling feed, litter, and manure; and that, in the final analysis, we have yet to discover the Utopian poultry house which eliminates good judgment and chicken sense."

Keep Up Present Production

THE question as to whether it is possible to keep up egg production at its present level is one which concerns many people. Poultry producers and consumers alike are anxious to hear the answer. It is to be regretted that a straight forward "yes" or "no" is not possible. There are so many factors which affect production that a simple answer cannot be attempted.

From an analysis of egg marketings, it would appear that 1945 marked the peak of Canada's egg production. After satisfying domestic needs, there remained over 2,700,000 thirty-dozen cases available for export, either in the shell or as dried powder. Since January, this year, production has shown a noticeable reduction. In fact, the drop in egg receipts began to show up as early as September. This drop in production could not be attributed wholly to poor prices because egg prices have remained on a fairly level keel for several years past, and last October, prices reached ceiling levels.

On the prairies, it is quite possible that poultry production has dropped as a result of the relatively better returns received from the production of wheat. In the East and in British Columbia, the adverse egg price-feed ratio may be affecting production. Then, too, the fear of income tax payments is an all too common reason advanced for not growing more poultry. However, the fact remains that in spite of these reasons for reducing production, eggs and poultry can be produced at a reasonable profit. To do so, means increased efficiency. Too many flocks are not efficient units. Every flock owner should plan his poultry enterprise with the object of producing as cheaply as possible. To cull out the poor producers and provide the remaining birds with suitable dry mash mixture is always good advice. More eggs from fewer hens should be the poultrymen's answer to the question of production maintenance. There should

be no reduction in the production of food for a hungry world.

Britain Needs Eggs

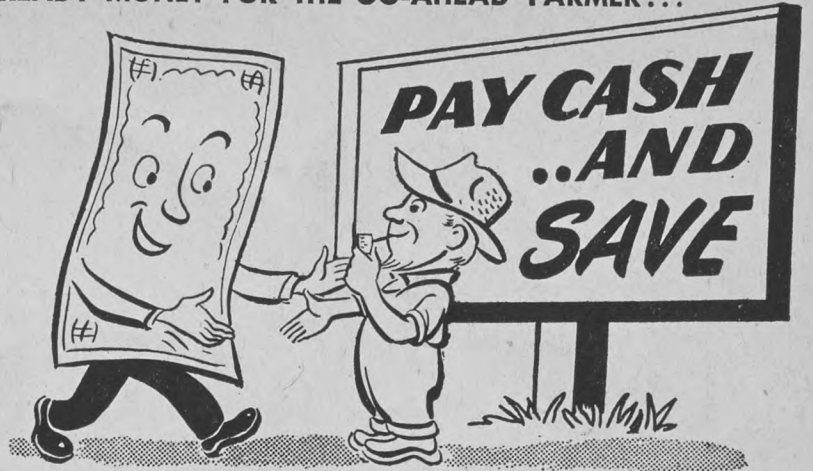
AFTER six years of war, Britain's food situation has become very critical. Statements made by prominent men and women who should know the situation, tell us that it is indeed serious. In order to eke out their dwindling food supplies, English millers are increasing the flour extraction of their wheat. The size of loaf is being decreased and the ration of bacon has been further reduced. Last year, the Britisher was able to obtain an average of 119 eggs, either whole or dried, per person. This year, only 80 eggs per person will be available for distribution. Great Britain is looking to Canada to supply as many eggs as possible. For 1946 delivery, the ministry of food has contracted with Canada's Special Products Board for the same number of eggs as were available last year; namely, 2,700,000 thirty-dozen cases. The same number will be needed in 1947 and there is every possibility that they will take just as many in 1948, provided we have the eggs. Canadian egg producers have an assured market and it would seem that the sensible thing to do would be to keep on gathering all the eggs our hens are capable of producing. As an inducement to keep the old hens laying and get the pullets into lay as early in the fall as possible, the ministry will pay six cents a dozen more for eggs laid between September 15 and December 15 than for eggs laid during the rest of the year. The basic price for A Large eggs in most candling stations, for summer eggs, is 29 to 30 cents per dozen. On September 15 this price will go to 35 or 36 cents. Therefore, plan to get maximum production during this period of higher prices.

Keep Track of Costs

WITH the approach of fall, poultry keepers will be casting anxious eyes at the new crop of pullets which are now well on the way to production, and wondering whether they will be showing a profit or loss one year hence. Unless the various items of cost, together with the returns, are known, it is well nigh impossible to say whether the flock has provided a profit or has been kept at a loss. If you have not been in the habit of keeping records, now is the time to start. Provide yourself with a small note book. First of all make an inventory of all the stock and equipment and set down the value of each item. Provide for a section to jot down items of expense and another section for recording sales.

Make a practice of recording egg production daily, and all items purchased or produce sold. Also mark down every bird which dies, because mortality will have a tremendous effect on profits. In doing work of this kind, there is no substitute for accuracy and method. Too often, flock owners will say "Oh, I can remember," or "I'll put it down tomorrow." The chances are that in both cases the item is forgotten. This doesn't allow for a proper analysis of the business and, certainly, no profit or loss statement can be prepared. If the system adopted is a simple one, it is more likely that the records will be kept. Why not try out a system of bookkeeping this fall?

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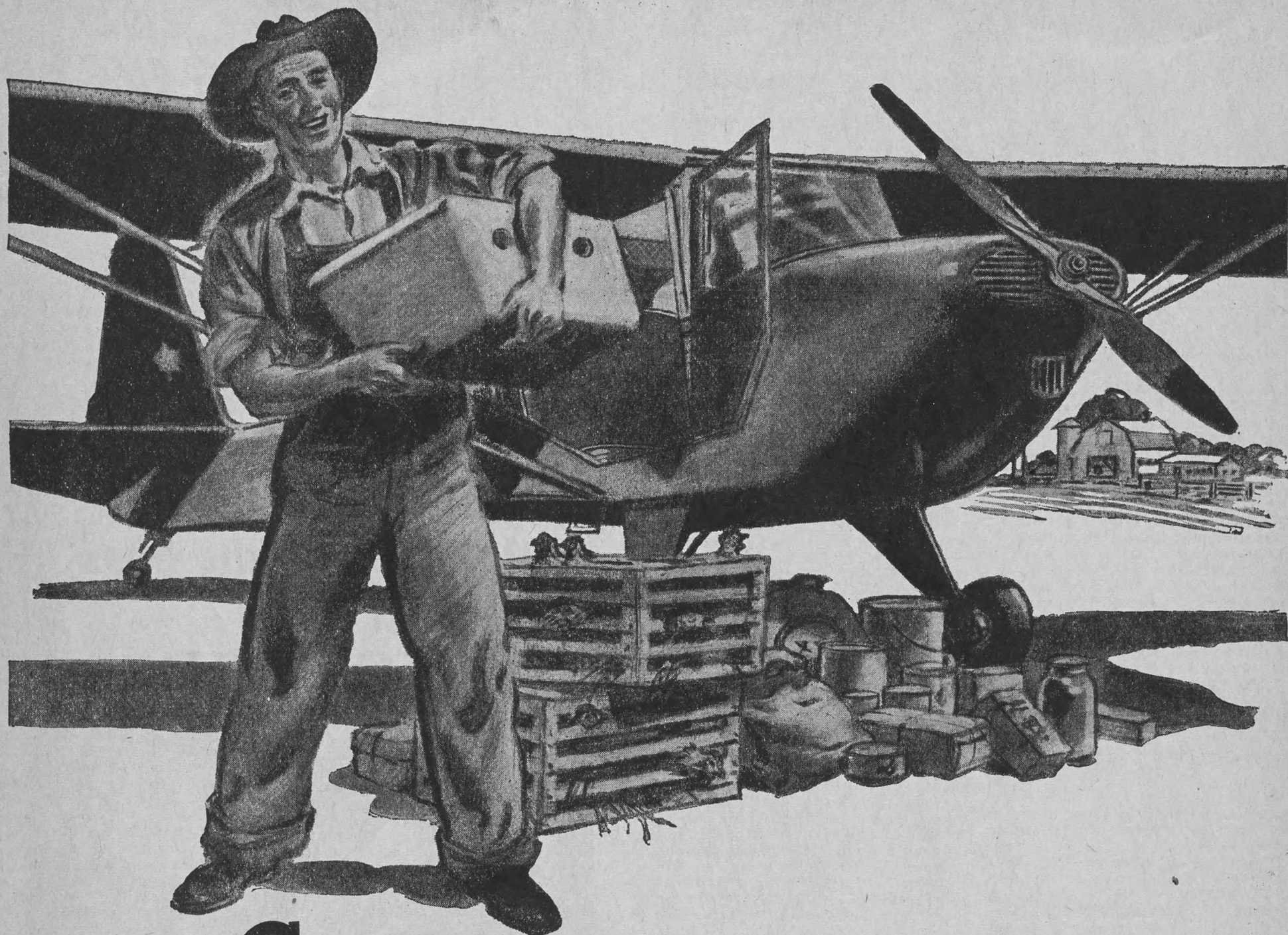


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EFFECT UPON CANADIAN AGRICULTURE OF NEW EXCHANGE RATE

Between Canadian and American Dollar

A page of Monthly Commentary furnished by United Grain Growers Ltd.

The Canadian dollar was, by action of the Canadian Government, placed on a parity with the American dollar early in July. This reversed government policy which had been in effect since 1940, under which the Canadian dollar had been maintained at a discount of ten per cent as compared with currency of the United States. The change in rate meant also that the British pound became 10 per cent cheaper in Canadian dollars, becoming established on a new rate of \$4.02 to the pound. Such a change in the pre-war period would have meant a serious loss to Canadian agriculture, and, if made as a result of Canadian Government policy, would have resulted in strenuous protests from farmers. Due, however, to special circumstances of the present, the change carries much less damage to agricultural interests than would normally be the case. That is because the bulk of agricultural exports are now priced in terms of Canadian dollars instead of in terms of sterling. The principal resulting loss to Canadian farmers is in respect of oats and barley exported to the United States. The principal offsetting benefit arises from the fact that

and they had just as many of these as formerly. Later, when the time comes for repayment of such loans, the process may be more difficult on account of the new exchange rate.

The situation is practically the same in respect of bacon, beef, poultry and dairy products now exported from this country, most of which are going to Great Britain.

There is a great contrast between the change in exchange rates which has just taken place and that which took place after September 1931 when Great Britain went off the gold standard. That development was the cause of tremendous losses and great distress to Canadian farmers, because sterling immediately went to wide and varying discounts under the Canadian dollar. The prices of Canadian agricultural exports were largely determined in sterling and, consequently, farmers began to get much less for their products. In 1937, United Grain Growers Limited, in a presentation before the Turgeon Royal Grain Enquiry Commission, dealt at length with the loss thus occasioned to Canadian farmers, and concluded its presentation with these words:

The significance to Western Agriculture of the New Exchange Rate between the Canadian and American Dollar, which is of particular interest to Western Farmers, is herein explained

goods imported from other countries now become cheaper in Canadian dollars.

It was that situation with respect to imported goods which caused the minister of finance to announce the change when he did. Prices in the United States, in respect of many goods and commodities, rose suddenly at the end of June, when O.P.A. control of prices disappeared through expiry of an act of Congress, and the concurrent failure of Congress to enact a new bill which the president was willing to approve. Alteration of the exchange rate prevented such increases being reflected to their full extent on goods imported from the United States. Early in the war, the discount on the Canadian dollar became inevitable because Canadian purchases in the United States were very much heavier than the purchases of that country in Canada. Indeed, only rigorous exchange control and most careful management by the Foreign Exchange Control Board prevented the discount from being much larger. Recently, however, the situation had greatly altered in that respect; the actual purchasing power of the Canadian dollar was considerably greater than that of the American dollar, and it became doubtful whether or not Canada could long continue the former relationship between the two currencies. No doubt the most important reason for Canadian reluctance to make the change was the undesirable effect it inevitably had on the relationship between Canadian currency and sterling.

Canadian wheat had, for a long time, been selling under an export ceiling price basis of \$1.55 per bushel. As soon as the exchange rate was altered, it meant that such wheat became ten per cent more expensive to Great Britain and to other countries in terms of their own currency. That fact did not make the Canadian Government hesitate to introduce the change, even although it had strenuously resisted earlier suggestions for an increased ceiling on wheat. But Britain and other countries have been buying wheat in terms of Canadian dollars, and, so expressed, there had been no change in price. Moreover they had been paying for such wheat in dollars provided by loans from Canada,

"We do not suggest whether or not it would be possible to prevent a similar divergence of exchange values in the future, but one principle should be recognized. If ever again a corresponding divergence occurs and has to be sustained because of Canadian monetary policy at the time, there should be recognized the tremendous burden laid upon the wheat producer. Justice demands that in such an event he be given compensation to offset such burdens."

The change, however, means lessened returns to producers on all coarse grains exported. Export prices of such grains are not covered by a special arbitrary ceiling, as is the case with wheat, but, instead, are governed by prices prevailing on the Chicago market. A drop of ten per cent took place in rye prices quoted on the Winnipeg market. This was extended over a number of days as, under market rules, a decline of five cents per bushel is the maximum which can be recorded in one day. The Canadian Wheat Board found it necessary to reduce its fees for export permit covering oats and barley by from ten to fifteen cents a bushel. These permits had, previously, been priced at more than the ceiling prices in Canada, which meant, in essence, that they were worth more than twice as much in the U.S. as in this country. Immediately the change in respect to barley was not important because permits to export were being refused in order to conserve barley for use of feeders in Eastern Canada. The change may be significant as soon as the new crop begins to move, meaning as it will that farmers will ultimately get less through equalization fee payments. Nor had there been recently, important exports of oats, although certain limited quantities, chiefly in the form of rolled oats, had been going to Europe. Again the change will be important with the new crop, and will mean a smaller return to farmers through equalization fee payments. It is interesting to note the difference in Canadian price policy as between wheat and coarse grain. On the latter, to the extent that they are exported at all, the Chicago price is the governing factor, and equalization fees for export, whether grain goes overseas or to the United States, are changed

daily to correspond with the daily fluctuations on the Chicago market. Buyers of such grain in Canada are not affected by such changes, as prices to them are held down by ceilings which are very much lower than export values.

New Proposals for General International Wheat Agreement

It was somewhat surprising to read, just as negotiations between the governments of Canada and of the United Kingdoms for a wheat contract were drawing to a close, that a meeting had been held at Washington, on July 15, of the International Wheat Conference, and plans made for drawing up a new general international wheat agreement. The International Wheat Conference was established in August, 1942, to administer the International Wheat Agreement between Argentina, Australia, Canada, the United Kingdom and the United States, generally known as the Washington Agreement.

That agreement was expected to come into force at the end of the war. It failed to do so when a price committee established under its terms, could not reconcile the price ideas of its different members. Great Britain, naturally, as an importing country, wanted prices to be kept on a moderate basis, something less, it is generally believed, than the price basis of \$1.55 which by that time had been established as the Canadian ceiling. Canada did not want to reduce that level, if it could be avoided, and at the same time did not want to see a basis, much, if any, higher, established. But the United States representatives held out for a much higher basic level, so that agreement became impossible. It has not been made known just what the United States was prepared to do, but at least the impression prevails that the government of that country was not willing to guarantee that wheat would be provided for export at anything less than prices determined upon the open markets of that country. In other words the government would not undertake to subsidize wheat exports. That was an extremely interesting development, as the Washington Agreement had previously been criticized on the ground that it seemed to imply an obligation on the part of the U.S. Government to subsidize exports, if that should be necessary to make certain quantities available at prices which might be reached under the agreement.

When the Washington Agreement was signed it included only five countries, but provision was made for calling a wheat conference after the war with the object of getting all important countries into the scope of an international wheat agreement. At the meeting above referred to of the council, held in July, representatives attended, upon invitation of the U.S. Government, from Belgium, Brazil, China, Denmark, France, India, Italy and the Netherlands, and also of the Food and Agriculture Organization of the United Nations. In addition representatives had been invited, but were not present, from Yugoslavia and the U.S.S.R.

The meeting appointed a Preparatory Committee to revise the terms of the agreement made in Washington in 1942, with a view to submitting a revised draft later to a general international wheat conference.

Two important questions arise with respect to such a draft agreement, and with respect to such a conference. First, what would be the status of a contract previously concluded between Canada and the United Kingdom, both of which countries are associated with the new

plan? It is hard to see how these two countries can go into a general conference without expressing a willingness to have their special contract abrogated in order to make a general agreement possible, or rather it is hard to see why other countries would be willing to negotiate for a general agreement without that step being taken. But to abrogate such a contract might be difficult, both for Canada and for the United Kingdom, if national policies had been adjusted to the existence of a contract, as for example, might be done by a price guarantee to Canadian farmers presumably based thereon.

The second question is as to the kind of international agreement the United States would be willing now to enter. Almost certainly it would not be an agreement which, directly or indirectly would imply that the U.S. Government would establish a wheat monopoly in that country, corresponding to what prevails in Canada, or itself engage in international commerce, at least in normal times. Official policy of the United States is very much opposed to government participation in commercial transactions. Its government is not only determined to keep out of such trading on its own account, but is also trying to reduce the extent of direct buying in the United States by other governments. Nor is there any likelihood of action by the United States which would require the Chicago wheat market to close. Farmers there would regard any such action as designed to prevent them from getting all their grain is worth, while in addition the market is regarded as essential to the conduct of internal grain business, no matter how export transactions might be conducted.

Another problem arises from the attitude of Russia, presumably not anxious to make commitments which would bring that country under the jurisdiction of an international wheat committee, while of course other countries adjacent to Russia are very much under Russian influence. On the whole the Preparatory Committee, which is to prepare the draft of a new international wheat agreement, would seem to have a difficult task ahead of it.

Storage Charges

Some interesting points in connection with elevator charges were made in a recent presentation by United Grain Growers Ltd. before the Board of Grain Commissioners, when that body held a hearing preparatory to establishing maximum tariff rates for the new crop year. Storage rates at the present time are not paid, directly or indirectly by producers, but instead rest against the purchasers of grain. That is shown, to take one example, by the fact that the Canadian Wheat Board, in selling wheat for export, adds carrying charges to the export price ceiling basis for \$1.55 per bushel. Such costs do not come out of the initial payment made to producers for their wheat, nor do they lessen the amount available for final distribution on participation certificates. It is consequently in the interest of producers that reasonable earnings should accrue from the storage of grain in elevators, as these contribute to the ability of an elevator company to keep low its handling charges at country elevators, which are paid directly by producers.

Canada, because of its very large equipment of storage space, is better equipped, proportionately than is any other country in the world for the storage of wheat, which is a very necessary function in world economy. It is a function for which other countries are both able and willing to pay, since they have found by experience that storage can be provided in Canada at less expense than anywhere else.

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NEIGHBORLY NEWS

Contributed by the Elevator Agents of UNITED GRAIN GROWERS LIMITED

Blackfoot Stampede Attracts Crowd

A record crowd of between 3,000 and 4,000 witnessed the annual Indian Stampede held on the Blackfoot Reserve, Gleichen. The Blackfoot Stampede opens the rodeo season in the West each year. Contestants come from near and far to compete in all events that are witnessed at a successful stampede. All animals were in fine shape, much to the sorrow of many riders and ropers. Side-shows and a merry-go-round did a record business during the day. In the evening a dance was held in the Gleichen hall where a large crowd wound up the day's events.—*Gleichen, Alta.*

Bomb-Proof Glass

"Believe it or not" as Ripley says—a pane of glass 10x12 fell out of the sash from the window up in the U.G.G. cupola and landed half under the feed shed after passing the bin and driveway roofs, and was not even cracked. All that was necessary was to take the pane and put it back in the sash.—*Joffre, Alberta.*

Successful Fair

Dominion City held its first fair in four years recently and it was a huge success, the feature being the Boys' and Girls' Calf Club exhibits. A large crowd was in attendance and enthusiasm was keen, showing that the revival of the fair has been well received.—*Dominion City, Man.*

Unveil Honor Roll

Veterans of two world wars paraded to St. Paul's United Church here, recently, for the unveiling of an honor roll containing the names of 52 local boys who fought in the second world war. E. Bennett, lay minister, conducted the service. The unveiling was performed by Eileen Robertson, former member of the R.C.A.F. W.D.'s. The roll was the gift of the Women's Missionary Society and they plan to have a second one hung, listing the names of those enlisting in World War I.—*Graysville, Manitoba.*

Sale of Registered Herefords

Due to his decision to cut down his herd of registered Herefords John Nygren of this district held a sale of 90 head. This sale was quite successful and brought good prices, the highest being \$425 for a cow.—*Wadena, Sask.*

United Church 50th Anniversary

The fiftieth anniversary celebration of Homewood United Church was a most interesting event. The church having been newly decorated was aglow with flowers. At the first service held at two o'clock in the afternoon the speaker was Rev. John Francis Palmer, B.A., a former pastor and now assistant minister at Young United Church, Winnipeg. The choir was composed of former members since 1896, the organist was Mrs. J. J. Graham of Miami, organist for many years and formerly Miss Hilda August. Soloists were Mrs. H. R. McKnight and Mrs. Edward Dunderdale of Winnipeg (formerly Miss Whileen Smiley).

A celebration supper was served by the local ladies in the church basement tables being laid for 300.—*Homewood, Manitoba.*

Community War Memorial

The response for subscriptions to the new closed skating rink, being built as a War Memorial, has been most gratifying to the committee in charge. The committee's last report was that over nine thousand dollars had been subscribed. All the different organizations are fully behind this project, and are working hard to put it over the top. At this time it appears that the required amount will be forthcoming.

The new rink will be a great asset to the town and community and should prove an incentive for more skating and better hockey.—*Carstairs, Alta.*

Fatal Accident to Well-known Farmer

The loss of G. C. Melendy, a prominent farmer of the Carseland district, who was instantly killed by a C.P.R. passenger train is deeply regretted by his many friends.

Mr. Melendy was born in Indiana. He came West and settled in the Carseland district in 1907, where he had since farmed. He was secretary of the U.G.G. local for many years and was also an active member of the U.F.A. and United Church.—*Carseland, Alta.*

High Mark to Shoot At

Approximately a million and a quarter bushels of grain were marketed through the elevators from this district last year. There were also 400 cars of livestock and about the same amount shipped by truck. It is hoped that this good record will again be duplicated or even surpassed this year.—*Olds, Alta.*

An Unique Baseball Record

Baseball is baseball wherever you go, but it is very seldom that a single team goes undefeated through all the games played. In the "Hi-way 21" league, Huxley has been victorious in all eight games as well as winning several exhibition games. The league has such towns as Elnora, Lousana, Delburne, Big Bend and Trenville in it.—*Huxley, Alberta.*

Successful Calf Sale

Carstairs Board of Trade held their Annual Calf Sale with four clubs participating, West Didsbury, Avondale, Olds and Carstairs. Top award went to Vera Blain of West Didsbury, with a fine Hereford calf which sold for 51 cents per pound to the T. Eaton Co. Ltd.—*Carstairs, Alta.*

Community Celebration

With perfect weather conditions, Saltcoats Fifty-Eighth Celebration was enjoyed by a record gathering of over 5,000. Baseball was the feature attraction, with some hard fought games, Bangor beating out Churchbridge for top honors by a 5-4 count. Horse racing and fastball also drew the attention of a great number of spectators. Two dances, in the Townhall and Lakeside Pavilion, concluded a perfect day.—*Saltcoats, Sask.*

Stampede and Dance

The Three Hills Stampede, which is an annual event, was staged at the fair grounds. One of the largest crowds were in attendance—the day being ideal for the event. All went well until about 5:30 when the rain started to fall in torrents, which broke up the crowd in no uncertain terms. There was a sea of mud everywhere. The day was brought to a close with the Stampede management sponsoring a dance in real cowboy style.—*Three Hills, Alta.*

2,000 MILES OF MOUNTAINS

Continued from page 9

and tortuous miles, now up, now down, to the tune of scorching brakes and laboring engine. But whatever the cost, it will not be regretted.

The drive through the Banff-Lake Louise district was one of the most beautiful in the Rockies. As we skimmed along the burnished highway, the teeming animal life was everywhere in evidence. Moose, beaver and muskrat; deer, rabbits and porcupine; ptarmigan, whiskey jacks and ruffed grouse—all these we saw along the road. On the crumbling mountain slopes graze the white goats; and once, silhouetted against the sky, the proud outline of a splendid bighorn ram. Add to this the everchanging forests that line the road, the turquoise lakes, the rippling streams, and above all, the solemn grandeur of the towering, noble peaks, and you will understand something of the eternal fascination of the mountains.

THE road entered the heavy woods.

Suddenly a black bulk loomed in the trail directly ahead—a bear! Even as we stopped, a cub, a pint-sized edition of his mother, waddled out and sat up beside her. Now we saw why the bear is called the clown of the woods. Smirking, the cub rubbed his hands unctuously together, for all the world like a furry undertaker. Then, standing on two legs, he stretched his nose heavenward, stuck out his belly, tight and round as a cantaloupe, patted it tenderly and suddenly broke into a wild, incredibly muscle-bound Red River jig, peering slyly at us out of the corner of his eye. All this was not without method, for in a moment he dropped on all fours and waddled forward with his mother to receive a handout, which unfortunately we were without. We took their portraits and drove on.

Emerging from the deep timber, we came out above Vermilion River flats, and saw a striking picture. Four elk (two cows and two calves) stood on a sand beach against the dark green spruce woods. The rich, reddish brown of the elk, the dark green of the spruces and the grey-blue mountains behind, the orange of deer, the greyish yellow sand and the grey driftwood among the foaming shallows, white, green and lavender, made a beautiful scene. The elk were darker than I expected, their short coats rich and glossy. The calves were nervous, running in and out of the heavy timber behind them. Two white tails stood on a sand bar a little past the elk and watched us. Behind the cows, among the trees, a mule deer doe dashed nervously up and down. We got out to photograph—three of the elk ran into the timber. My companion blew shrilly with a blade of grass—a sound very like the whistling bleat of a young elk. The single cow on the beach threw up her head and ran a few steps toward us—we could see the others beginning to come out to the edge of the timber.

The two white tails on the beach began to run, tails flagging, and disappeared into the heavy timber, reappearing farther on just within the edge of the trees. The single cow soon grew bored with the grass blade bleats and paid no more attention. The others who had returned to the edge, now melted away into the heavy timber.

NOW the road lifted upward, by steep and winding curves, under shadowed ledges and shelving benches; and as we came suddenly to the summit of Sinclair Pass, a breath-taking view unfolded before us. Across the giant scar of the valley, the mountain walls rose sheer—frowning cliffs of sandstone and granite, tier on tier of rugged battlements blazing in the low afternoon sun in wonderful shades of orange and russet, vermilion and ruddy gold.

To the left, the great escarpment in shadow loomed against the western sky as far as the eye could see, purple and brown, cobalt and vivid blue, range on range of peaks in indescribable shades of rose and lavender, lilac and gold, bathed in mellow amber light, each distant peak a more delicate shade of blue, to melt at last, a lilac haze against the golden sky.

We drove ahead, rounding a great shoulder of rock and turned to begin the descent. The change was startling. Behind us the glorious sunset, below us the valley, dark and menacing, in its very depths a river, like a silver ribbon, brawling on its tumultuous way, between the gloomy, cavernous canyon walls, down, down, to empty at last into the roaring Kootenay.

And now as we dropped down farther and farther into the gloom, there came that eerie feeling that sooner or later grips the traveller in the mountains: The feeling that the grim and towering walls on either side were slowly closing in; that suddenly they would fall with ponderous roar and crush the puny human insects that invaded their privacy. And with reason: For on every side the long white scars on the mountain face, reaching up to the very summit, bare of grass or stick or tree, gave mute evidence of an awe-inspiring might. For this was the dreaded avalanche track, the avalanche that may be started by the footfall of a bird, and yet send thousands of tons of rock and snow hurtling down the mountainside with irresistible force. No living thing may stand in the path of the avalanche and survive.

A deep despondency settled upon us and we relapsed into silence. Mile after mile passed in silence, gloom thickened upon us, then suddenly the road veered round a sharp bend, lighted windows appeared and we pulled up at a cluster of cabins, a mountain resort. The spell was broken. There was laughter and jest as we arranged with the proprietor for food and a cabin for the night; and once again the mountains were serene and friendly, with no hint of the hostility of a moment before.

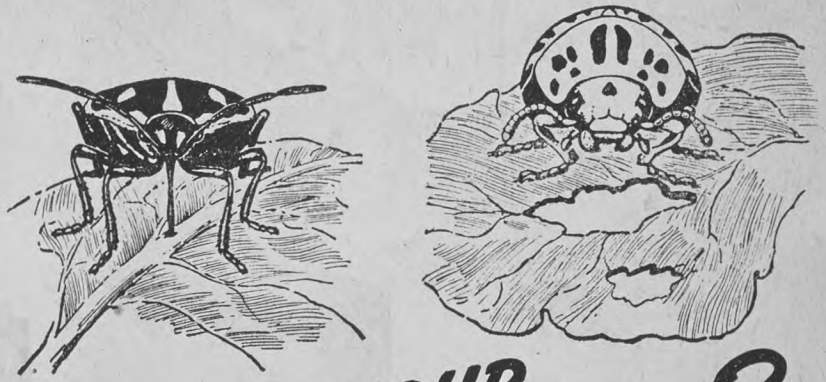
OUR route followed for a time the Columbia Lake, coming at last to Canal Flats. Here an engineer, Ted S—, explained the geological formation of the district and further told us that here, north and south from this insigni-



The Rockies are not always in a gay and pleasant mood. Here they are cloud-ridden and forbidding.

[Guide photo.]

Are these Pests



EATING YOUR PROFITS AWAY?

EVERY YEAR millions of dollars of Canadian crops are destroyed by insect pests, fungus diseases and weeds, resulting in serious losses of profits to the farmer and losses of vital foodstuffs in the markets of the world.

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ficant creek, two great river systems of British Columbia flow. They are the Kootenay and the Columbia, the two rivers, which, with the Fraser, largely determine the settlement of the Province.

While we ate dinner in the restaurant, a "tie-hack" (logger) entered. By his lanky length and greying blond hair, I sensed a compatriot, and a moment later his remark to the waitress, "Yee Whiss! Ain't yu got no snooze?" removed all doubt as to his origin. He assured us that logging in B.C. (when "snooze" was available) was the only life for a man and remarked that he had been there 35 years.

We touched briefly at Kimberley, Cranbrook and Yahk, then stopped for an interview at Creston. While my friend interviewed the fruit rancher, I interviewed one of his trees—loaded with sweet cherries, rosy ripe. Mmmm! Then by ferry across the Kootenay Lake, and late in the afternoon we drove into Nelson.

It was dusk before we neared the city of Trail. As we dropped down the winding road from the mountain, we saw the city below us, a thousand lights twinkling in the bottom of the deep valley. The road wound in and out, down steep hills and switchbacks into the very centre of the town—a very confusing place, and bristling with warning signs to innocent civilians. We decided to push on to Grand Forks via Cascade. It was a terrible road, narrow at all times, rough and washboardy. Soon out of Trail it began to rise, higher and higher, here and there winding up the face of a mountain by tortuous doublings and twistings, here descending a dizzy slope on a ledge so narrow that the dark valley below appeared to be reaching up to draw us over.

Suddenly, across the wide valley and beyond the distant peaks, an orange glow appeared, and soon a full yellow moon hung, leisurely and immensely impersonal, over the distant ranges. On and up, up and on we drove, the road growing steadily more tortuous. Once, in the white beam of the headlights, a porcupine appeared, humping along in a great hurry, his quills erected so that his back showed as a yellow rosette. We were glad to see him, for he added a touch of life to our otherwise lonely road.

At Grand Forks we turned south into the State of Washington, turning again into Canada at Osoyoos, a prosperous fruit and vegetable district, then on along the Okanagan through Penticton, Summerland (ripe apricots on the tree—filling a life-long desire—also my utmost capacity), Peachland, Kelowna, and finally Vernon. Here we called on the late Allan Brooks, probably North America's most renowned bird painter, and had a delightful visit with him. A fine naturalist and a great man—his death early this year was an inestimable loss to lovers of wild life the world over. Most of this country, from Washington State nearly to Vernon, is naturally a country of dry powdery soil, sagebrush, and fierce, burning heat. Little could grow were it not for the magic word "irrigation." Truly irrigation "maketh the desert to blossom as the rose."

KAMLOOPS was, among other things, a country of cowboys and Indians. Levi's and sombreros, bullhide chaps and high-heeled boots—the Wild West fan would have been in his element here. West and north of Kamloops lay a country of hill ranches, rolling, wooded, in spots marvellously attractive. Here and there we met cattle, usually accompanied by two or three riders, dark-skinned and wiry, their worn boots and shiny saddles giving mute testimony that the cowboy's life is no bed of roses.

Hundred-Mile House, 150-Mile House, Williams Lake, Soda Creek, Quesnel, Prince George—all these are historic names and rate a book—or several—had we space. This time we can only touch on one feature, the romance of which no one travelling this way can pass by—the theme of song and story—the famous Cariboo Trail.

Fabulously rich gold deposits found in the Cariboo district in the 1850's sent a frenzied stream of treasure seekers into that wild and mountainous country. Assembling in St. Paul, travelling by river and luck to Winnipeg

(then Fort Garry), by ox team and guess work westward across the plains, incredible hardships attended the pilgrimage of the earliest pioneers, many of whom never reached their goal. Among them was a Mrs. Shubert, who, with her babies, was the first white woman to brave that fearful journey. When more and more settlers poured in, Governor Douglas decided to build a road into the district. And what a road! Up to 18 feet wide, 480 miles long and built by 500 miners under the direction of the Royal Engineers sent out from England for the boundary dispute, it stretched from Yale to Lytton, Ashcroft to Soda Creek and finally through Quesnel to Barkerville, in the very heart of the Cariboo. Over it passed the mule-trains, each with its "cargador," the freighting bull teams, the stage coaches and even a corps of freighting camels, whose soft feet soon wore to the quick on the broken rocky trail. Nor was this the only hazard. Built on a timber cribbing, the grades were fearfully steep, and at one place the narrow track hung on the very edge of a cliff, 1,300 feet above the roaring Fraser. Begun in 1862, finished in 1865, the story of the Trail is one of the most thrilling chapters in the development of the Canadian West.

AT Prince George (what a hunting country it is!) we reluctantly retraced our track, bearing east beyond Kamloops to pass through Revelstoke and around the newly opened Big Bend Highway, a most beautiful country. Every mile was memorable, but one incident stands out sharply. As we headed into the rugged crags, we saw ahead a black and ominous mass of clouds. Soon a gust of rain swept over the windshield and a moment later we were engulfed in the full fury of the deluge—a mountain storm. We stopped, and waited for the first downpour to pass. The air grew bitterly cold and when we finally drove ahead we noticed that the road and hillsides had a most peculiar color, even through the steaming windshield. We got out. The ground was covered with hail and snow. Snow, in the middle of July!

The Big Bend Highway follows the mighty Columbia River and every few rods a tributary pours into it from the flanking hills. At the very Bend is a huge expanse of bluish glacial gravel brought down by spring floods, inundating trees and bog alike.

We drove swiftly on this last lap, and in late afternoon left Golden for Lake Louise, a trip which the natives solemnly warn the prairie-bred "tourist" against taking "if your nerves are below par." True, it is a steep and tricky road, but of all the roads we covered, I will put my money on the "hump" from Trail to Cascade for sheer, unadulterated cussedness. After that, any bad road was an anticlimax.

On the way to Field, passing by a steep bank, I looked over and saw a bull moose below, at a salt lick. We stalked him with our cameras, a ludicrous process. I wished to get him out in the open where I could study the varying effect of the light on his glossy coat, so while I manoeuvred about in the surrounding trees, to the bull's evident distrust, my partner busied himself taking some excellent photographs. Several times the bull retreated through the timber, but each time, on our abandoning the chase, he came back. The last time, he came back at a rapid trot, and as I was in an uncomfortably exposed spot, I hastened to cross a small grassy plot to the shelter of some trees, when plop! I sank to my knees in soft muck. Seeing the bull approaching rapidly from the right, I floundered about wildly, cheered on by an unsympathetic guffaw from the bank where the camera wielder reclined. By the time I got out, mud to the knees, the bull was back at the salt lick. This time he had apparently lost all fear, for he allowed us to approach within twelve feet of where he knelt at the lick. A fine large bull, but with small shovels.

On to Lake Louise, through the famous Kicking Horse Pass, to reach Banff again late at night. One day soon, perhaps, you will take the trip yourself and will then know how inadequate this description has been. I wish I could go with you.

FUR FARMING DÈ LUXE

Continued from page 5

tractable, a fisher is no animal to fool with. A fisher has been known to attack a man, rip the clothing off his back, bite him severely and give him a pretty thorough all-round trimming. Fishers are fond of fruits and sweets, such as raisins, plums, pears and apples. They like to get hold of prune and apricot pits and crack them with their teeth to secure the kernels.

Like the fisher the marten loves sweets and enjoys particularly figs, honey and pears. It is real entertainment to watch Mr. James giving honey at the end of a stick or dried figs out of his pocket to his martens through the wired fronts of their cages and the eagerness with which they seize these luxuries. If there is any delay, they show their annoyance by chattering shrilly. James is immensely fond of his martens, these captivating small creatures whisking about in their robes of lustrous silken fur.

Many breeders have tried unsuccessfully to raise martens, but James has had a fair measure of success and hopes for yet larger measures in the future. Perhaps that is because they come first in his affection and interest. It boils down to discovering the marten's special likes, dislikes and peculiarities and the reasons why in one year they will produce satisfactorily and in the next fall off badly in adding to their numbers.

James remarked on the lightning-like swiftness of the marten's movements. Open the door of his cage for an instant and unless closely watched he is out and away like a flash.

Second Name "Defiance"—Here Comes the Mink!

A DIFFERENT stamp of small quadruped, this fellow, but a package of dynamite just the same. He's a fighter from the drop of the hat and the size of an opponent doesn't mean a thing to him. He has never tackled an elephant but that's only because there hasn't happened to be one around—elephants are so scarce in these parts. In handling him the rancher must literally don the gloves, and leather gloves at that. Mitts, rather. He has teeth like needles and a disagreeable thing about the mink is that when he gets hold of a finger he never knows enough to let go. He thinks it's his for keeps. But even so, you'll admire the mink for his high courage and indomitable fighting spirit, as well as for the beauty of his shimmering coat.

Once full grown, each mink must be given a separate pen; otherwise they will engage in furious battle and possibly destroy one another. The mink pens are mostly of wire, about four feet long by two wide and deep, with a small nest box at the end.

Recently Mr. James added to his collection of "standard" minks a lately-

developed and attractive strain named "silver-blu" and on my way to the ranch I met an air-force man who had just purchased a trio of these popular animals for fall delivery at the princely figure of \$500.

In 1938 the James farm pelted 1,650 minks.

Minks are Mighty Multipliers

March is the breeding season for minks and the young come in May. They are tiny mites on arrival but in two months reach practically full growth and are "on their own." In the case of such exceptionally large litters as ten or eleven, some of the kits may be taken from the mother and hand-fed by the rancher, since otherwise both mother and kits may be lost. In the wild state the mother mink may escape from her brood for periods of rest and recuperation, but confined in a pen such relief from her voracious youngsters is impossible and they may literally drain away her life.

Litters vary widely in size but seldom drop below four and may go as high as seven or eight and I have heard of one litter of a round dozen. James had a litter of eleven. Where the herds run into the hundreds ranchers consider four kits a good average, but where the ranches are small and the minks get more individual attention, averages of five, six or even seven are not uncommon. James' averages are usually about four and a quarter kits.

From the time of weaning the kits are fed morning and evening, with a bite in the form of milk or egg at noon, until they are full grown, and the fur is at its best, in late November or early December, when they are pelted. The period between weaning and pelting over which they are fed averages four to five months.

Adult minks as a general thing are fed only once a day. Some breeders, including James, feed only six times a week; in other words, their stock is allowed to go unfed one day in every seven. They say their charges return to their food after such a fast with sharpened appetites and resultant benefit to their health. Other breeders, however, deride such a claim and are quite certain the alleged benefit is purely imaginary.

Mr. James has never been troubled by disease among his animals and his losses from accident or other causes easily accounted for have been extremely light.

Feeding the Fur Bearers

On the James place the animals are fed 80 to 85 per cent meat and fish; the remaining 15 per cent consists of fresh vegetables, cereal, bone, flour and alfalfa meal, added to the meat and fish passing through the electric grinder. All feed is ground, nothing cooked. A car of boned horse meat—20 tons—in frozen blocks is purchased annually in Calgary or Edmonton and stored for use as needed in a 25-ton electric freezer. Another ten tons, made up mostly of tripe, liver and fish, is bought locally each year. Mink are ordinarily fed three to four ounces daily, but in the growing season the feeding ration is practically doubled. The heavy feeding, the rancher



A lordly fisher, home on the range and, on the left a view of the James fur ranch.



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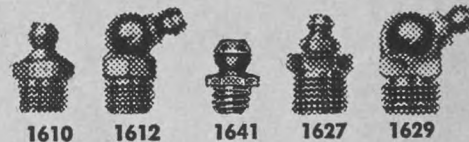
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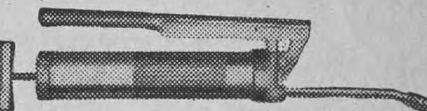
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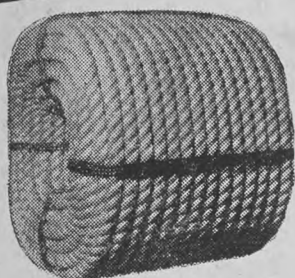
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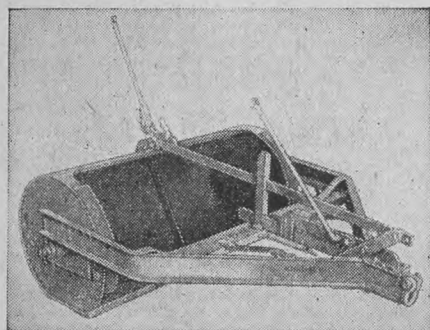
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explains, is necessary to promote rapid growth and to produce the beautiful coats of rich dark fur in the pelts which command the highest prices at the periodical fur auction sales in New York, Montreal, Winnipeg, and other points.

The James ranch consists specifically of thirty sheds, each eighty feet long, all under roof and having a combined length of nearly half a mile. Equipment items, besides pens and cages, are electric freezer and grinder. At the time of my call there were on the ranch 280 mink, including some 40 of the new "silver-blu" variety; 21 fisher and 14 marten.

Fur Farming as a Business Enterprise

Now a glance at the commercial end of breeding fur bearers.

The following figures are quoted as published in Mr. James' advertisement in the "Fur Trade Journal" for the month of April, 1944:

"Our crop of pelts for 1942 brought \$26,196; our crop of pelts for 1943 brought \$16,120."

The rancher explains the difference in the totals for these two years as follows: "Due to a 50 per cent reduction of breeding stock which involved heavy culling and raised the average quality of our stock, our production was approximately only one-half that of the previous year."

Some Might Gloat Over These Figures

Here is a catalog of Mr. James' sales in 1944, taken from the statements issued to him by a leading fur auction sales organization in the East:

Marten, pelts	\$ 950.00
Fisher, pelts	2,088.00
Mink, pelts	19,782.00
Breeding Stock	7,200.00

Total \$30,020.00

"And all this," comments Chesney S.

James, "from less than five acres of land."

Mr. James' two sons are partners with their father in the ranch.

The rancher and his wife take a combined business and pleasure trip each year either east or south, visiting friends and keeping abreast of the latest developments in the fur-ranching business.

This story would be incomplete without a tribute to Mrs. James, the mainstay and anchor of the James operation. Without her active and unflagging support the James ranch could never have established the fine record it has and her husband is only too pleased to acknowledge the important share the lady of the house has played in its success.

In closing, however, I must add a word of warning.

There is a possibility that many who may read of Mr. James' remarkable success may gain the impression that fur farming is a quick and easy way to wealth. Nothing is further from the truth. For every success there has been a depressing quota of failures.

Mr. James was constitutionally fitted to succeed in it. He had a natural fondness for animals; he and his family were willing to study their charges, to spend long hours day after day and year after year in caring for them and in learning all the intricate details of feeding, breeding, pelting and marketing—a monumental task.

No one should imagine he can make a success of fur farming unless he has a natural aptitude for it and is willing to work hard to get the necessary experience, just as did Mr. James. Lacking these qualifications, he should engage in something less difficult and exacting. Mr. James is an exception. He has spent seventeen years in the business and is said to be the largest fur rancher in British Columbia. And this statement is accepted as probably true.

MACHINERY WILL BE DIFFERENT

Continued from page 7

have shown that the speed of travel of these machines should not be more than 3½ miles per hour. At the present time, in southern Alberta and southern Saskatchewan, the drought conditions and lack of stubble from the 1945 crop presents a soil condition that can create a most serious soil drifting problem. Even if normal rains do occur, the drifting problem is still apparent. It is imperative, for sound soil conservation practice, that speeds of travel with all implements be kept within their proper limits.

Newer models of tillage implements will enable higher speeds of travel, but it is necessary that the speed be in keeping with good tillage practice. In the brown soils particularly, the soil should be turned slowly, with the trash cover well anchored with a cloddy condition.

Experimentation and experience on the prairie area show clearly that soil and moisture must be held in place if permanent success in farming is to be achieved. If erosion by wind and water is to be controlled the tillage practice must maintain a protective trash or stubble cover on the soil. With these objectives in mind the different blade-type cultivators were designed during the past ten years.

The blade machines have many desirable features to commend their wider use. The shearing and lifting action of the blade makes it possible to operate at relatively shallow depths. The moderately high-speed operation increases the effectiveness of weed kill and widens the scope of practical blade usage under various soil conditions. The level base of the cut, plus the high trash clearance and minimum number of very strong standards, makes the blade type weeder an ideal implement for most summer-fallow operations. Stubble remains anchored in an upright position for the greatest wind protection of the soil.

The draft of blade machines is slightly less per foot of width than the one-way

disc and slightly more than that of the duckfoot cultivator. Wet land vastly increases the draft of blade machines and some difficulty is experienced in scouring, but this difficulty is common with other tillage machines.

There are many other new types of tillage machines being sold to farmers. They are modifications of the common implements used today. Some are of the rotary action type which cause excessive pulverization of the soil. Under more humid climatic conditions these machines have apparently given satisfactory results, but their use in western Canada has not proved successful. Farmers are warned against the purchase of such machines, because they only increase the problem of soil erosion by wind and water.

There are no machines made that will correct this problem. The solution lies in the application of a combination of factors to achieve good results. Sheet erosion is apparent on all soil types and in many areas has resulted in serious gullying of the fields. Good tillage and farming practice is the first requisite for control. High speeds of travel of machines and throwing of the soil contribute greatly to this problem. If the fields on the farm are so bad that they are beyond the control of the farmer, then it becomes first of all an engineering problem to survey the land and set up a plan for correction. There are many methods which can be adopted such as terracing and contour farming. These practices involve a wide use of many implements, in the use of which expert engineering assistance is required.

Haying for Quality and Economy

THE harvesting of hay has always been a puzzling operation for the farmer. He has wondered how he can get away from the hay-fork-and-wagon method. Future haying operations must consider quality as well as the quantity harvested. Much information is available today on the nutritive value of hay in relation to time and method of cutting and the harvesting. Most grass hays should be cut before flowering in order to obtain the highest food value when finally in the stack or the hay loft. Machinery and equipment, therefore, must be designed to meet this objective. The method of harvesting forage

crops is dependent upon climatic conditions. Where the rainfall is heavy during the haying season and much loss in quality occurs, the trend is toward barn drying, for curing crops such as alfalfa and other legume crops. Present trends show the use of the forage harvester as quite popular in regions where silage can be used to advantage. In western Canada barn or stack drying can be used to advantage and equipment within the farmer's means can be designed to economically accomplish this method. In the prairie region, field drying of hay in conjunction with the automatic pick-up baler has proved quite successful, and a higher quality hay has been obtained. Machine companies are now making plans for the production of automatic pick-up balers at a more reasonable cost, for average haying operations on the farm. Field drying in conjunction with the tractor, truck or horse sweeps used with the overshot stacker, is still one of the most economical ways of harvesting hay. To reduce labor in this operation there has been developed the combination-type sweep and stacker, which can be used on the ordinary tractor and can be operated by one man.

Machine companies at the present time are developing heavy tractor sweep rakes mounted on rubber. Nearly all of the companies have an automatic pick-up baler using either wire or twine for tying. New tractors are being equipped with hydraulic controls which will facilitate sweep and mower operations. Machines for speeding up field drying such as stem crushers and windrow turners are being devised. After hay is cut, it should be windrowed at wilting point for best quality. The methods adopted from then on will determine the economy and quality of the hay when it is fed to the livestock. There appears to be an evolution in haying machinery and farmers are urged to study all types with care, especially their application to particular climatic conditions.

New Machinery Will Save Labor

THERE are many new innovations in postwar machines. They include mounted attachments for the general purpose tractor, the hydraulic or mechanical sweep stacker, the automatic pick-up hay baler, the self-propelled combine, and many other modifications of commonly used machines. All of them are labor saving in nature and incorporate decreased operator effort. Practically all new machines have tended to reduce weight and increase strength by the use of new materials. Little progress, however, has been apparent at present, towards the refinement of farm machines to enable greater cleanliness and ease of rust-proofing for the long storage periods. Very little effort has been shown in postwar machinery to break away from the conventional angle iron, square-head bolt, plain bearing and open drive type of equipment for farmer consumption. It is believed by men in the research field of agricultural engineering that consumer acceptance and desire for refined machines with a greater degree of total trouble-free life

is far in advance of the agricultural machine designers. The trend towards greater efficiency of operation, as measured by quality results, has reached the point where the initial cost of the machines will be measured in terms of quality built into the machine as directly related to its trouble-free life expectancy in hours of use.

It is a well known and accepted axiom that cheap machines are not necessarily low first-cost machines. On the contrary, studies have shown that the initial cost is the smallest part of the overall machine cost, if that initial cost is low at the sacrifice of basic quality. Cheap construction creates high upkeep costs, with the result that breakdowns are more frequent and losses to the farmer are many times the initial cost of a machine with good basic design and precision construction. Delays due to breakdowns, traceable to basic design and inadequate construction, are more costly than the expense of replacing the ailing parts as quickly as possible. The best possible quality in all elements of design, materials and construction, is essential to insure reliable service and to be able to maintain quality in tillage practice and harvesting operations.

IT is quite evident that further mechanization is essential for progress in agriculture with more efficient production. It must be remembered, however, that mechanization alone, without consideration of the effect on the soil, would be disastrous to a safe and permanent agriculture in western Canada. There is no doubt that many new machines will be developed which will be needed, but in the purchase of these machines it is well to consider three salient points: 1, Quality in tillage for soil conservation and soil moisture storage; 2, quality in hay to improve nutritive value of feeds; 3, quality in grains by the use of efficient machinery to reduce losses.

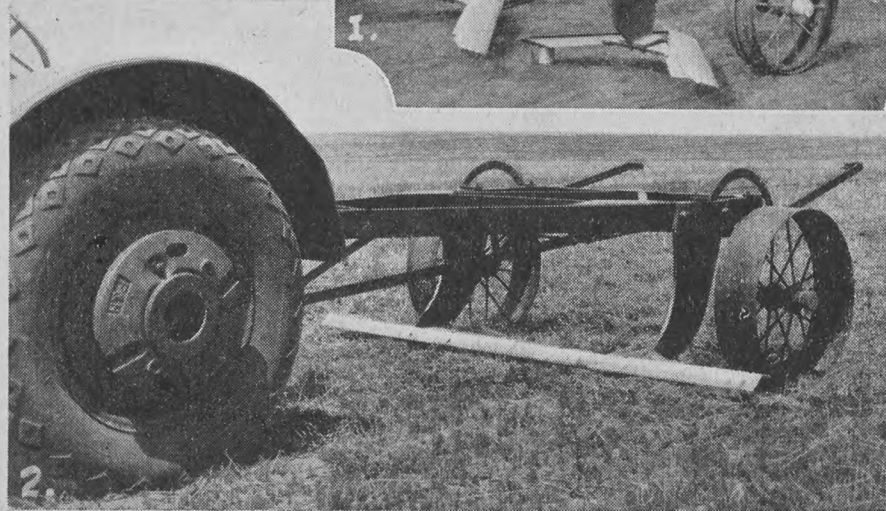
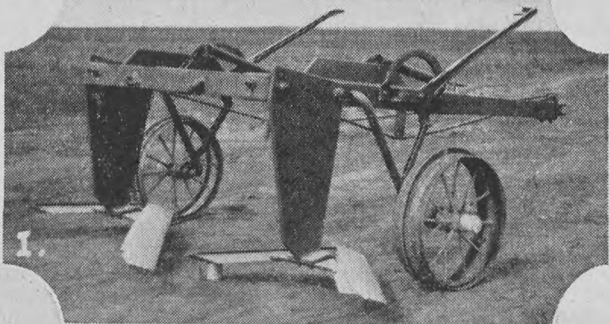
It has taken farmers 25 years to learn how to correct many of the soil and crop problems. Many of the soil problems have been created by the improper use of machines. Better quality machines are needed. Today the purchasing power of the farmer has greatly improved. This fact is evidenced by the huge investment of \$600,000,000, which prairie farmers have in Victory Bonds. This sum provides a substantial reserve as security for future machine purchases. In purchasing a new machine, the same security must be maintained for the future productivity of the soil. The purchase of unnecessary and unadaptable machines can do more in a short period to destroy the good work of the past than can be regained in many years. If quality is the basis of all thinking and action, then a safe and permanent agriculture can be predicted for the future.

(Note: L. B. Thomson is Superintendent, Dominion Experimental Station, Swift Current, and Chairman of the Western Agricultural Engineering Committee, which acts in an advisory capacity to the Wartime Prices and Trade Board.)

1. A type of blade weeder with winged or V-shaped blade.

2. The straight-bladed blade weeder, in this case a large model.

[Swift Current Exper. St'n. photos.]



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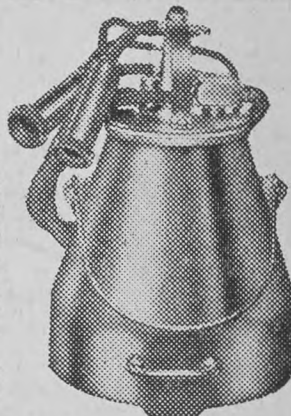
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THE WILD BUNCH

Continued from page 8

There was a card game going on inside the saloon—four men deep in smoke, with the bartender standing by. When Goodnight arrived the bartender returned behind the bar; the other four kept on with their playing. They hadn't looked directly at him but he knew they were conscious of his presence.

The bartender knew him from his prior visit, and distrusted him. He watched Goodnight with his Irish brows dropped down like sagged awnings. The barkeep wanted to bounce him out of the place, but didn't dare and so he nursed his jealous resentment in silence. He put up a bottle and a glass. He let them drop harder against the bar than was usual. Goodnight stared at him steadily, he held the barkeep's glance and he put his elbows on the bar and bent across it, murmuring in a little voice:—

"Get the hell out of my sight."

It was plain that the barkeep fancied himself a tough one, ready to answer any challenge. No doubt his imagination had supplied him with many a fight into which, in fancy, he had hurled himself with a snarl and a terrible wrath, and out of which he had emerged victorious, his opponent senseless on the ground, himself without a scar. Now he stood before an actual challenge and the reality of it stiffened him. He had belief in himself and an immense pride fed by his dreaming, yet all this began to crumble. Goodnight saw him struggle with his courage; he witnessed the barkeep's pride waver forward and back, unequal to the issue. Coldness came to the barkeep's belly and the coldness weakened his legs and fear was a water dissolving his manhood. Suddenly he lowered his eyes and stepped away.

HE stopped at the end of the bar, half turned aside, but Goodnight had a casual glimpse of his face, the sharp lines of distaste, the strange putty look around the mouth. This man faced his own private ruin; his admiration for himself died and he knew self-hate, born of his weakness, so that from that moment forward he would never again feel fully equal to other men. One single yell and one impulsive swing of his fist would have saved him; no matter what defeat or pain he may have suffered in a fight, he would have arisen with his manhood still intact. But he had failed himself and his face revealed the sickness of it. A thousand times in the future he would review the scene and know at which point he had failed, and would wish with all his heart he had acted differently—and yet would know he could not have done so. This night the barkeep became a different man.

Goodnight forgot him almost immediately and, save for the occasional reminder of chips clacking behind him, he forgot the four men playing poker. He was nursing a very odd feeling and the drink he swallowed did not materially help. This mood, this irritable and unsatisfied and formless feeling, would not dissolve; it had come upon him at the moment of McSween's death, had ridden all the way to Sherman City with him. Once in the past, he had come down with typhoid fever, and remembered the sensations of unease that preceded it; this was somehow similar.

He stood loose in his joints, his weight largely on his elbows. He took a second drink, and a third, aware of a new man quietly come to the saloon. He looked at the man and thereafter ignored him. He ran a hand softly over the bar and was relieved and satisfied to feel its cold, smooth solidness. The solidness helped him; it was the only solidness anywhere. That was a queer thing to think about. In the old days he travelled and had no cares and everything was fun and the days ran on, hot or cold, but all of them strong to his senses and all of them good. The past meant nothing and the future never came; only the immediate day and its fun had mattered.

THEN for three months one thing alone claimed his mind and his heart. He had thought of nothing but his sister's tragedy, and of McSween's downfall. His last remembrance before sleep was of McSween, and his first waking feeling was of an impatience to be on the trail after McSween. It had hurried him, it had crowded every hour, leaving room for nothing else. Now it was all done and he could be himself again.

He reached out with his thought to the old carefree times. He said silently to himself, "I can go back to everything that used to be." He let his weight settle heavier on his elbows. He lifted his head and stared at the backbar, looking beyond it, and far away from it, with a solid net of lines across his forehead. His long face showed a flush and it showed the intensity of his thinking; he was a bent, angular shape against the bar, gone out of this world. He reached forward with his senses to catch the smell of the cold wind coming down from the high peaks against his campfire, to recall the shade of the dry desert at sunset time—all a melted yellow surface; he reached farther and farther, but each time he grasped nothing. Nothing came back. None of the sounds and smells and tastes and none of the feelings came back.

He didn't feel free again; he couldn't capture the feeling of freedom for all his trying. He felt burnt out and useless. Somewhere after his fourth drink he understood he could never return to his old days. A man—and the weight of the knowing came down like the hammer of a pile-driver on his skull—a man never went back. Each day changed his bones, his flesh, his blood. Today's sunsets were never the color of yesterday's. The time never would come again when, riding the trail with the whole day before him, he could sing and dream and never care where night brought him. He wasn't the same man. He was another man standing at the bar, eyes half closed to catch the smoky tan light streaming through the pony of whisky.

HE looked at the bottle which had been half full and found it almost empty. His weight was on his elbows but he felt only a slight pressure there. He thought: "I have got to have something to do." He thought of his sister and that memory hurt him until he could no longer bear to think of her, and his old great rage against McSween was as bitter as it ever had been. Even with McSween dead, there was no peace and no sweetness; everything was just the same. McSween had said: "You'll be in hell a long time before you die." Now what had McSween meant?

A man said to him, from a long distance: "Your treat, ain't it?"

He turned and saw the man—the same one who had so quietly entered the saloon a long time before. "Sure," he said, "there's the bottle. Barkeep, bring another glass."

The barkeep came up with the glass. He looked at Goodnight, darkly hating him, and he looked at the other man with some kind of appeal in his eyes. He said: "I got to lock up sometime, Syd."

But Syd said: "What's your hurry as long as you got customers?"

Goodnight turned, remembering the poker players. They had gone and it surprised him to know he hadn't heard them leave. He stared at the barkeep. "What's the time?"

"Two o'clock," said the barkeep sullenly, and moved away.



"And don't forget behind your ears, Junior!"

"Plenty of time," said the man and drank his drink. He was heavy at the shoulders; he had white heavy teeth and his grin was white against the mahogany burn of his skin. His eyes were a smart grey, and his neck was solid.

"What's on your mind?" said Goodnight.

The heavy one looked at him with some care. He was sly and he moved easy, studying Goodnight as he moved. "When you're through here," he murmured, "she'd like to see you."

Goodnight reached into his pocket, glanced at the bottle, and threw out a pair of silver dollars; they rang dull on the counter and that warned him of himself. The sound was too far away. He dropped his knuckles sharply on the bar, feeling little. He stepped away from the bar and stood a moment. "Let's go see her," he said.

The heavy man went before him. At the doorway Goodnight looked back at the barkeep who stood with his hands below the counter. He stopped dead. Suddenly the barkeep lifted both hands into sight and placed them on the bar. He sent his hate over the room like a hot gust of wind but he didn't stir.

THE street was dark except for the lone lights of the saloon. The drunk lay in the dust, curled and shivering as he slept; starlight turned his face pale. Goodnight looked at him and shook his head. "There's a man turned into a dog. Whimperin' in his dreams like a dog. When he was a baby his mother probably said: 'He'll be somebody great when he's big.' What makes men great and what makes them little?"

The heavy-set Syd said: "He's asleep, which is happiness. What more could a man want?"

"Not enough," said Goodnight.

Syd stopped, his feet close by the drunk. "What more does a man want? Or if he wants it, how much chance does he have of ever gettin' it? If I kicked him he wouldn't feel it. But when he's awake he's full of misery and everything hurts him. Better be asleep."

"Ought to throw a horseblanket over him," said Goodnight.

"No good. He'd sleep warm this once—and every other night he'd sleep colder and be whinin' for the one warm night he had."

"What makes him lie in the dust while I stand straight?" murmured Goodnight. "Where's the difference?"

"Somethin' the Lord gave you, friend."

Goodnight shook his head. "There was good in him. He had some kind of dreams in his head. He rode his horse as a young man and saw the shadow grow tall on the ground. Some woman smiled at him. Some man was his best friend. He knew evil and was ashamed. He could be made to cry over small things that were good. He came from the same place as the stars. Then he fell and a star went out. Why is that?"

The heavy man said: "I thought you were drunk, friend."

"The world is a brutal thing. Full of scoundrels and made up of torment. There is a curse upon it, made by men. The race of man is small. We're nothing better than ticks scattered in the sage. Maybe we started clean but now we're livin' in filth made by ourselves and we breed upon our own ignorance and vice, the smell of which rises to heaven. One day a big wild wind will blow out all this, all men and all the foolish little lamps of men, and it will sweep away all the dirty houses and sand will fill up all men's small scratches upon the earth. And then the world will be clean again and maybe someday there'll be another breed better than we are."

Syd said nothing. He rolled a cigarette. He lighted it and he drew in a breath of smoke. Then he pointed at the drunk. "None of all this bothers him," he said practically, and turned over the street. Goodnight followed him down the dust. Syd paused at the alley behind the hotel and gave a sharp look around him. He made a signaling duck of the head to some unseen man in the pre-dawn blackness and entered the alley. When he came to Rosalia's rear yard he stopped and touched Goodnight's shoulder. "Go on in," he said, and faded away.

She was on the porch waiting for him. She rose out of a chair as he came up. He stumbled on the top step and she

caught his arm and drew him on into the house, her voice murmuring at him. He stood still in the house's darkness, hearing her move away, and then a lamp's light came on and he caught the outline of her face as through a film. He knew then he had taken too much whisky, but even with the dimness of her face he noticed the long line of her lips and the dark, deep color of her eyes as she watched him.

"You wanted to see me?" he asked.

She came forward and took his arm again, guiding him into her bedroom. "You shouldn't be alone in town to-night."

"I'll crawl into the hotel."

She said: "Lie down there," and put her hand against his chest. He dropped back on the bed. He pulled up his feet and lay on his back, his eyes closed. "Late for you to be up," he said.

"It took you a long time to get your drinking done, Frank."

"You been waitin' for that?"

SHE didn't say anything for a while. Presently he opened his eyes to find her looking soberly down, darkly in thought. Light from the lamp glowed through her hair; light drew a full encircling pair of shadows across her breasts. She was thinking of him and those thoughts showed, even though the film remained in front of his eyes.

Her voice took a faintly rough edge. "I had to wait, didn't I?"

"No."

He had closed his eyes again; he was falling asleep. Tenderness showed on her lips and then vanished, and a dark wave of harshness caught her face—and then that too vanished. She spoke in a whisper, as if afraid he might hear, yet wanting him to know. "You could make me lie down in the mud and wait for you."

She knew he hadn't heard, and the tenderness came again. She moved to the foot of the bed and pulled off his boots and laid a quilt over him. She stood at the bed's side, her absorbed glance upon him—upon the width of his chest and the relaxed smoothness of his face. Lying this way, with the black trouble out of him, he was at peace, and on the edge of smiling. He had a face for smiling; there was recklessness at the corners of his mouth and eyes. She saw him as a handsome man.

When she spoke her voice was rough again. "Does it help you to get drunk?"

He opened his eyes and looked at her. "You know, Rosalia, it's very funny. A man can't go back."

"Where do you want to go back to?"

"I don't know." He was silent and the shadow of trouble appeared again in his eyes. "Nor can a man ever wipe the slate clean."

"Are you sorry for killing McSween?"

He shook his head. He turned on the bed, placing his big hand over his face. He spoke in an uneven way. "It still hurts like hell to think of my sister. Nothing repairs that. It's a senseless world. I hate the whole damned race and I'll never lift my hand to help a living soul. From now on—" He lifted a fist and closed it and made a motion.

SHE stood by and watched him fall asleep, she watched the trouble die out of him. She brooded over him, knowing the depth of his hurt, and knowing too on what dangerous ground he stood. For it was out of such injustice and personal loss that outlaws were made. He balanced now on the very edge. He was strong and his feelings were great, so that he would never be a half-way man. If his bitterness grew still more it would destroy all his kindness and all his faith, and he would lift his hand against other men and so would destroy himself. In the beginning she had thought him already this kind of man, since almost no other kind came to these hills. Attracted to him, she had accepted him for what he was and had made up her mind to fight for him. Now that she knew he was not a fugitive and not an outlaw she was relieved—yet worried at what he might become. All her protective instincts rallied; she wanted to keep him as he was.

She remained over him, resisting the powerful impulse to bend down and kiss his heavy mouth. Tenderness and wanting swayed her. She held herself away, grown strong by his need of her, hardened by his hurts and the things that

threatened him. Presently she left the room and made a bed on the couch in the living room. She blew out the light, hearing afterwards a slight tapping at the back door, which stood open. "Ma'm," said a voice, "what you want me to do?"

"He stays here tonight, Syd. Where's Harry Ide?"

"In the hotel asleep. Room's dark. Those other two fellows that came with him are bunkin' in the livery stable."

"Get Gabe to watch the street. You go to bed, Syd."

Syd said doubtfully, "Ide ain't here for fun. He's been lookin' around. You know what I think? I think he figures Goodnight's in the hotel. He thinks it's Goodnight instead of Niles Brand in that room. He's lookin' for Goodnight, shore enough. You know why, don't you?"

"I know why, Syd. Ide thinks Goodnight is going to run things at Sun now that the old fellow is dead. Get Gabe to watch. You sleep until breakfast."

Syd delayed to say one more thing: "You know, that's not a bad fellow. Him—Goodnight. We had quite a talk when I was bringin' him here. Yes sir, quite a talk."

"What did he say, Syd?"

Syd grunted. "Can't say I really know. But he sure swamped the subject, whatever it was. I gather he don't like some things."

HARRY IDE kept a rented room in the hotel the year around. Sometimes it served him as a place to stage a roaring poker game with the owners of other desert ranches, sometimes he used it as a shelter when, full of liquor, he could not make the long ride back to his own place; and sometimes, fearing ambush on his ranch, he came here to hide away temporarily, to watch his enemies.

He had been in the room that afternoon, seated before the window; and thus saw Boston Bill arrive; and he spent the next two hours watching Bill drift into sight, disappear, and show up again. At supper time Ide went down the back stairs and ate in the kitchen; and climbed back to his room. When he stepped inside he found Boston Bill waiting for him.

It gave him a start, although he was far too cool a hand to let Bill see this reaction. Bill lay stretched out on the bed, smoking a cigarette; and Bill grinned at him, enjoying the scene.

"This makes me one ahead of you."

"My turn next time," said Ide, making himself agreeable.

"It should demonstrate something," said Bill. "Anybody can get the drop on anybody else at any time. So why should we fight at all? You've got your business and I've got mine."

"That's right," said Ide.

"A proposition then?"

"Depends on what you want."

"I've got what I want," said Bill. "Just stay away from Sun. I don't care where else you go."

"That," said Ide, "is a bargain."

Bill got off the bed. "You'll have no more trouble from Sun. You may have trouble from some of the other hill outfits."

"I'll take that in hand."

"It would be a good idea."

"For both of us," agreed Ide. "Whatever I do up there will also help you. That's why you suggested it, isn't it?"

"Sure," said Bill and moved to the door.

Ide said casually, "You're a damned cool customer, Bill."

"It may be," assented Bill. "I like to do things the easy way. A shooting is a foolish thing between us."

Ide nodded and watched Bill go. Ide listened to the tall man's steps drop down the stairs. He went to the window and saw Goodnight go into the Trail, and afterwards, half an hour or more, he saw Goodnight on the street. Ide thought: "Very cool—too cool. I cannot depend on him. It will be only a matter of time before he wants me out of the road. Same as he wanted Overman out of the road. He may try it himself, or he may talk this Goodnight into trying it."

He thought the whole thing over very carefully as he sat before the window with his cigar.

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"Yes, this year there's beauty in our budget," said Hugh. "Another six weeks of this will do wonders for you and the youngsters . . . and long week-ends here for me . . . it's swell!"

"But it's not really in the budget, Hugh."

"No. It's over and above the budget, certainly; but it's the budget that enables us to take this cottage without worrying. Once we've set aside our year-round expenses and our life insurance premiums, the rest is surplus. We can be extravagant with it. Until I had enough insurance to take care of the future I always felt a bit guilty about spending in the present. But now my mind is at ease. You and Tom and Gladys are protected. So long as we don't dip into what's needed for that, we don't need to worry any more."

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LF-346

SOMEWHERE during the night a flurry of sound struck down through the woolly layers of sleep to reach Goodnight, like the fall of a board and its after echo. He heard it as he would have heard the sounds of a dream, and then it faded out and when he awoke he remembered nothing.

He looked around him and was puzzled; he saw his bootless feet showing beyond the bottom of the bedcover. His mouth was dry and his surroundings strange and he lay a moment, backtracking his memory. He was in a room whose door was closed, with the sharp morning chill in it and the smell of coffee and bacon strong in it. Someone moved around outside the door.

He got up and put on his boots and sat on the edge of the bed and rolled a cigarette. He remembered the saloon and he remembered something about a man talking to him; he remembered the night air and the alley—and then he knew where he was. He got up and looked at himself in the bureau mirror and found himself ragged and needing a shave; but his head was clear and he felt fine, he felt fresh and sound and ready for anything. He opened the door and walked across Rosalia's living room to the kitchen. She stood over the stove, making up breakfast. She heard him and came about, as grave as he had ever seen her, and she looked at him in her searching way—reading what his face might hold.

He smiled at her, the first real smile she had seen from him; he was embarrassed but still he was cheerful. "I remember passing a drunk sleeping in the dust last night. When I woke this morning I thought for a moment maybe that drunk was me, and that maybe I just imagined I was on a bed. Your bed, isn't it? Nice of you, but I didn't help you by bein' here."

"This town," she said, "knows better than to question what I do."

"That's right," he recalled. "It's your town."

"I had one of the boys bring over a razor and shaving soap. Here's the hot water."

He got the shaving gear and he shook the teakettle from the stove and went to the back porch, shaving by a small mirror tacked to the porch wall. He washed his face with a blubbery racket and dried himself. He stood on the porch a moment, watching first sunlight break the glassy morning air, and for a moment the good feeling came back with its edge, its promise, its never-ending surprises and pleasant moments. For a moment it came back; after that the old recollections took it away and left him with his nagging emptiness. He returned to the kitchen and took his chair at the table. She had his coffee for him, his bacon and eggs and fried potatoes, and baking-powder biscuits out of the oven.

She sat down with him, sipping at a cup of coffee but not otherwise eating. She watched him in the same manner he had noticed earlier, out of extremely grave eyes. "Frank," she said, "how old are you?"

"Twenty-nine."

"Last night," she said, "you were bitter. So you tried to drink it away. But you were bitter still when you fell asleep. The thing that hurt you most was that you couldn't forget your sister. Nothing wiped it away."

He said: "Who told you about all that?"

"Niles," she said.

"It's a fine breakfast," he said and rose and stood in the doorway, looking out upon the yard. "Time to go, I guess."

"Where?"

HE held his silence for a matter of minutes or better, and at last said: "I don't know. I haven't thought of anything else for three months. Just this one chore. Now it's done and I can go back to riding. Yet there's nothing in that any more. There's a time for drifting, when a man feels that way. But when the feeling runs out, drifting's no good."

"Why," she said, "should you hate the world so much?"

He studied the question and he tried to answer it, and could not. He lifted his palm and held it open, and closed his fingers hard down. And opened his palm again. "Nothing there. When I

think of the misery dealt out to a girl who was straight, who never—" He stopped, unsettled by his feeling, brought back again to his terrible memories. "Why should I feel kind?"

She said: "Don't be like the rest of the men in these hills. Don't nurse grudges and hate until you're rank inside. You'll be an outlaw and your own worst enemy. It doesn't matter about many of those men. They were born with kinks; they'll never be better, only worse. You weren't meant to snarl at the world, to ride against people, to destroy and to die alone without friends."

"There is nothing," he said, "for me to hang to."

"Find something. Otherwise if you do nothing but hate and disbelieve you'll be no better than George McGrant's dog—skulking in the darkness, waiting to jump out and bite somebody. Hate will ruin you."

He said: "I've got to thank you for the meal, and for bein' kind." He turned again, saying, "Going over to visit Niles. Maybe play a little rummy."

She said in a thin voice, "Wait—turn around," and watched him swing. She had something to tell him, but the telling of it was a hard thing to accomplish; it quickened her breath and laid a strictness around her mouth. "Niles," she said, "was killed last night. Somebody got to his window and shot through it. He was asleep."

HE stood wholly still as she told him; she saw his lips stretch thin and very tight. His eyes changed, opening fully on her with an expression she could not fathom and never afterwards understood; but at the moment it was as though he hated her and wished to kill her.

She dropped her eyes out of pity and heard him draw a long breath. Afterwards he turned from the room. She followed him to the porch and watched him walk across the yard toward the hotel, very slowly, with his head down and his shoulders sloped. He went into the hotel.

Syd came along the back side of the hotel, intending to follow Goodnight. She checked him with her hand. She murmured: "Stay out of there." Syd moved away into the alley. Rosalia waited, her shoulder touching the two-by-two post. She waited with her eyes fixed to the hotel doorway into which he had gone, patiently and darkly foreboding, inexpressibly sad. Her lips were long and heavy and she could easily have cried. What prevented her was her will, and her fear for him. When he came out of the hotel five minutes afterwards she was in this same position. He had closed up entirely; he was soft and painfully quiet with his words.

"You have any idea who did it, Rosalia?"

"Yes," she said. "I know."

He waited and his eyes begged her, but his rigid training in minding his own counsel told him well enough the question was foolish. He gave her time to speak, if she chose to speak, hopefully waiting.

"There were three men in town all night," she said. "Two from the desert and one from the hills. That's why Syd came to the saloon to meet you. I knew they were here. We had somebody watching Niles' window and somebody in the hotel, across from his room. But the man watching the window stepped away at three o'clock to get a cup of coffee."

He said: "What'd they want Niles for? He wasn't in any of this. He was out of it." He thought of it slowly, his mind reaching forward and around the whole thing. She saw the truth of the matter come to him in slow stages, forming around his mouth and darkening his expression. "They were after me. They thought they were shooting me when they killed Niles."

"Yes," she said, not wanting to say it.

He drew in his breath; he let it softly out. "You know who did it," he said, and again waited with his hope.

"I know," she admitted. "But I'll not tell you."

He spoke in a mild tone, as though it were something which interested him but did not stir him. "I'll find out."

"I suppose you will. Now you've got something to do, haven't you? You've

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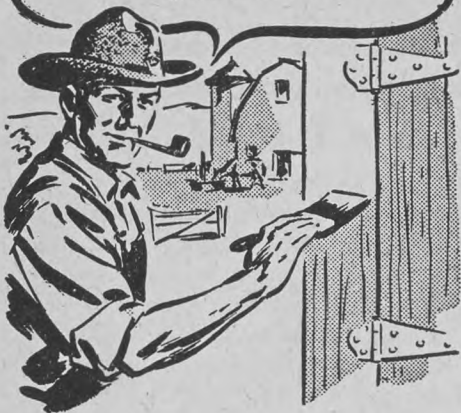
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got another chore. I'm sorry for you."

He bent his head, puzzled. "Why?"

"The end of the first chore left you empty. How do you think this one will leave you, if you live through it?"

"Strange talk," he murmured. "Very strange. What would you have a man do?"

She shook her head and the softness and the sadness went out of her face; she had been a woman anxious to please him and she had been a woman whose spirit was warmth and color, whose voice carried out to him the resonance of her wanting, her depths, her dreams, her hungers. She had been soft and giving; she had watched him to find his mood so that she might fit herself to it. Now she stood straight before him and had her say. "Nothing but what you must do, Frank. No man can go back on himself. You'll hunt and you'll fight and you won't rest until you've balanced the ledger for Niles." She paused and when she spoke again her voice was sharper. "I'm not arguing against you, am I?"

He shook his head and turned off, walking around the corner of her house to the street. After he had gone she went into the kitchen and stopped there. She thought: "No use arguing now. But if he kills another man out of revenge he'll be an outlaw the rest of his days. If there was a way..."

SUNLIGHT reached the town, filtering into the blistered surfaces of board walls, glowing upon the molded and edgeless patterns of the street dust, glittering upon clean windows and greyly burning against dirty ones. Sunlight was a tide moving inward, breaking the dullness of alleys and sending its straight fanwise lines farther and farther around corners; and each up-stepped degree of light made the town more homely, made it smaller, burning away the false mystery of night-time until at last Sherman City was only an ugly yellow break in the timbered greenness flowing down the undulating pitches of the Owlhorns.

A dog lay in the dust, slightly panting, and rose on its front legs, too uncomfortable to stay in the sun; but it fell back again, too lazy to move out of the sun. One rider came into town, threw a package into the doorway of the hotel and moved back upon his trail. A storekeeper swept the litter of his shop onto the sidewalk, a woman opened her second-storey window and threw a pail of water down upon the street, and the grey old man, Gabe, sat against the base of the Trail, half keeled over but not quite fallen. He had both eyes shut.

Goodnight thought: "He was on guard last night. He knows." He went into the Trail, into its stale stillness. The barkeep stood behind the counter, dreadingly polishing glasses; he looked at Goodnight and a fresh jab of memory struck the raw spot made the night before. He stood a moment, staring at Goodnight, suffering and making a test of his courage again. Presently he dropped his eyes.

Goodnight said: "Did I pay you for the drinks last night?"

"You paid."

"When did those four poker players leave?"

"An hour before you."

Goodnight had said it casually and followed it with the same half-interested tone:—

"When did Ide pull out?"

"Ide? I never saw Ide. It was his foreman, Jack Drew." Then the barkeep looked alertly and suspiciously at Goodnight. "How'd you see him? He was out of sight."

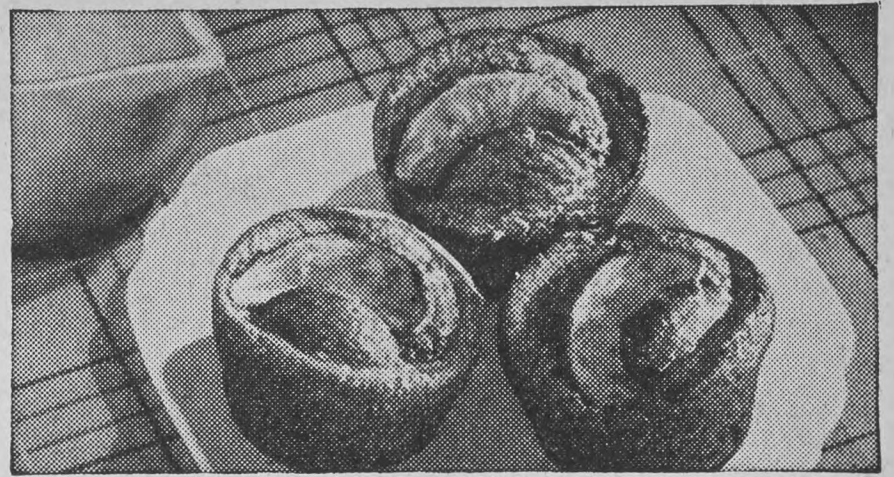
"What was he afraid of?" asked Goodnight. "Boston Bill?"

But the barkeep now guessed he had been used. He gave Goodnight a sour, half-worried look. "I never said anything about anybody bein' here. Don't say that I did."

"Never heard you say a thing," promised Goodnight and left the saloon. Gabe had disappeared from the side of the building; when Goodnight crossed to the Texican he found the old man stretched full length on the top of a pool table, face upward. He had his hat over his eyes. He removed the hat to catch a look at Goodnight.

"You lost a lot of sleep last night," observed Goodnight.

"I lose sleep every time you come to town," grumbled the old man.



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2 cups Kellogg's All-Bran	1/2 teaspoon salt
1/2 cup molasses	1 1/2 teaspoons cinnamon
1 1/2 cups milk	3/4 teaspoon ginger
1 egg, beaten	15 slices raw apple or other fruit
1 cup sifted flour	Cinnamon-and-sugar mixture
1 teaspoon soda	

Add All-Bran to molasses and milk and let soak for 15 minutes. Add egg. Sift flour, soda, salt and spices together; combine with All-Bran mix-

ture. Fill greased muffin pans two-thirds full. Dip apple slices in cinnamon-sugar mixture and place on top. Bake in moderate oven (400°F.) about 20 minutes. Makes 15 muffins.

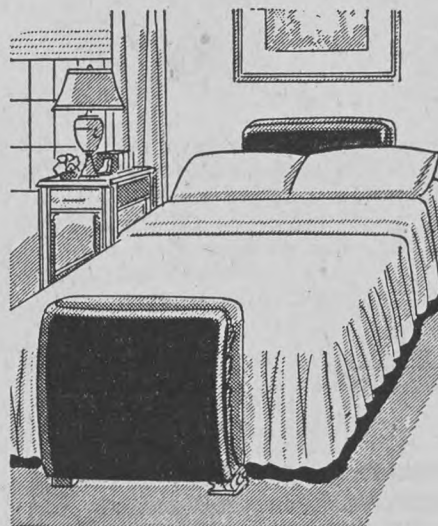
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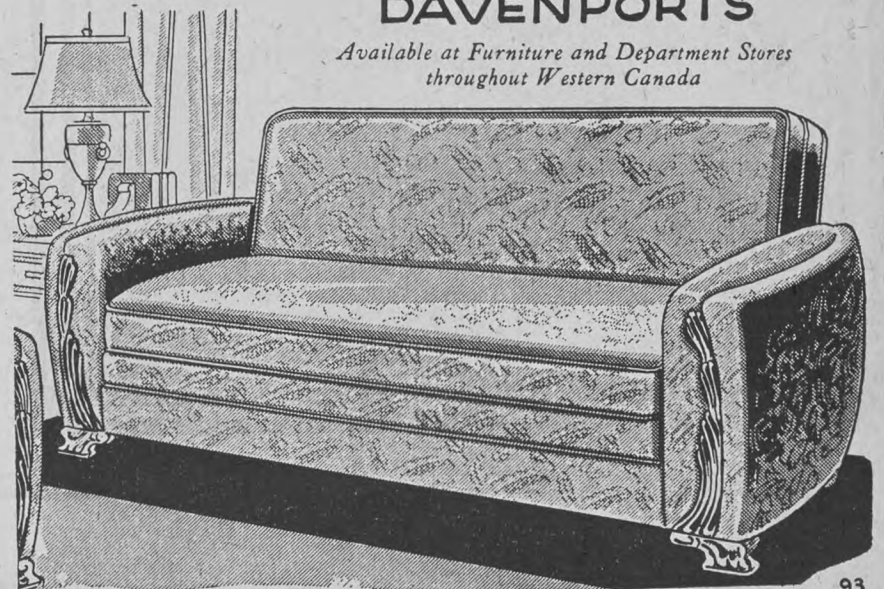
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"I'm obliged," said Goodnight.

"Not to me—to her. She's the one that tells me stay up."

Goodnight said: "When did you leave the street to get that cup of coffee, Gabe?"

"It was Syd. Around three o'clock. And he didn't leave for more than five minutes. He heard the shot. He came around the hotel corner and saw the fellow fading up beyond the corral. He took a shot and missed. Fellow was on a horse by then, going up the hill road."

"On a sorrel gelding?"

"Who could see a color on a black three-o'clock mornin'?"

"Stockin'-legged front feet?"

Gabe gave him a blue, disillusioned stare. "You're askin' too many questions," he said and fell back on the table. He pulled the hat over his face and his voice came muffled through it. "Never pays for a man to know too much, my friend." Then he said another thing in a lower voice that Goodnight didn't hear.

"What was that?" said Goodnight.

"I said," growled the old man testily, "you ought to get out of the country."

GOODNIGHT drifted from the Texican and turned to the stable. He stepped into the runway's rank cool semidarkness, the sound of his feet dying at once on the mushy underfooting of loose dirt and straw. He came to his horse and slid into the stall. He stood there, not sure of his next move, one hand on the big grey horse's back. Voices came from the rear of the stable, rolling up slow and idle—one tired voice answering another that fed in curious questions:—

"You up then?"

"I was asleep, but it woke me. I got up . . ."

The horse stirred and looked at Goodnight. He ran his palm along its shoulders. He remembered Niles saying: "Better get some sleep. We can play rummy tomorrow." Niles was the last tie he had. These two—his sister and Niles—had come out of the past with him, out of his boyhood they had been together, the three of them particularly close. He remembered how much he had wished that his sister would marry Niles, as Niles had wished. It seemed it would work that way, until McSween came along. He remembered—and this was again a knife slice through him—that when he returned from Nevada with the news of her death he had found Niles playing solitary pool in Cochran's saloon. Niles said nothing, turned, racked his cue and walked out of the saloon.

A little later Goodnight had found him behind the City Corral, crying.

That was over. These two fine parts of his life were cut out of him.

" . . . I got up and ran forward. He was just goin' past."

"Where was his horse?"

"Down there in front of McDarmid's house. Syd shot once, but then this fellow was aboard and runnin' for timber."

"You saw him?"

Goodnight had heard this talk break against him, had heard single words of it as he struggled with his own thoughts. Now, suddenly he caught that last question and grew attentive. There was a delay and afterwards a sly, slow answer. "Maybe I did. He was a tall man."

"With a big nose?"

"The nose," said the other, "might have been a big one."

That was all. One of the men came forward through the stable's gloom and saw Goodnight. He stopped and a queer expression jumped over his face. He watched Goodnight get his gear and slap it on; he watched Goodnight go into the saddle. He had a curiosity which at last made him speak. "You just come in here?"

"Just came in."

"Hear anything?"

"A big wind," said Goodnight. "A big wind comin' over the mountains." He rode out and paused to give his horse a drink and afterwards urged the horse around the corner of the Texican and stopped in front of Rosalia Lind's house. He was about to get down when she appeared at the front door. He straightened back in the saddle, removing his hat and holding it. "This may sound queer to you—but I don't want to stay here. Will you take care of Niles?"

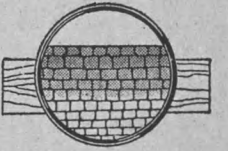
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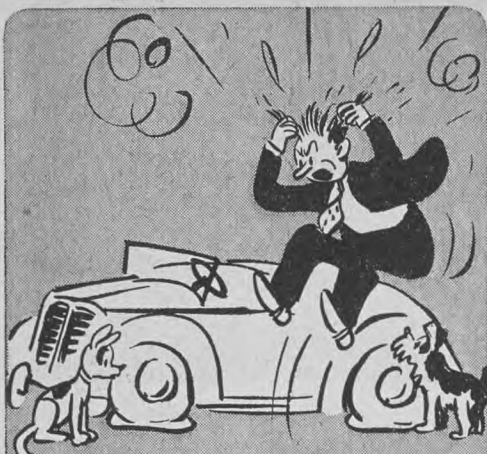
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"Yes," she said.

He rode to the porch and he reached into his pocket and handed down a letter to her. "Put that in his pocket. I found it in my sister's coat in the hotel room in Nevada. She wrote it to Niles but she hadn't mailed it. So I took it."

"You never gave it to him?"

Someday I meant to, but that day never came."

"But why not, Frank?"

"He was in love with her. Whatever she said—whether she had no regrets or whether she wished it had been different—it would have still cut him up. He was cut up enough. I figured to wait until he got used to the idea of Mary being gone."

"You haven't opened it?"

"It was from Mary to Niles," he said. "Maybe it's best the way it came out." He shrugged his shoulders, slowly adding, "From Mary dead, to Niles dead." He drew up his reins, turning the horse. He checked in and looked back at her. "A man would have to be wiser than I am to explain why all this happened. And if he found a reason that sounded fair, he'd be lying. The whole damned world is a lie." He urged the horse forward until he reached the hotel window through which the bullet had travelled. He stopped and studied it—and went on.

He moved up the trail, along the gulch, into the forest-shadowed road, the strong smell of pine coming down about him at once. Night's coolness still held and night's shadows lingered in the long vistas. Now and then one slanting shaft of sun slid through to burn a golden patch upon the yellow dust; and after he passed over this bright spot the rising dust moved upward along the column of light in cloudy brilliance. He felt better at once with the timber around him and the town behind him; but at the same time caution came back to him and therefore he heard the waking echoes of riders upgrade long before he saw them. He went steadily on and started around a curve of the road and met them there, Virginia Overman and Bob Carruth.

THEY ran down upon him and came to a sharp stop. Bob Carruth said with some evidence of irritation, "Don't you know better than to ride down this road like a dreamy parson?"

It was a strange concern, coming from so hard a customer as Carruth. But it was stranger still when Virginia murmured in one long outflow of breath, "You're alive!" She crowded her horse near him and put out her hand, touching him. Her fingers closed upon his arm in a firm grasp and he saw her face break out of astonishment and grow gay. "Am I supposed to be dead?" he asked.

Carruth eyed him closely. "Then who was killed last night in town?"

"How would that news get to Sun so fast?"

Carruth shrugged the question aside as being wholly immaterial. "Who was it?"

"A friend of mine."

"Must of been a twin for likeness," commented Carruth, "or they'd never made that mistake."

"Who are you talking about?"

Carruth closed his strong fleshy lips and said nothing more. Virginia Overman meanwhile dropped her arm. He watched her smile and her self-possession return; and afterwards, as a contradiction, he saw her reserve rise against him. "You're a trouble maker. Can't you ever stop hunting it? Coming back to the ranch?"

"Yes."

"Just for a meal, or to stay long enough to be useful?"

"I'll be around," said Goodnight.

"I'm going into town," she said. "Wait for me."

"I'll go with you," said Carruth.

"No, stay with Frank."

Carruth sighed. "Well, all right. But buy me a pint."

She swung and broke the horse into a canter, sitting in easy balance and swaying slightly, and so passed around the bend. Goodnight watched her supple figure until it was beyond sight, and turned to discover Carruth's eyes fixed upon him. Carruth nodded. "Just to remind you, Friend Frank. She's as good a rider as you or me, and damned cooler in managin' things than you think. Well, we got to wait."

(To be continued)

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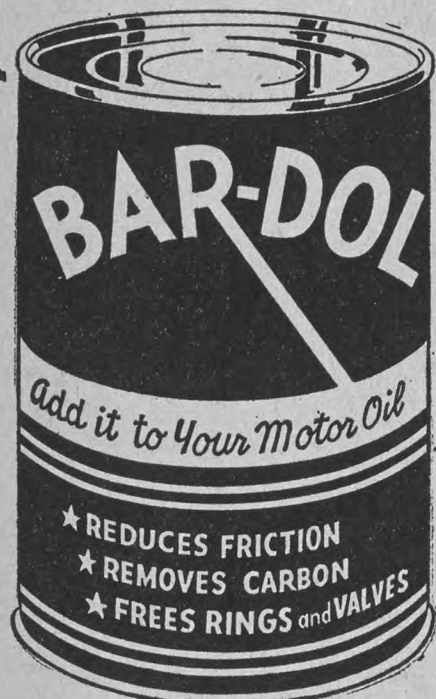


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IT WAS REALLY FOR JANEY

Continued from page 6

Canadian Ship, she was called now, but he had known her as the Mary Belle, and he had been master of her and he had shipped rum in her. He knew her like he knew the Cove and the rocks of Ham's Barrier. And he had thought of the young lieutenant who had turned him away because of his eyes.

Mr. Miller had sold her to an American, and, like a number of American yachts, she had found her way into the Royal Canadian Navy at the outbreak of hostilities. Old Ham had seen her for the first time this morning, coming in from patrol.

"I wondered if you had seen her," Jane said. "I was sitting on the verandah, and suddenly I looked out—She was your favorite ship, wasn't she, Ham?"

"None better," he agreed. "Who's that coming up the hill—a friend of yours?" "It's Bill. I ran ahead of him, I was so excited."

"Bill?" Then he nodded, and smiled a little. "Uh-huh," he murmured; "I guessed it was a friend." The figure climbing slowly up the hill was in a naval uniform, and as it drew closer Old Ham saw one wavy gold stripe on the arm of the blue jacket.

"I'm in love, Ham," she said.

"I reckoned you would be one of these days. He's a sailor, I see."

"A sub-lieutenant. He's getting a ship this week. We'll be married when he comes back off his first patrol. I'm happy, Ham."

"Yep, I can see that."

Jane went down to meet the officer, and brought him up to Ham.

He rose to greet the young man in the blue uniform. It was new. The gold braid glinted in the sunlight and the brass buttons were still shiny. The young face was a good-looking and friendly one, and Old Ham liked it at first sight.

"Come up to the house and I'll make you a cup of tea," he invited. It was his way of saying "Pleased to meet you." He watched the young couple as they preceded him up the path. They were pretty much in love, he decided. And Jane, of course, would pick a sailor. Why not? She had been around sailor-folk all her life.

HE BREWED a cup of tea in the kitchen. He made good tea. And he heard Jane explaining the pictures on the walls of the little living room, the pictures of his own ships and those of his father.

"I guess those pictures make you feel kind of at home," he said to the young man.

"It's quite a collection," said Bill.

"Bit different from Navy ships," Old Ham said. "Ever sailed in a schooner?"

"Bill's a volunteer reserve officer," Jane interrupted.

"What's that?"

"Well, you see," the boy said, "I've joined up for the duration."

"Merchant service before?"

The boy looked at Jane. She said, a little irritably, "The V.R.'s come from civilian life, Ham—you should know that."

Old Ham looked surprised. "You mean, you've never been to sea?"

"No."

Old Ham reached for the pipe in his pocket and lighted the last remaining shreds of tobacco. "That's a fine-looking uniform," he said slowly. Jane turned to him with lips tight, but he ignored her. "I tried to enlist, but they didn't want me. I thought if a man's been to sea in steam and sail like me, maybe, if a war came along he could join the Navy and they could use him. But if a man was in a shore job, well—I guess I don't understand."

The boy in uniform colored slightly. "I don't think you do," he said abruptly. "The Navy needs a lot of officers. And it has to train them—fellows like me."

"Aye," said Old Ham. "But still, I don't understand." His dander was up.

"You're talking like an idiot," Jane said.

"A sailor's a sailor," said Old Ham.

The way he sat puffing at his pipe must have irritated the boy opposite. "Maybe I can be a sailor, too," he said. "I'm trying to help fight a war, anyway. I don't feel bad, even if you do own a fishing boat."

Old Ham put his pipe on the table. "Young fellow," he said. "Young fellow in your uniform, I own a fishing boat. So did my father and his father. And some of the boats they sailed, and I sailed, were the biggest schooners that ever beat their way to the Banks. I lost two brothers in those 'boats' as you call them. I got practically weaned in one—weaned on stale water and hard-tack, and there are plenty of kids along this shore now that are the same, and they don't wear gold braid, and that's why I don't understand and I guess I never will."

Jane had risen to her feet. "I'd like to go now, Bill," she said. The young officer followed her to the door, and then, turning, he said to Old Ham, "I guess you don't understand—about a lot of things."

Old Ham was left alone. He rose and went to the picture of his father's ship over the fireplace. He felt sorry. He had not meant to be rude to the boy, Jane's boy. But the sight of the Mary Belle out there this morning, and the young lieutenant who had told him that the Navy could not use him—those things had been too much for him.

If they could use that boy, why couldn't they use Ham? Eyes? What good will be eyes to that landlubber kid in his brand-new uniform?

Old Ham went to bed. He was getting pains in his stomach. . . .

He waited a week and Jane did not come to visit him. And he felt sorry, and he went over to the big Miller place to see her. But she was in the city. And Mr. Miller, who was there, asked, "What's happened between you and Jane? She's mad at you, Ham."

"The boy—" he said. "He got my dander up, I guess. Never been to sea in his life, wearing an officer's uniform."

Mr. Miller nodded. "I know how you feel, Ham," he said. "But he's a good boy. He's going to be my son-in-law. The kids are fighting this war, Ham, and maybe you and I should remember the last one, and understand about Jane. He might not come back to her." . . .

THE fog was in that morning, three weeks later, close up over the Cove and settling on the ground around the house. Old Ham had got out of bed, but he had not moved far, only to the kitchen, where he put the kettle on the fire and sat beside it on the straight-backed chair. When little Freddie from the farm came to the door with the milk and said, "Good morning, Mister Ham," he was still sitting there.

"Freddie," he said, "you run into the village and get hold of Doc Price. Tell him to come out here."

The boy looked frightened. "You sick, Mister Ham?" he asked.

"Just a pain. But maybe the Doc'll have a pill for it. Now, you run along."

"Sure thing," the youngster said, and flew out the door.

Old Ham brewed himself some tea, but he did not cook his usual two boiled eggs. He went into the living room and sat by the window, waiting for the fog to clear over the Cove. It came up slow, hanging over the rocky beach, and then moving out gradually. And then he saw her. He rose to his feet and walked to the door, flinging it open.

She was inside the barrier, motionless in the water, her masts shrouded in the fog, looking as though she had been stripped to her hull. Old Ham got his glasses, and through them he scanned every foot of her. She was not grounded, he felt certain. But she was caught. If they moved her, they would pile her on the rocks. How she had got in without ripping herself to pieces, he did not know.

Old Ham brought his chair to the doorway and sat down in it. Probably her captain had lost his way in the fog. Old Ham could picture him on the bridge now, talking with his officers, scratching his head, if Navy men ever scratched their heads.

AUGUST 1946

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Old Ham hoped Doc Price would not take too long getting in. He guessed he would have to go to a hospital, after all. . . .

Later he saw Jane coming toward the house, and she was hurrying. "It's been a long time, Janey," he said. He was glad that she had come back. To go away from the Cove, even for a few days to a hospital, with anyone thinking bad of him would have made Old Ham miserable.

Jane was out of breath when she reached him. "It's the Mary Belle, isn't it?" she asked. Old Ham could see colored pajamas under the coat she was wearing.

"Bill's aboard her," Jane said, and Old Ham almost forgot the pain.

"Well," he said, "that's a surprise. That sure is. He must have gone sudden."

"He did. I've been expecting him back from patrol all week." Jane looked toward the ship. "Can they get out of there, Ham?"

Old Ham sat down suddenly. He excused himself, but Jane hardly noticed. He reached for his pipe, but it was not in his pocket.

"They can try," he said. "But they'll probably rip her to pieces."

"You could get her out, Ham."

Old Ham looked out to sea. The fog had fully lifted now. The grey vessel sat lazy in the water, just inside the barrier.

"I've got a kind of date, Janey," he said.

She looked down at him. There was a question in her eyes. He had seen that look many times since she was a child and had hung around the wharf, hoping that he would take her sailing—not asking, just looking.

Now she said, "You're the only one who can lead them out. Ham, I love him, and I'm going to be married. And she's a Navy ship, Ham. She's a Navy ship now."

He shifted his position on the chair. "Do you forgive me?" he asked. "Sometimes I get cranky, not meaning to, you see, but—"

She stood with her legs apart, and she smiled. "I couldn't be mad at you long. You're my best friend, remember?"

"Aye," he said, and rose carefully from the chair. "I'll get the motorboat," he said, "and see what I can do."

HE FOLLOWED her down to the wharf, down the rocky hill. She walked quickly and he was unable to keep up with her.

"Hurry, Ham," she said to him, looking back. "What's the matter with you today?"

"Something I et, I guess," he said, and tried to move more quickly.

He had trouble with the motorboat. The engine was stubborn and refused to turn over for him. He had to rest every half-minute, and he was sweating a little when he finally got the thing running. He sat down heavily in the stern sheets.

"Let me come with you," Janey said.

He shook his head. "This is a man's navy. They've got laws against women messing around ships. Run home, and I'll send your young fellow to you."

With a couple of coughs and a roar the clumsy motorboat moved away from the shore. Old Ham tried to make himself comfortable. Funny thing, this pain reminded him of the bellyful of lobster and the beer he had consumed as a kid. He remembered he had doubled up on the deck, and the crew had grinned at him.

He looked back, up toward the house, and he saw Doc Price at the doorway. "Sorry, Doc; you'll have to wait," he said to himself. "I'm serving in the Navy for the moment."

He looked out toward the Mary Belle. The Navy had done a lot to her, changed part of her superstructure, put a gun on her bow, and her stern had been cleared and loaded with depth charges. But her lines remained. By Gad, he thought, she would be a credit to any man's navy. She had speed, she was sweet to handle, she had shown her wake to the best that the Coast Guard had had to offer. A couple of shots had come close to her, once or twice, but she had gone through the rumrunning years without an inch of her paint being scratched.

And now the Navy had her, and one of her officers was Janey's young man,

THE WARTIME PRICES AND TRADE BOARD FARMERS' BULLETIN

BEANS, GRADED AND PRICED

To provide improved properly-graded products, on June 15, when the 75 cent a bushel subsidy paid farmers was removed, the grading of white and yellow eye beans became effective. There are now four grades with appropriate maximum prices for each. It is the Board's intention that the new price schedule for this year's crop (which covers certain types of both domestic and imported dry beans) will provide both growers and processors returns comparable to 1945.

Provision is made for ceiling prices adjustments for Red Kidney, Cranberry, Lima and Bayou beans in relation to the maximum prices for the white and yellow eye beans.

CHERRY PRICES

1946 maximum ceiling prices for Canadian grown sweet and sour cherries will remain the same as those for 1944 and 1945. The same ceilings also apply to imported cherries sold between June 17 and September 30.

Domestic cherries (*i.e.*, British Columbia and Ontario cherries) are priced f.o.b. shipping point, *except* for buyers within 15 road miles of such point, who must receive free delivery; or when the grower makes delivery beyond this limit in his own truck he may add the actual cost of transportation provided it is not more than less-than-carlot express.

LAMB AND BEEF PRICES

Maximum prices for carcasses and sides of spring lamb in effect from May 1 to July 15 were extended to August 31.

Wholesale ceiling prices on "red" and "blue" quality beef were reimposed on July 20, at levels varying from one to two cents *per pound* higher. Adjustments were also made in retail pricing according to zones. Blue brand beef was removed from the "commercial" grade and placed on a separate basis.

FARMERS' RATION COUPONS

	Butter	Meat	Sugar-Preserves
August 1	R-16	M-48	..
August 8	R-17	M-49	..
August 15	R-18	M-50	S-24, S-25
August 22	Q-1	..
August 29	R-19	Q-2	..

Note:—Meat coupons M40 to M50 and butter coupons R10 to R17 will expire on the 31st of August.

INSPECTION OF CORN

Compulsory inspection of Canadian Eastern, Western Yellow and White corn by the Board of Grain Commissioners to be shown by certificates was announced June 29. The Order provides a greater producer price spread between corn of high and low moisture content. A difference of 15 cents a bushel is allowed in the price of white corn over yellow corn of similar grade and quality.

NON-FARMER SLAUGHTERERS

A non-farmer householder (one whose main livelihood is not derived from farming or ranching), who raises livestock for his own use, may slaughter a maximum of two head of livestock per year, provided his application to the Regional Meat or Foods Officer has been approved. He must surrender meat coupons to the Local Ration Board on the same basis as farmer slaughterers.

CASUAL GIFTS

A primary producer, or one of his household, who wishes to make a casual gift of a rationed commodity, coupon "free", must first obtain a letter of authority from the nearest Branch Office of the Board.

APRICOT CEILINGS

For apricots produced in British Columbia and sold in Canada, and imported apricots sold west of Port Arthur, ceiling prices on the same level as last year will be in effect from July 15 to September 28. For B.C. grown apricots the shippers' price is \$1.65 for an 18-pound case f.o.b. shipping point.

CANNING SUGAR—PRISONERS OF WAR

A farmer who employs prisoners of war for two months or longer, as regular employees, may apply to his Local Ration Board for extra sugar coupons for each prisoner employed. If the prisoner of war is replaced by another, he may not apply again.

DAIRY BUTTER PRODUCERS

Dairy Butter producers (other than authorized butter reporters) *must* register with their respective Local Ration Boards even if the butter they produce is used in their own households only and is not sold.

CUSTOM CANNING

A consumer who takes fruit to a customs canner for canning or processing is only required to *surrender coupons* to the processor or canner for the sugar supplied by the processor or canner.

MAXIMUM PRICES FOR HENS

To maintain maximum egg production, the scheduled time for the 2½ cent drop in maximum prices for hens was extended from July 1 to August 1.

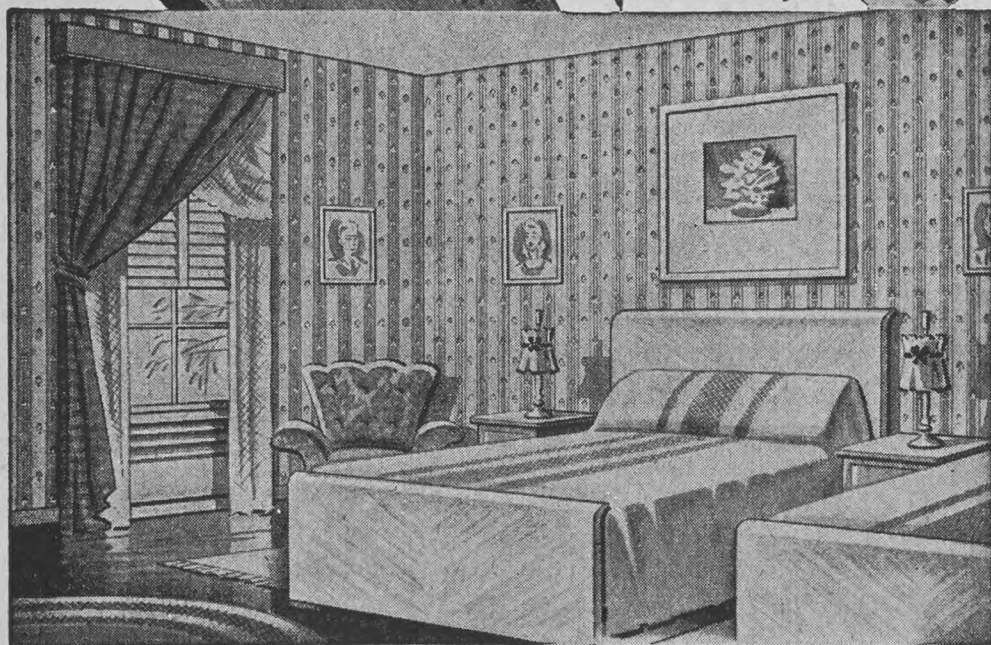
SPANISH ONION PREMIUMS

For the entire period July 16 to December 31, the premium for Spanish type onions will be re-established.

For further particulars of any of the above orders apply to the nearest office of the Wartime Prices and Trade Board.

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with his new gold braid. Despite the pain, Old Ham chortled. No one could deny him this little bit of satisfaction, to go aboard this ship and show her officers how to take her out of a squeeze. He wondered what the lieutenant with the wavy stripes would say about his eyes, now. They were good enough eyes to take the Mary Belle out of Ham's Barrier, good enough to save a ship from splitting herself on the rocks.

He bent forward, placing his hands across his stomach, and pressing.

The old motorboat pattered along at a snail's pace, but the tide was in and the sea was smooth, and Old Ham was able to keep her on a straight course toward the Naval vessel. The ex-yacht had been through a rough time, he could see. There was paint off her sides, and he thought he detected damage to her port bow. As he drew closer his belief was confirmed. She had a hole in her, well above the water line, and some of her gear on deck had been badly knocked about. Either she had been in a fight or a bad storm, and Old Ham suspected a fight.

He saw where she was lying, and he figured that with a bit of luck he would be able to steer her clear of the rocks without much trouble.

A figure on the bridge watched him as he eased the motorboat in close and came alongside.

Old Ham looked up. "My name's Ham," he called. "You're in trouble in these waters. I know them well. If you'll let me, I can pilot you out."

"Come aboard," the figure on the bridge invited.

Orders were given, and seamen flung over a ladder for Old Ham, and he tossed up the boat's painter to them. He was not quite certain if he would be able to climb the ladder. He accomplished it with great difficulty, and it seemed an eternity to him before he felt hands grasp his arms and half lift him over the side. His lips were pale, and there was a heavy coating of sweat on his forehead.

A ruddy-faced officer stood in front of him. "I'm the captain," the officer said. "You say you know this place well?"

"I've lived and sailed here since I was a boy," Old Ham replied. "I sailed this ship when she was a rumrunner. I can get you out. Unless her bottom—"

"Her bottom's all right. We haven't touched. We were in a bit of a scrap a few days ago, and then that damned fog. God knows how we managed to get in here. We're surrounded by rocks."

"Aye," said Old Ham. "It's a bad spot. In a fog it sort of creeps up on you before you know it. But we'll get out, all right. You got a sub-lieutenant aboard named Bill?"

"Bill? Perhaps you mean Wilmot? He's below."

"I'd like to see him first," Old Ham said. "Then I'll pilot you out."

THE captain ordered a junior officer to show Old Ham below. The former master of the Mary Belle hardly needed to be shown. He knew every inch of this ship, every piece of steel and wood in her. But, inside, he realized that they had done a number of things with her; strengthened bulkheads and changed the general layout of her interior construction.

"Are you a friend of Wilmot's?" asked the young officer. Old Ham noticed that he wore wavy stripes. They were frayed and tarnished. There was something cool and experienced about his youthful face and he walked like a sailor. They learn quick, thought Old Ham, with something of surprise.

"I'm sort of a friend," he replied.

"Great boy, Wilmot. Nice chap."

They came to the door of what had once been the spare cabin. The young officer opened it and invited Old Ham to step inside.

"Wilmot, there's someone to see you."

Before Ham stepped into the cabin he wiped the sweat from his brow with the back of his hand. He wanted to see Janey's young boy. He just wanted to let him know that when the Navy was in trouble it could turn to a man who owned fishing boats, who wore no uniform or gold braid on his sleeves.

He entered a white, overcrowded cabin. A smell hit his nostrils, and he felt nauseated. He hated that smell. It made him stand still in the centre of

the room, staring at a pale face turned in his direction from a cot.

"Why," said a voice, "where did you come from?"

Old Ham did not move. "You sick, boy?" he asked.

"Not bad," said the youngster in the cot. "How's Janey?"

"She's fine. You hurt?"

"I've got a chunk of steel in me. At least, I did have. Guess we'll have to postpone the wedding a couple of weeks. But we sank her—we sank our sub."

"Wilmot was on the gun," said the officer behind Old Ham. "There was a running fight."

"You sank a submarine?" asked Old Ham.

"One up for us," said the boy, and grinned.

Old Ham said, "You'll see Janey soon. She's waiting for you." He turned and left the sick boy. "Is he hurt bad?" he asked the young officer who followed him out.

"He'll be patched up, all right. Do you think you can really get us out of here? The place is lousy with rocks."

"I'll get you out," said Old Ham. He was holding his stomach. But the look in his eyes was not one of pain, but of grimness, and Old Ham's thoughts were on that youngster from the inland city who had shot it out with a submarine.

He reached the bridge, and the captain was waiting for him. "I hear you sank a U-boat," he said. "She was always a good ship. And she's got a good gunner, they tell me."

"Personally," said the captain, "I'd say she's got a bloody good gunner."

"Yep," nodded Old Ham. "He's going to marry a friend of mine."

THROUGH the captain Old Ham gave his orders to the quartermaster. He leaned over the side of the bridge, a dark-skinned figure in an old wool sweater, and his directions were delivered in clear, soft tones. Slowly the ship started to move, and the officers watched Old Ham, probably wondering in their minds if the Old Man had done right to trust this fisherman. But as the ex-Mary Belle slid slowly through the water, and Old Ham's orders came confidently from his lips, their expressions relaxed. Slowly but surely the ship was creeping out of danger.

Only for one moment did Old Ham allow his eyes to leave the water. Once he turned quickly and shot a glance toward the shore. He could make out two small, blurred figures on the wharf—Janey and probably Doc Price. The Doc would have to get busy pretty soon, he thought.

Old Ham clutched the side of the bridge. He was thinking now of the old days, of the times when he had been in command of this ship and of the excitement of those days, chasing down the U.S. coast in the dark with a price on his head. Mary Belle had done a good job then. But—she was coming into harbor now with glory written all over her, and the White Ensign was flying from her in the wind. And he was proud to be on her bridge again, prouder than he had ever been in his life, and proud of the boy below decks who was going to marry Janey.

"We're over!" the captain cried suddenly. The faces of his officers broke into smiles. He turned to Old Ham. "We're over—Pilot."

"Aye," said Old Ham, "we're over."

He collapsed on the bridge before they reached harbor. The pains in his stomach were violent. "Something I must have it," he said, with a little grin, but the officers knew better. There was an ambulance waiting on the wharf when they came alongside, back from patrol and with a submarine to their credit. . . .

Janey came to see Old Ham in the hospital, and so did Mr. Miller. They asked him how he felt, and he lay back and said the smell was driving him crazy. Janey leaned over and gave him a kiss on the lips, and said "Thanks, Ham," and then, "Hurry up and get well. We want you at the wedding."

Some men with thick gold braid on their sleeves were visitors, too. And one of them, the one with the most braid, asked Old Ham, "Is there anything we can do for you?"

And Old Ham said, "You can get me some bullets for my gun. I'm clean out of them."

The Countrywoman

Some ideas for midsummer reflection

By AMY J. ROE

Look to this day
For it is Life, the very life of life
In its brief course all the verities and
Realities of your existence
The bliss of growth,
The glory of action
The splendor of beauty;
For yesterday is but a dream,
And tomorrow only a vision;
But today well lived makes every
Yesterday a dream of happiness, and
Every tomorrow, a vision of hope.
Look well therefore, to this day.

—from THE SANSKRIT.

Of Interest to Farm Girls

IT is frequently difficult for farm parents to provide suitable opportunities for holidays, recreation and training for their daughters, after school-leaving time. All too often there are few other young people of a similar age to provide companionship in the community. Many country girls marry and settle down to a life of homemaking on a farm, without opportunity for special training in skills needed in that work or in social usages, beyond those taught by their mothers. A girl may have special talents in sewing, foods, care of the ill, or an interest in some subject, which could lead to a life's hobby. Both she and her parents may strongly desire that she develop these talents and interests under competent instructors, but distance, expense and lack of training centres may make it impossible.

A change from home surroundings, even for a short time, new friends, new interests, not to mention the confidence these bring, goes far to mature a girl in her thinking and to give her much more interest and satisfaction in the work which she has chosen.

In a homemaking course at Vonda, last winter two young brides of three and five months were in attendance. When someone expressed surprise that their husbands would let them come, the girls answered, "Let us! They made us come." And then out came the story that their husbands had attended the Youth Training course in agriculture and had received so much benefit, that they insisted that their wives take the short course in homemaking, when one was given at a nearby centre. At Maple Creek, a trainee at the school was a young mother of three children, under six years of age, whose husband wanted her to have a hobby. The couple live on an isolated ranch and in winter are cut off for weeks by snow blocked roads. They were both interested in weaving, so the husband offered to look after the small children, while the wife attended the school to learn, among other things, how to weave.

One of the few good fruits of the depression years was the combined effort of the Dominion and provincial governments to provide after-school training for girls and boys. Saskatchewan has resumed its Youth Training work for girls after letting it lapse for four years. It started again last fall and schools were held at a number of points in the province from November through to March. It has a program lined up for next winter and hopes to do the work on an even larger scale. It is aimed to reach girls from 18 to 30 years.

The local community provides quarters and equipment for classrooms and dormitory. The cost is small as the girls live in the dormitory and take turns in all the work required. It is estimated this year that costs will likely average around \$5.00 per week for the six-weeks course. In some cases, transportation assistance is provided. The courses are practical and the girls learn by doing, by living and working together. They are in charge of competent instructors. Local people assist in the organization of a school. Sometimes these local committees are Boards of Trade, Homemakers Clubs or some other organization.

There is a great variety in accommodation: Watrous has good accommodation at the Chalet at Manitou Lake; Watson used the community hall for dormitory, classroom and kitchen; Vonda had the use of two rooms in the school for classes and the top floor of the hotel for a dormitory; Shellbrook held classes in the Town Hall and for dormitory used the basement of the United Church. Humboldt used the Parish Hall for dormitory and the basement of the United

Church for classes, while Maple Creek held its school in the Armories. Local people are often asked to be guest speakers. Whenever possible members of staffs or department of agriculture and department of public health and recreation visited the schools. At the end of each course the trainees are asked to write suggestions for future courses. Last year nearly all the girls mentioned the benefit derived from working together under competent supervision. More home nursing was a request from many girls.

If you live in Saskatchewan and wish to have such a school, application may be made through municipal secretaries, town clerks, school superintendent, Homemakers' Clubs, the local newspaper editor, agricultural representative or Board of Trade. There must be a registration of 20 applicants to secure a course.

Mother of Vision

SOMETIMES when we are alone we are in the best company. By "alone" I mean away from people. Actually, we are never completely by ourselves.

Can I say that I am solitary when I may discuss friendship with Emerson, nature with Thoreau, history with Carlyle, Gibbon and a dozen others? Where, in any city or countryside, could I ever hope to find such great minds and gather them around my fire-side? Here is company enough to last the winter through and make me forget that my nearest neighbor is separated from me by miles of snow and ice and bitter air. Here is stimulation and strength and warmth for the weakest spirit.

Outside, not wishing to disturb us except by their singing now and then, are the great trees, the tall mountains, the swift rivers and the winds. What staunch friends and good companions! They are always there and always the same. I can depend on them as I can on nothing else in this world. In winter we see each other clearly and matters are simple and direct between us. In spring we are the helpers in the delivery room and that great experience binds us as nothing else could. In summer we laugh and play

together and are very merry indeed. I have no time then to miss people or brooks or music. Here are the great symphonies of the rivers, night and day. Here is the heart-gripping book of the earth spread out before me and it is all I can do to read even part of it before the leaves whisk over and it is autumn. Then we draw very close to each other, my friends and I, We work together to set our house in order, for there is much to do and it is all pleasant.

These friends of mine have their moods, as I do also. That makes them more interesting; but underneath they never change. With them, as with certain books, I have allied myself with those who will never "keep the word of promise to the ear and break it to the hope." Each year it is harder to watch the seasons pass. Each one is so dear that I wish I could keep it with me always. It is like straining for the last glimpse of a beloved face while longing for the first sight of one equally adored. It is a wrench to find the seas of snow receding and know that winter, which gave me such a sense of warmth and security in my little house, will soon be gone. But, later, it is just as hard to discover that the leaves are losing their first fresh, and paler, green; that the hyacinth smell of bracken is growing fainter and the perfume of newly-turned, damp earth has almost evaporated. Then the leaves blow past me on the wind and my heart cries for their going; but now the woods are shouting with color and there is the sun to follow. When I come back from the far trails and look up from putting the flowers to bed, winter is standing beside me. I have had another rich year with my friends.

I would change a quotation and say: "Where there is no solitude the people perish." Each one of us is a well from which we draw the very waters of our life to give to those around us. But one day we find that the well is dry because we have forgotten to go away from the world at intervals and, in contemplation and seclusion, replenish it again. The greatest religions were born near the desert and matured in the wilderness. Man's body is formed in the stillness of the womb and his mind in the privacy of creation. If "the world is too much with us" we become

like parrots, repeating only what we hear and never forming an original sentence for ourselves. Our opinions are so underdone that even the sharpest mental teeth could not get nourishment out of them. Our ideas have as much diversity as Jacob's coat and we change them with the dexterity of a chameleon. We are divided into far more parts than Gaul because of the multiplicity of persons and objects around us. We fill every second of our days with things and people, without realizing that we have wasted almost all those hours not spent in sleep. Soon we are afraid to be alone. We are afraid to look at our own faces in the mirror of contemplation. We talk and talk and say nothing. We can neither give nor receive because we do not know what we want or what gifts we possess. Our lives are like quicksand under our feet because we have never taken time away from others to explore ourselves and discover where our firm ground lies.

This, extended to a people, makes for insanity and gibbering. Not knowing where they wish to go, how shall they recognize the road? Not knowing what they should have, how shall they find it? They cannot look towards the east for dawn because they have lost their sense of direction and no longer know where their sun will rise. They have forgotten the stars in their panic to kick out of their way the stones which impede their circling progress. They cannot stand firmly anywhere because they do not know where it is they wish to stand.

It is indeed true that "where there is no vision the people perish"—but vision is the favorite child of solitude.—GILEAN DOUGLAS.

Serenity

Blessed are those who can rest from speech
To dwell in a holy silence,
Blessed are those who can rise from the thought to the
Fullness of pure knowing.
Blessed are those who detached from deeds,
Can rest in their own true being.
—author unknown.

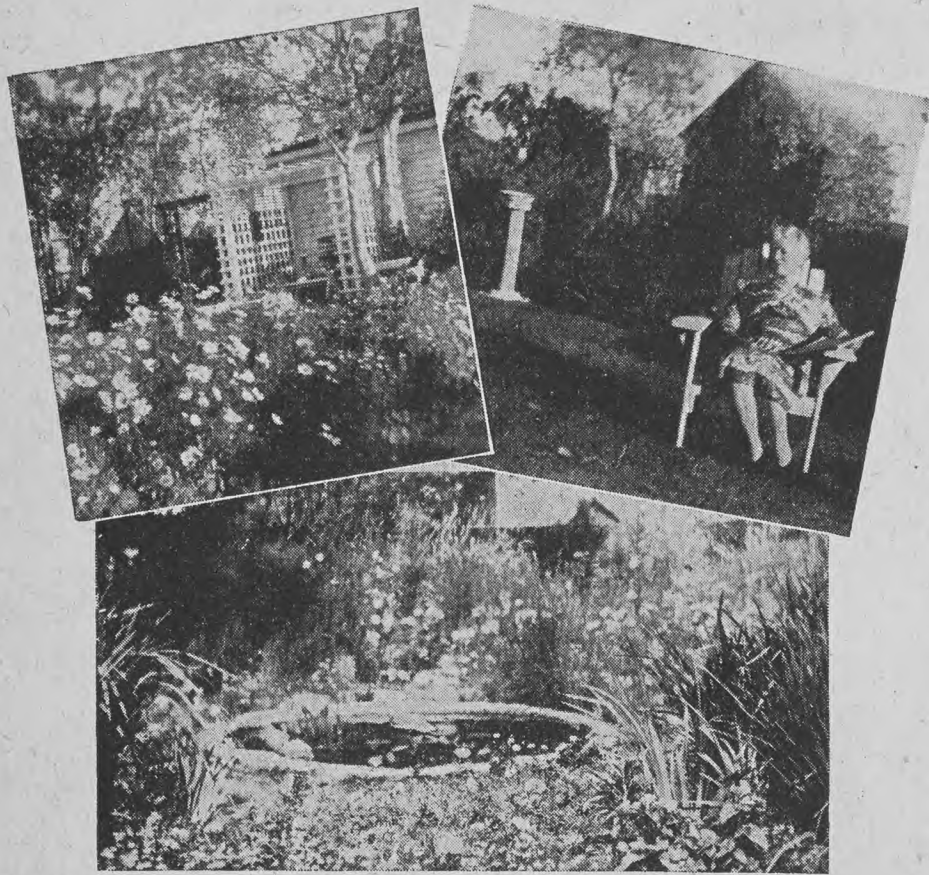


Gulls in a steamer's wake, Saguenay River, Quebec. Summer, 1945.

Beauty and the Prairie Home

Get going at the gardening game and so have a hobby for life

By BLANCHE ADCOCK



Barbecue fireplace is behind flowers (left). Mrs. Adcock in garden. Lower: Lily pool in back yard.

SO often the farm home and beauty have nothing in common. True: farmers are busy people, but they need beauty in their surroundings.

There are farmers whose buildings are creditable and speak of thriftiness. They have hedges, windbreaks and some perennials; perhaps a piece of lawn to add grace and distinction. The house, barn and outbuildings are protected with paint. There are others who have fine buildings but no other attractions save a windbreak.

Then—I hate to mention it—there are those places—you can't call them homes—where the barnyard and the dooryard are common scratching ground for the hens. Even a stray pig or calf may be sniffing at the back door for a handout. There may be a few sickly geraniums on the window sill in tomato cans. "We have no time for gardening," they will tell you. People take time for the things they want to do. If you have windbreaks on the north and south you are away to a good start. You can grow almost anything on the shelter side of a windbreak. Hedges help a lot too.

Begin with a plan. If you live near an experimental farm you can get ideas from their plantings. Or perhaps a nursery salesman calls on you periodically. They usually are bubbling over with bright ideas for plans and planting. Most nurseries will plan your garden free of charge.

If time for gardening is at a premium plan your garden accordingly. Plant more trees, shrubs and perennials and fewer annuals. The transplanting of annuals takes time although they will repay for themselves in longer bloom.

Here in central Alberta the dependable shrubs are caragana, tartarian honeysuckle, dogwood, Chinese lilac, tamarisk, Russian olive, vulgaris lilac, spirea and elder. For quick growing windbreaks we use poplar, Manitoba maple and willow. Ash and elm are slower growing but are longer lived. Among our hardiest perennials are iris, delphinium, hollyhocks and columbine.

Then there are many varieties which may be seeded out in the open as soon as the ground can be worked, saving much labor in transplanting from hotbeds. One can get a brilliant, all-summer display from these alone. Some of them are poppies, annual larkspur,

kochia, cornflower, cosmos, California poppies, asters, Virginia stocks, clarkia, calendula and many others. Look through your seed catalog and make a list of these. Don't forget sweet peas, and do try some Queen Anne's lace. It is an easily grown, dainty white flower which I consider indispensable for bouquets. When planting seeds out of doors pack the soil firmly with a board and keep it damp until the green seedlings appear.

Every child should have its own little garden. I can trace back my interest in green things to a small plot of ground in Ontario in which I planted a few watermelon seeds, carrots, lettuce, and some poppies. I watered it and weeded it and was thrilled to watch the little plants grow. There was the added interest of comparing my garden with those of my brother and my sister.

Perhaps you'll want to try your hand at growing dahlias and glads, those aristocrats of the garden. Try sprouting your glads in a half-inch of water for a week or two before planting. It will hasten their blooming. It is more fun to plant named varieties but collections are cheaper.

Allow only one stem to grow to each dahlia bulb. This will force the flowers so you will get the benefit of them before the frosts. Both glads and dahlias like plenty of sun and cultivation, and do better with some shelter. Stake dahlias when planting them to avoid injury to the roots. Plant them three or four inches deep and on their sides. To store dahlias, bury the bulbs in dry sand and place them in a cool, dry place in the cellar.

If you can't have a garden, many a beauty-loving farm woman has derived a great deal of satisfaction from a window garden inside, or window boxes outside. Petunias, nasturtiums, lobelia, tagetes, schizanthus all are splendid in window boxes. I mix them up and have an all-summer display. If you decide on a window garden don't ruin the beauty of your geraniums, or what-have-you, with labelled tin cans. Clay pots are inexpensive, but if you must use cans remove the labels and paint them a suitable color.

Don't crowd too many plants into a window. The symmetry of a plant is lost if it is jammed in beside other

plants. You will enjoy your flowers more if you have fewer plants well arranged. Have you tried a cactus collection? It's heaps of fun.

When you really get interested in gardening, you can add character to your garden plot with a bird bath, a

sun dial, a lily pool or perhaps a barbecue where you can have a picnic in your own back yard. You could have your meals outdoors in the hot weather too. It's a lot of fun, I'm telling you. If you really get going at this gardening game you'll have a hobby for life.

Care of Lingerie

Points in choice of materials, cut and fit of garments and laundry methods

WHAT a pleasure it is to have lovely slips, gowns and other lingerie that always looks fresh and gives the best in wear and service. On the other hand, it is distressing to find your lovely underthings fraying and tearing, looking bedraggled, and giving poor service. Don't leave the choice of such articles merely to luck, but try, through careful selection, to pick garments that will give the best in wear and appearance.

The term "lingerie" includes articles of women's wear such as panties, slips, bras, undervests, pefticoats, nightgowns and pajamas. The long-wearing qualities of these garments depend on the correct fit, sturdy construction and proper care.

The correct fit in lingerie is most important to the wear and appearance of the garment. Too large a slip, for instance, is bulky and unflattering, while if it is too small, the seams will pull and the garment will "ride up" under dresses when you sit down. To make sure that a slip fits smoothly and well, try it on before purchasing. Because there is a variation in sizes between different makes, this is a sure check of its fit on your individual figure. There should be little or no shrinkage in lingerie, and if the garment is marked pre-shrunk, it should be bought in your exact size. However, if there is no shrinkage marked, allowance should be made for this and a size larger would be a wise buy.

A slip should be about one inch shorter than the outside garment, in order to serve its function and yet to be unseen below dresses. If a slip is too long, adjust it to the right length at the hem rather than at the shoulders. Lowering or raising of the shoulder straps will throw the garment out of line and will spoil the fit you tried so hard to get.

In choosing a slip, nightgown or any article of underclothing, see that the material is firmly woven and has strong,

close, even stitches. Check seams and finished edges to see that they are strong. The edges of the garment at the top, under the arms and at the hem should be made so the threads will not ravel or fray, and the edges should be pinked or bound, or French seams used. Make sure the straps are strong and that the material to which the straps are attached is strong enough to prevent tearing.

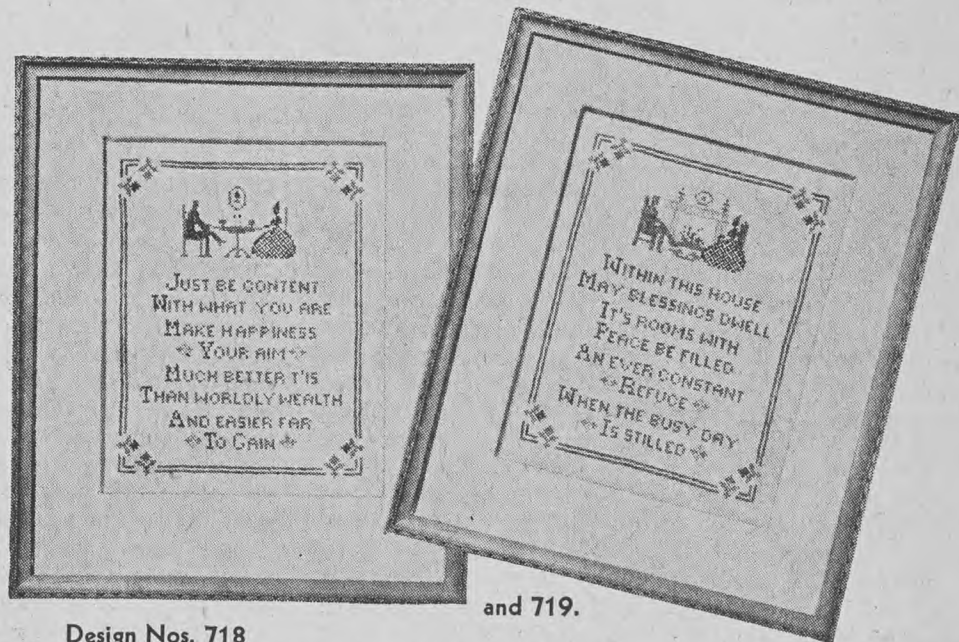
Rayon is very likely to have seam slippage, which means that the threads slip over one another and pull apart, sometimes tearing the entire length of the material away from the seam. This is most likely to happen if the seam is straight cut. If the seam is cut on the true bias there is no direct pull on the threads and seam slippage is avoided. All seams, including those at the yoke and in the skirt where the panel is normally placed, should be cut on the bias. Some stouter women find that the bias slips do not fit them as well as straight cut garments, and for them a well made straight cut slip of a strong, firm weave will give satisfactory wear.

Rayon, cotton and nylon are the most common materials for lingerie and each will give excellent wear if care is given according to their individual needs. Some materials are made to appear sturdier than they are by the use of a starchy filler, which, when washed, comes out and leaves the material looking sleepy. If you suspect this in a slip or other garment, rub a piece of it vigorously between your fingers, and the starch will come out leaving the material as it would be after it was washed. Some starch is permissible in a new garment, as it makes it easier for the stores to handle and presents a pleasing appearance, but in a good garment this makes no difference to the material when it is washed out.

There are two types of fabric weaves used in lingerie—the woven and the knit fabrics. Woven fabrics such as

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crepes, broadcloths, satins, etc., are dressier and require a little more care. Knit fabrics which are called jersey, are easily cared for and do not require ironing. The knit fabrics are more elastic and tend to cling more to the figure, and because of this elasticity they will wear for a long time. Perhaps the most annoying feature about knit fabrics is their tendency to run if a thread is broken, and this run will finally break into a hole. In the case of woven fabrics, this will never happen, though they may tear at the seams, be torn accidentally or wear into holes.

Frequent washing is essential to lingerie as perspiration weakens the fabric. White cotton garments should be washed in hot water and mild soapsuds, rinsed thoroughly, as soap tends to turn white materials yellow, and hung to dry in the bright sunlight. Colored cottons should never be soaked, but washed quickly and hung out of the direct rays of the sun to dry. Rayons should be washed gently in lukewarm water and mild soapsuds. Nylon should be washed in lukewarm suds and dried quickly. Lingerie may be washed in the washing machine, but only five minutes is the recommended time.

Dry garments inside or outside, or by rolling in a turkish towel. They may be dried only long enough to be damp for ironing, or thoroughly dried and dampened again. Fold all lingerie over a rod or clothesline, and if the use of clothespins is necessary, be careful not to jab a hole in the article.

Nylon and knit garments do not require ironing if they are laid out flat while they are drying. Crepes, satins and other woven fabrics should be pressed on the wrong side with a moderately warm iron while slightly damp. Any bra or other garment made partly of elastic, should be pressed with a moderate iron as heat is one of elastics greatest enemies. Press laces and embroideries on the wrong side over a soft pad or a towel.

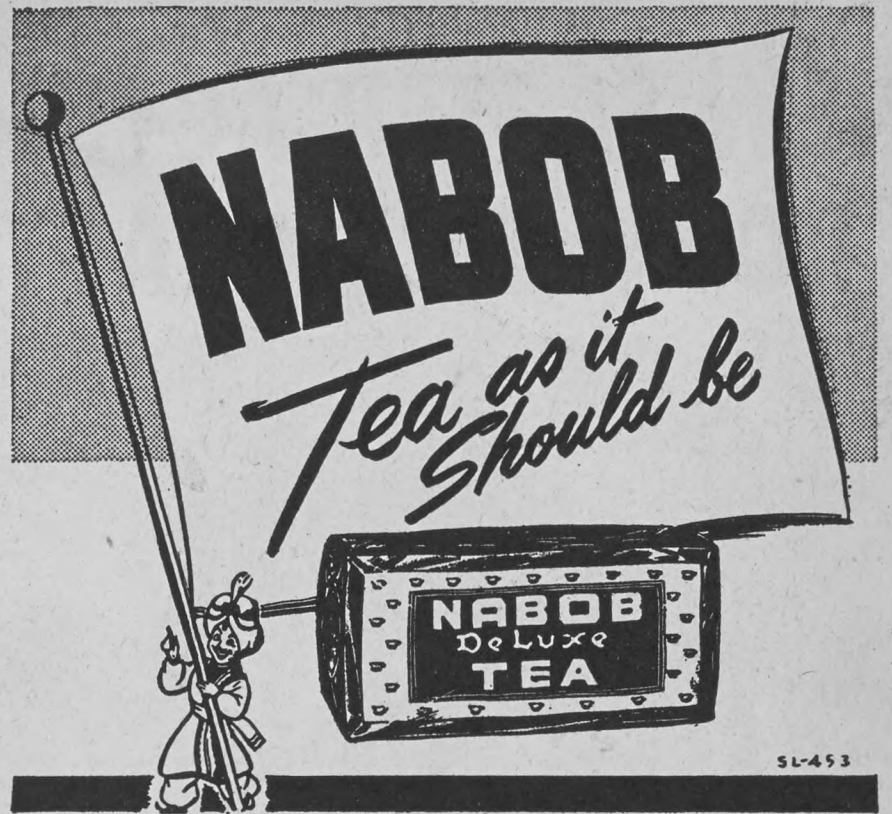
In order to prevent the wrinkling of slips and nightgowns in a drawer, hang them on a coat hanger and pin the shoulder straps in place. In this manner they will be kept neat and pressed till they are to be worn. Do not use pins to hold broken straps or to shorten slips. This breaks the fabric and causes worn spots and holes. Keep shoulder straps sets or ribbon on hand to replace or repair broken straps, or reinforce broken places against tears by using ribbon.—M.R.M.

Homemade Decals

A KITCHEN gleaming with freshly painted white woodwork and cupboards is sometimes almost institutional-like in its austerity. This may be relieved by covering wall space surrounding cupboards with bright wallpaper. To complete the effect, repeat the motif in the wallpaper by using it as decorative design on the expanse of cupboard woodwork. Care must be taken to have these applique patterns well balanced.

A year ago, I cut tiny red flowerpots trailing green ivy from scraps of left-over wallpaper and applied them to the centres of the cupboard doors using ordinary flour paste. To preserve the surfaces I painted each over with clear nail polish. That preserves them when the doors are washed. Now the doors needed another coat of paint. After vainly trying to keep from splashing the decorations I finally painted right over them. Then I cleaned off the surplus paint with a cloth dipped in turpentine. They look as bright and pretty as ever.—MARION NIXON.

Ed. Note: Another way to relieve the monotony of an all-white kitchen is to paint the shelves and inside of cupboards a bright contrasting color of red, orange or green. It gives a pleasing effect when the doors are opened.



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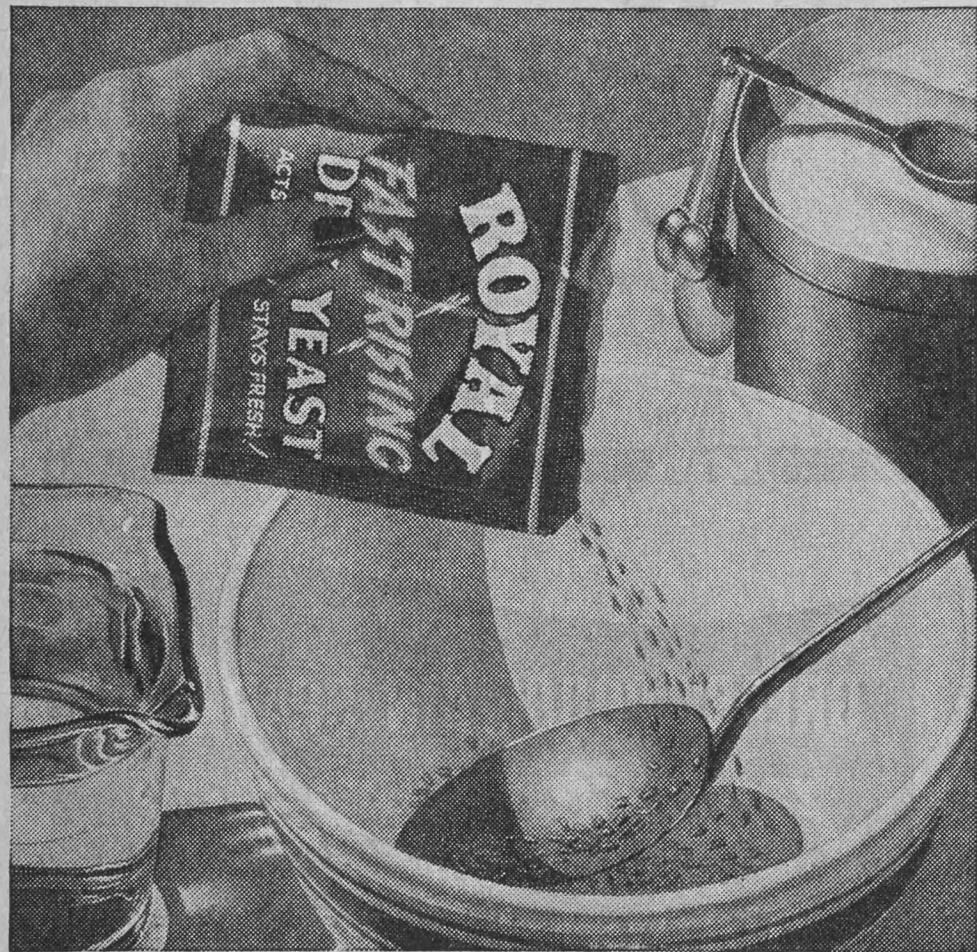
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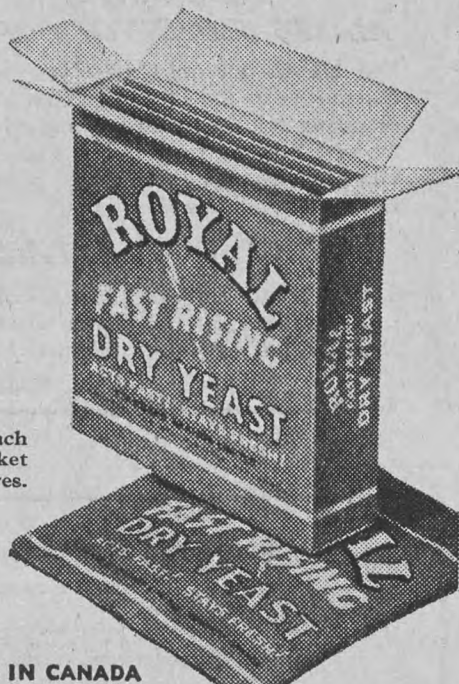
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Cool Summer Meals

Keynote of success with hot weather meals is garden freshness and variety

By MARION R. McKEE

THE secret of successful summer meals is to make them so attractive, cool, and refreshing, that they tempt even the most lazy hot weather appetite. What is needed on the menu is a variety of recipes calculated to cause a surprising comeback in waning hot weather desire for food.

Garden freshness is the keynote. Never need a summer meal be dull when there is such a variety of available raw material outside in your garden. The sooner the vegetables arrive on the table after being picked, the fresher and tastier they will be.

Take advantage of the wealth of color that is offered, and combine these in many ways to delight the eye and tempt the appetite. A simple vegetable plate consisting of cold cooked beets and beans, potato salad, small whole green onions and radishes, and chicken salad or cold sliced meat, all placed in separate groups on a bed of lettuce is a most attractive combination. Other and equally desirable combinations of vegetables may be used in endless different ways, and it is a friendly challenge to the homemaker to use her talents to make these salad plates attractive. A good supply of cold or jellied meat is a great aid to summer meals and is simple to prepare and serve. Cooked vegetables left over from yesterday can become today's salad combination materials.

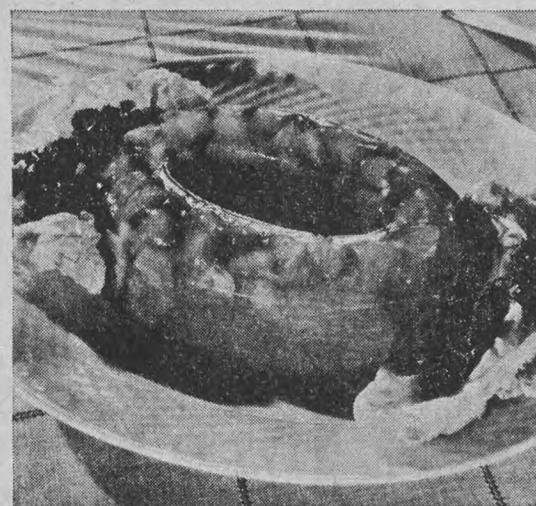
Garnishes should be regarded as essentials to these hot weather meals. A few radish rosettes stuck on toothpicks around a salad, add color and flavor. Parsley and other greens help create that cool contrast in color that is so necessary. A slice of lemon on a fish or meat salad adds a delightful tang and zest. The rich red color of beets may be used as a garnish for chicken or meat salad. Another trick is to vary the salad dressing used, and even the addition of a small amount of tomato juice whipped into your favorite dressing will give that different taste and color that is so appealing.

It is desirable to serve these summer salads, and all such foods, as cool as possible. If you are lucky enough to have an icebox or cooler the foods may be chilled there. If not, they should be kept in the coolest spot you can find until serving time.

Fortunately for the lady of the house, summer meals are not difficult to prepare. If the use of the stove is cut to a minimum, the kitchen may be kept cool and pleasant. Regardless of how high the soaring mercury, each meal should contain one hot food to supply that needed energy and help stimulate digestion. Men especially require a hot food for their daily activities, and feel a meal is incomplete without it. Soups come readily to the aid of the housewife in this instance. These may be heated in a minute or two. A hot beverage may provide that one necessary hot dish.

Jellied Chicken and Vegetable Salad

1/4 c. cold water	1 c. mixed cooked or canned vegetables
1 T. granulated gelatin	1 c. cooked or canned chicken slices
1/2 tsp. salt	Lettuce
1 canned pimento or fresh peppers	Mayonnaise



Cucumbers or other vegetables enclosed in crystal jelly are ideal for a summer lunch or supper.

Pour the cold water into a bowl and sprinkle the gelatin on top. Add the salt and boiling chicken broth, and stir until the gelatin is dissolved. Pour a thin layer of this mixture into a loaf pan 10 x 6 x 2-inch; chill slightly; then arrange on it the pimento cut in strips and a few of the 1 c.

of vegetables, which may be peas, string beans, carrots, celery, asparagus, etc. Chill till almost firm, then arrange on it the remaining vegetables, chicken and gelatin mixture. Chill till firm, then unmold on lettuce and serve with mayonnaise. Serves six.

Party Plate

Chill a well seasoned tomato jelly mixture in a ring mold; unmold on a large, round platter and fill the centre of the ring with chicken, fish or meat salad. Surround the tomato ring with deviled eggs and watercress. Serve with mayonnaise.

Sauteed Cucumber Slices

3 large cucumbers	3 T. fat
3 T. flour	2 T. bottled horse radish
1/2 tsp. salt	1/4 c. melted butter
Speck pepper	

Pare the cucumbers and cut in half-inch crosswise slices. Place in ice water for at least 20 minutes, then drain, pat dry in absorbent paper, and roll in the flour, salt and pepper, which have been mixed together. Saute slowly in the fat until golden brown on both sides. Drain on absorbent paper. Then arrange on a platter; serve with the horse radish and butter mixed together. Serves six.

Green Bean Salad

2 c. cooked green beans, cut or whole	Lettuce
1 T. minced onion	1 hard cooked egg yolk, minced
1/2 c. French dressing	

Marinate green beans and onion in French dressing for one hour or longer. Drain beans and arrange on lettuce. Sprinkle minced hard-cooked egg yolk over beans. Serves four.

Carrot Salad

1 c. grated raw carrot	1 T. lemon juice
1 c. chopped raw cabbage or celery, or cabbage and celery combined	1/2 tsp. salt
	Mayonnaise or boiled dressing
	Lettuce leaves

Mix the ingredients well and serve on crisp lettuce leaves. The grated carrot may be served alone on lettuce or may be combined with cold boiled peas, with chopped nuts and apples, or with onions and radishes.

Individual Cucumber Jelly Salads

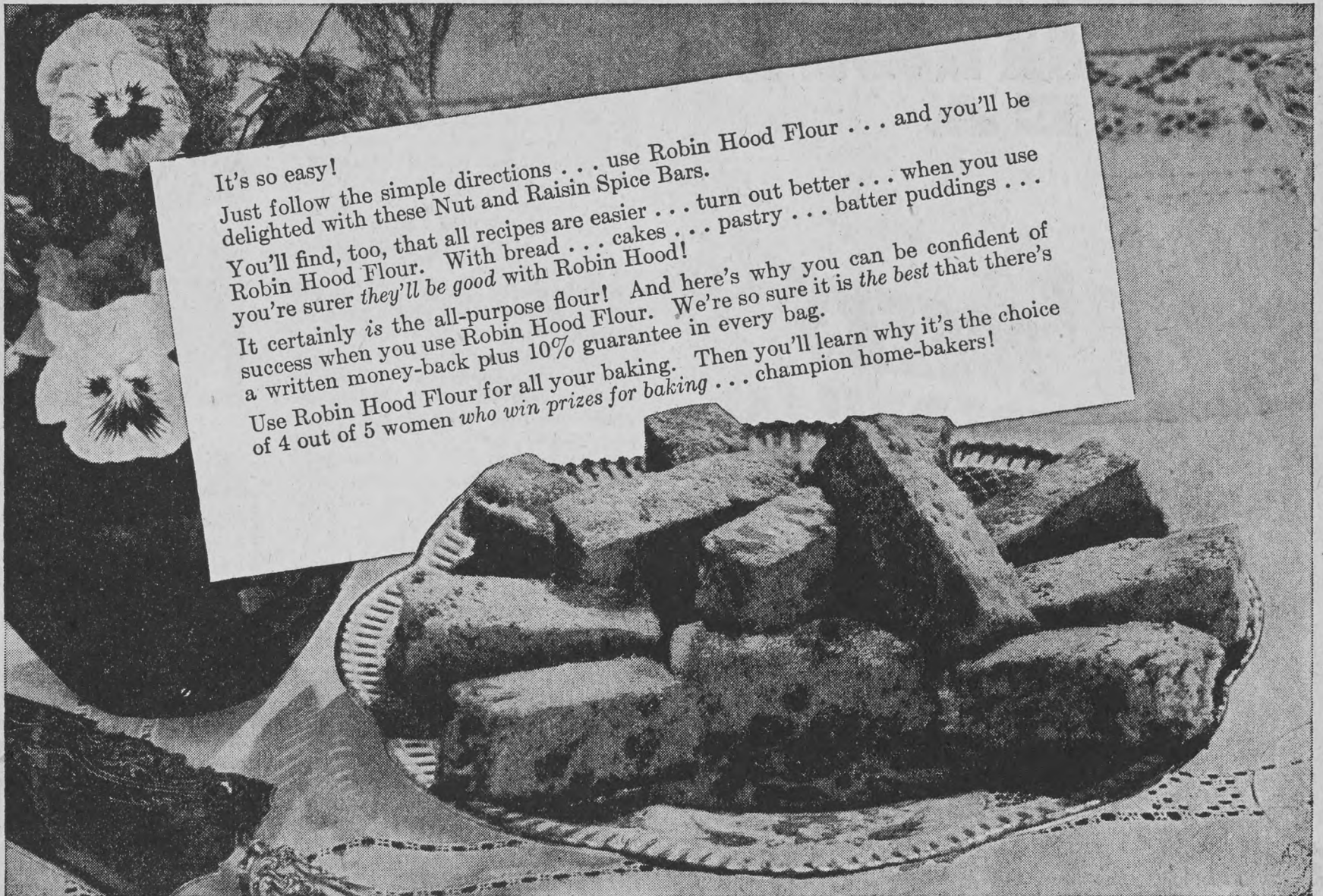
1 pt. grated cucumber	2 tsp. cold water
Salt and paprika	6 halves walnut meats
2 T. vinegar	Mayonnaise
1 T. oil	Lettuce leaves
1 tsp. gelatin	

Peel cucumbers, removing most of the white as well as the green skin. Grate enough to give one pint and season with salt, paprika, vinegar and oil. Add gelatin mixed with cold water. Place over the fire until warm and well mixed. Do not boil. In the bottom of an individual mold put a half kernel of walnut, then pour in the cucumber mixture and when it has cooled chill. When ready to serve, turn each mold on to a nest of young lettuce leaves, and add a spoonful of mayonnaise.

Here's a Grand Robin Hood Recipe

that will make the family's mouth water!

Delicious Nut and Raisin Spice Bars



Mother, 2 Daughters, All Win Prizes Using Robin Hood Flour

Mrs. A. C. Gusdal, Erickson, Manitoba, is another prize winner in home-baking contests who has used no flour but Robin Hood for many years. After winning First Prize for her buns at the Women's Institute County Fair at Erickson, she said:

"I have used Robin Hood Flour for at least 12 years and in all that time have yet to experience a baking failure. And I bake a lot for my family of eight children — four boys and four girls — using a 98 pound bag of flour approximately every three weeks.

"I think Robin Hood is the best flour on the market and I know that its quality and dependability helped me win First Prize.

"You'll also be interested to know that my daughters Fay and Jean, aged 14 and 12, won First and Second Prizes for baking powder biscuits at the same fair — using Robin Hood Flour, of course!"



Robin Hood Nut and Raisin Spice Bars

$\frac{3}{4}$ cup shortening (part butter)
 $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups sifted Robin Hood Flour
 2 tsp. baking powder
 $\frac{1}{4}$ tsp. salt
 1 tsp. cinnamon
 $\frac{1}{2}$ tsp. nutmeg
 $\frac{1}{2}$ tsp. allspice

$\frac{1}{2}$ cup granulated sugar
 2 eggs — well beaten
 $\frac{1}{4}$ cup light molasses
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup chopped nuts
 1 cup seedless raisins
 6 tbsp. milk

1. Measure shortening and butter into mixing bowl and allow to stand at room temperature to become soft.
 2. Preheat oven to 350 degrees F. Grease and lightly flour a 9 x 12 inch cake tin.
 3. Measure sifted flour into sifter, add baking powder, salt and spices. Sift together onto piece of waxed paper.
 4. Cream shortening and butter until fluffy, gradually add sugar, mixing until creamy.
 5. Add beaten eggs and beat well.
 6. Add molasses, nuts and raisins, and blend.
 7. Add dry ingredients and milk, combining thoroughly.
 8. Spread in prepared cake tin.
 9. Bake at 350 degrees F. for 20 to 25 minutes.
 10. Let cool thoroughly. Dust with icing sugar and cut in squares or bars.
- Yield: 32 bars. Note: These bars may be frosted with a thin lemon or orange butter frosting, if desired.

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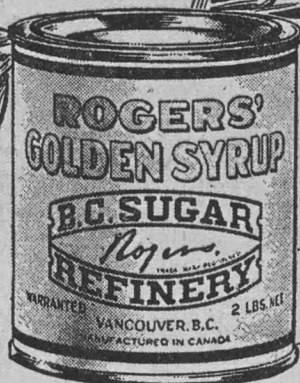


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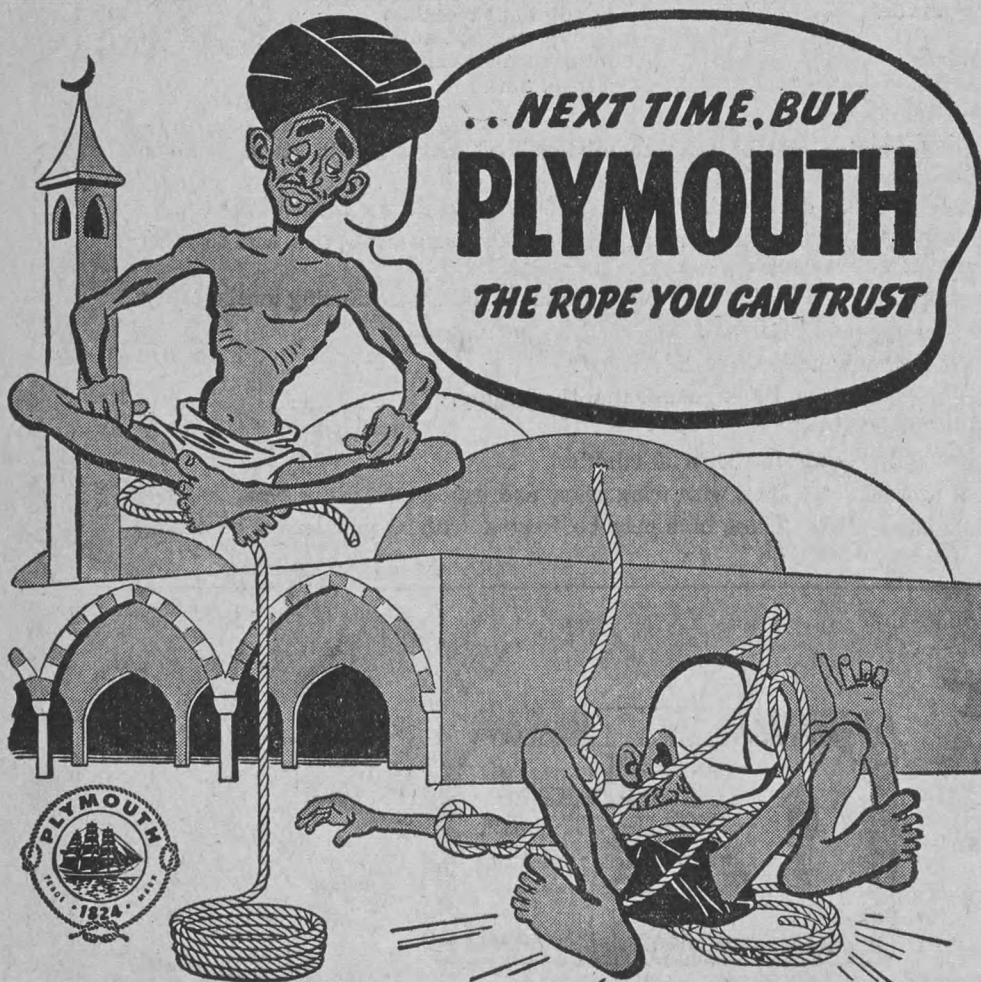
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BECAUSE IT'S ENGINEERED FOR YOUR JOB

One-Crust Fruit Pies

Seasonal desserts that are favorites

By RUTH MEREDITH

AT this time of year, when fruit is plentiful, luscious fruit pies are favorites. They are especially good as a hearty dessert after a light salad first course, and give a satisfying ending to a meal. Many are the fruits in season, a few of them being cherries, saskatoons, peaches, apricots, blackberries, blueberries, raspberries and currants.

This year one-crust pies should be stressed, because of the shortage of flour and wheat products. This is a means of saving valuable food stuff without depriving families of their favorite dessert. The pie may have the crust underneath while the top is covered with a fluffy meringue, or else the crust may be on the top as is the case with the deep fruit pie.

Sometimes the undercrust of a fruit pie seems to be soggy and have a raw doughy taste. A way to avoid this is to be sure that the temperature of your oven is high when you put in the pie. This is to give the crust a chance to set and become crisp and brown before the juice begins to run from the fruit. Then, even if the crust does become moist, it will have a pleasant well-done flavor. Sprinkling the bottom of the crust with flour before putting in the fruit is also helpful in preventing sogginess.

Cooling a fruit pie is of prime importance. Always place the pie on a wire cake rack after it is removed from the oven, so it will cool quickly and evenly, and not steam till moist.

An extra fold around the edge of the crust will help prevent the pie from running over during the last 20 minutes of baking. A slight amount of thickening agent added to the fruit will also help, but be sure to only add enough to make the juice slightly syrupy.

Deep Dish Cherry Pie

1 qt. pitted sour cherries
1 T. flour
½ c. sugar
¼ tsp. salt

Mix the cherries with the sugar, flour and salt. Fill a deep pie plate so that the fruit is heaped slightly above the top. Moisten the rim of the plate with water so that the pie crust will adhere. Place the pastry, rolled to one-eighth-inch thickness, over the plate of cherries. Trim the edges, leaving a one-half inch border that extends beyond the rim of the plate. Turn the border under, making a rim of double thickness. Press the rim closely against the moistened edge of the plate with the tines of a fork. Bake the pie in a hot oven (425 degrees Fahr.) until the crust is brown and the cherries are cooked.

Fresh Raspberry Pie

1 qt. red raspberries
1½ c. water
1 c. sugar
1½ T. flour
1 tsp. gelatin
¼ c. cold water
1 T. lemon juice
½ tsp. salt

Wash and pick over raspberries. Cook one cup of the berries with 1½ cups water until soft. Mix sugar and flour thoroughly; add strained hot liquid from cooked berries, stirring constantly. Cook and stir until thick and clear. Add gelatin which has been soaked ten minutes in ¼ cup water. Add lemon juice and salt. Cool until mixture begins to thicken, then add remaining berries. Turn into baked pie shell. Chill.

Currant Pie

1 c. fresh currants
2 egg yolks
1 c. sugar
¼ tsp. salt
¼ c. flour
1 T. water
Pastry
Meringue

Wash currants and stem. Beat egg yolks slightly; add sugar, salt, flour, water and currants. Line pie pan with pastry and pour in filling. Bake in moderate oven (350 degrees Fahr.) 35 minutes or until filling is firm. Cover with meringue. Makes one (9 inch) pie.



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Pre 'teen Beauty Care

By LAVINIA HOOGSTATEN

A word to the girl who would like to look her best



Regular and good brushing helps.



How do your finger-nails look?



Sleek and shining braids are attractive.



A little lotion helps chapped spots.

THOUSANDS of words have been written on beauty and behavior problems of the sub-deb, but few have stressed the fact that the foundation of a young woman's appearance lies in the care she has taken as a little girl. And so this is addressed to young girls from, let us say, eight to twelve years old.

Suppose we consider two young ladies who find themselves changed, almost overnight, into people who are accepted as equals in a grown-up world. One of them has raked a comb through her hair hurriedly mornings and before going out, and has let it go at that. The other has made a hundred strokes of the brush every night as definite a part of her routine as washing her face. Which has the shining, healthy hair?

One of them couldn't conquer her passion for pastries, sodas, candies and so on. The other gave a thought to the pimples, blackheads and oily skin that can result from too many of these things and bravely resisted that second piece of pie. Which has the clear, fresh skin? You see? A great part of your future looks depend on what you are doing now, but that is not the only reason for little girls to care for their appearance. It's pretty nice to look attractive now.

Of course, every little girl longs for curly hair, and curls are lovely to have, but sleek, smooth, shining braids are just as nice, and they have their advantages, too. They don't get mussed when the wind blows. If your hair is straight, don't waste any envy on those with curls. Let your hair brush make you pretty!

Cleanliness and posture are the very backbone of good looks. Those baths that keep interfering with things you'd rather do — those shampoos, those finger-nail inspections—mother knows what she's doing. All these habits will make you a more attractive person. And keep your chin up! I really mean that. Head up, and shoulders back make the rest of you fall in line, and then you are much more graceful.

Speaking of finger-nails, think of the consequences before you bite them. Ugly, blunt finger-tips, and misshapen nails are the awful result of the nail-biting habit. So even if the situation is very tense, clasp your hands behind you, or sit on them, but don't bite your nails. It's easy, too, to get stains on your fingers and nails. You'll be astonished at how many kinds of stains can be removed by the juice of the lowly lemon. Try it. Any discussion of finger-nails seems to lead inevitably to the question of polish. It seems to me that for parties and very special occasions, soft pink or natural polish looks pretty and is quite permissible. But let's leave the red ones to the lipstick and upswept hair girls, shall we? And once again, scrub your fingers first. Nothing looks worse than polish surrounded by grime.

Almost every girl passes through a stage when her elbows and knees seem too big for her. There's nothing much you can do about that, but you don't have to advertise them, do you? Knees needn't be chapped and stained. A little lotion on the chapped spots and lemon juice on the stains, please. Elbows can get very ugly. The skin on them dries easily, and can become down-right horny looking. A little lotion on them does wonders.

To most of you ten-to-teens, the ideal of feminine beauty is a fairy-tale creature with inch-long lashes and a haughty air. It would probably surprise you very much to know that to the eyes of a tired work-a-day world, eager little girls with shining eyes and shining hair are a far more beautiful sight.

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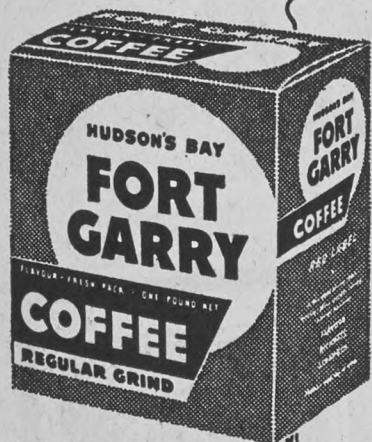
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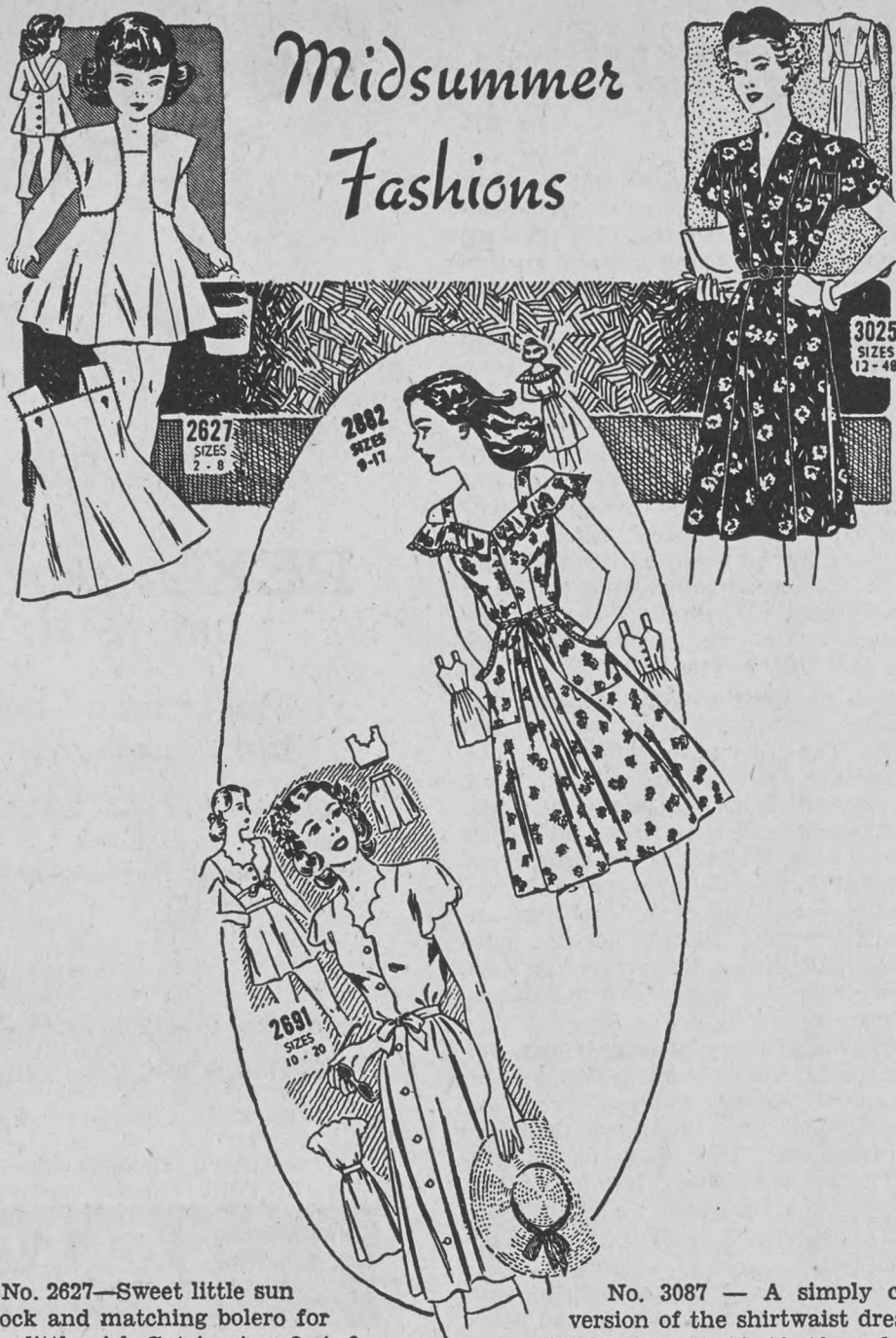
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Midsummer Fashions



No. 2627—Sweet little sun frock and matching bolero for the little girl. Cut in sizes 2, 4, 6, and 8 years. Size 4 requires 1½ yards 35-inch fabric, 4¾ yards ric rac for dress and bolero.

No. 3025—A charming sheer dress for hot weather. Cut in sizes 12, 14, 16, 18 and 20 years, 40, 42, 44, 46 and 48 inches bust. Size 36 requires 3¾ yards 39-inch fabric.

No. 2882—A basque frock with young ideas for the junior miss. Cut in sizes 9, 11, 13, 15, and 17 years. Size 15 requires 3 yards 35-inch fabric or 2¾ yards 39-inch fabric.

No. 2691—A smart vacation ensemble for the young set. Cut in sizes 10, 12, 14, 16, 18 and 20 years. Size 16 requires 2¾ yards 39-inch fabric for the dress; 2½ yards 39-inch fabric for the shorts and top.

No. 3087 — A simply cut version of the shirtwaist dress. Cut in sizes 12, 14, 16, 18, and 20 years, 40, 42, 44, and 46 inches bust. Size 36 requires 3¾ yards 35-inch fabric, and 2¼ yards ruffling.

No. 2665—A pretty blouse for the summer suit or skirt. Cut in sizes 10, 12, 14, 16, 18 and 20 years, 40 inches bust. Size 16 requires 1½ yards 39-inch fabric with the peplum, 1¾ yards 35-inch fabric without peplum.

No. 2610—Treat yourself to this attractive home frock to freshen up the wardrobe. Cut in sizes 12, 14, 16, 18, and 20 years, 40, 42, 44, 46 and 48 inches bust. Size 36 requires 4½ yards 35-inch fabric, and 2½ yards ric rac.

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The Country Boy and Girl



Someday

By AUDREY McKIM

When I am six
I'll ride my horse
All over the countryside,
And he will gallop
And gallop about
Instead of being tied!

What Type of Work Will Suit You?

MAYBE you want to be a detective when you would make a first class photographer. Perhaps you have your sights set on salesmanship when you would really be a whiz at teaching.

Whatever line you choose for your life's work, one thing is certain. You will be most successful at the job you are best suited for, and the one from which you get the most personal satisfaction. Of course, along with ability and interest, must go some special training to give you that expert touch.

Here's the point. How much a job pays isn't everything. It isn't even close to everything. Which would you rather have: a two dollar book you don't like at all, or a ten cent magazine that really entertains you? A \$3,000 a year job which you detest, or a \$2,000 job plus a lot of fun?

Times have changed since grandfather looked for work. Nowadays, boys and girls learn to fit into jobs for which they are really suited.

And that's not so hard as it sounds. Already there will be signposts to guide you on your way. There is no sense in preparing to take an indoor job if you are one of those with a big outdoor urge, or vice versa.

If you find you get chief pleasure from associating with people, or animals, or outdoor things you are what we call an "extrovert." If you are happiest when working alone, preferably indoors, and if you are studiously inclined, you are doubtless an "introvert."

The following test will give you a good idea whether you are the "outside" or "inside" type. Before answering each question consider carefully your actions during the past few weeks, and answer with a plain "yes" or "no."

1. Do you worry over little things?
2. Are you a bit shy when out at a party?
3. Are your feelings easily hurt?
4. Are you afraid of lightning?
5. Are you ever seized with stage fright?
6. Are you easily discouraged when things go wrong?
7. Do you like to let your friends do most of the talking?
8. Do you enjoy studying?
9. Can you express yourself better by writing than by talking?
10. Do you enjoy working alone better than with other people?
11. Do you avoid getting into arguments?
12. Do you prefer reading or going to a movie to rounding up the gang for a play when you need recreation?
13. Do you dislike keeping pets: cats, dogs, rabbits, etc.

HAVE you ever collected bottle tops from soft drinks and then wondered what to do with them? You can make a very fine foot scraper by simply nailing the bottle tops open side up in rows on a board about two feet square. Use shingle nails and bend over the nails on the underside.

What would you like to be when you grow up? Have you been thinking over this important question? Then you probably have wished that there was some way of getting a peek at the various vocations, some way of finding out about the necessary training, the salaries and opportunities that each one offers. There are as many as 20,000 kinds of jobs from which to choose. The important thing is to choose some line of work because you are interested in it. Watch your hobby. If you haven't one, develop one. It may be radio, photography, nature, woodworking or model making. Regardless of what it is, it will show you your natural tendencies and help to develop valuable skill both with your hands and your mind. Many a successful person has been led to his career by his hobby.

We would like to help you by suggesting some of the opportunities, the necessary training, personal qualifications and where to get material on a career you are interested in. In later issues we will publish a series of articles, "What Do You Want To Be?" Perhaps your class at school will be interested in gathering this material and putting it into scrap books for use in your school library.

Ann Sankey

14. Do you run away from snakes and toads?
15. Do you dislike outdoor work?
16. Do you prefer an indoor party to any outdoor picnic?
17. Do you have considerable difficulty making new friends?
18. Do you dislike selling tickets?
19. Do you feel uncomfortable in the presence of adults?
20. Do you find yourself day dreaming occasionally, that is, are you building "castles in the air"?

Now for the check. If you are a real "introvert" you will have from 18 to 20 "yes" answers. This means you will find greatest self-satisfaction in following such lines as that of accountant, writer, commercial artist, librarian, telephone operator, photographer, painter, jeweler or any such occupation requiring fine, careful work that must be carried on chiefly alone.

If you are a decided "extrovert" you will have from 18 to 20 "no" answers. In this case, you will certainly be happiest and most successful as a salesman, foreman, demonstrator, detective, stock broker, commercial traveller, nurse, public service worker, politician, or some occupation requiring plenty of contact with other people.

A score of from 15 to 17 shows you have very strong tendencies in the direction indicated. Any score lower than 15 means you have no strong leaning one way or the other at present. Successful farmers rarely get a lob-sided score one way or the other.

The point to remember is that even though you are really smart and make a bit of money you will not get the most satisfaction out of life unless you choose the type of work which suits you best. On the other hand, even if you are a bit slow-witted (which of course, you aren't) you will easily make a go of things if only you like the work you have to do.—WALTER KING.

Make A Perpetual Calendar

HERE is a novel calendar you can make yourself. It will tell you at a glance on what day of the week future holidays will be celebrated or on what day of the week you or your friends were born. In fact, with this perpetual calendar you can get the proper week day corresponding to any date in the twentieth century.

At first glance, the keyboard shown in the diagram may look a bit complicated but actually you can read it much faster than you could say your A.B.C.'s. All you do is add the year, month, and date key numbers together and then look up the correct day of the week under the column marked KEY.

Let's suppose you were born on May 20, 1930, and you wish to find out what day of the week that was. Ignoring the century figures 19, you take the last two figures of the year (in this case 30) under the column marked YEARS and

note the large key number above which is 2. To this figure you add the month key number which for the fifth month is 4 and the date key number which for the 20th day is 6. Your key numbers now total 2 plus 4 plus 6 which is 12. Look up this grand total under the word KEY and you discover that May 20, 1930 fell on a Tuesday.

Try the chart yourself by looking up the day of the week for Christmas Day, 1950. If you get Monday you are right, and you are ready to proceed to have a lot of fun with your perpetual calendar.

Some past dates you might look up are (1) birthdays of your friends; (2) the days of the week on which the First Great War started and ended; (3) the days of the week on which the Second Great War started and ended.

Some future dates which make interesting checking are: (1) your twenty-first birthday; (2) New Year's Day,

1947; (3) The tenth anniversary of D Day.

There is just one extra point to watch out for. In January or February of a leap year, the required day of the week is the day before the one indicated. You can't miss the leap years. If you counted to 100 by 4's you would be naming all the leap years of the century. On the years column they are all preceded by a blank space.

If you wish to preserve the century calendar for future use you may either cut the chart from this page and mount

YEARS												KEY						
7	1	2	3	4	5	6						FRI.	SAT.	SUN.	MON.	TUE.	WED.	THU.
	1	2	3	4	5													
6	7		8	9	10	11								3	4	5	6	7
	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20	21	22	15	16	17	18	19	20	21
17	18	19		20	21	22												
23		24	25	26	27													
28	29	30	31		32	33												
34	35		36	37	38	39												
	40	41	42	43	44													
45	46	47		48	49	50												
51		52	53	54	55													
56	57	58	59		60	61												
62	63		64	65	66	67												
	68	69	70	71	72													
73	74	75		76	77	78												
79		80	81	82	83													
84	85	86	87		88	89												
90	91		92	93	94	95												
	96	97	98	99														

DATES

1 2 3 4 5 6 7

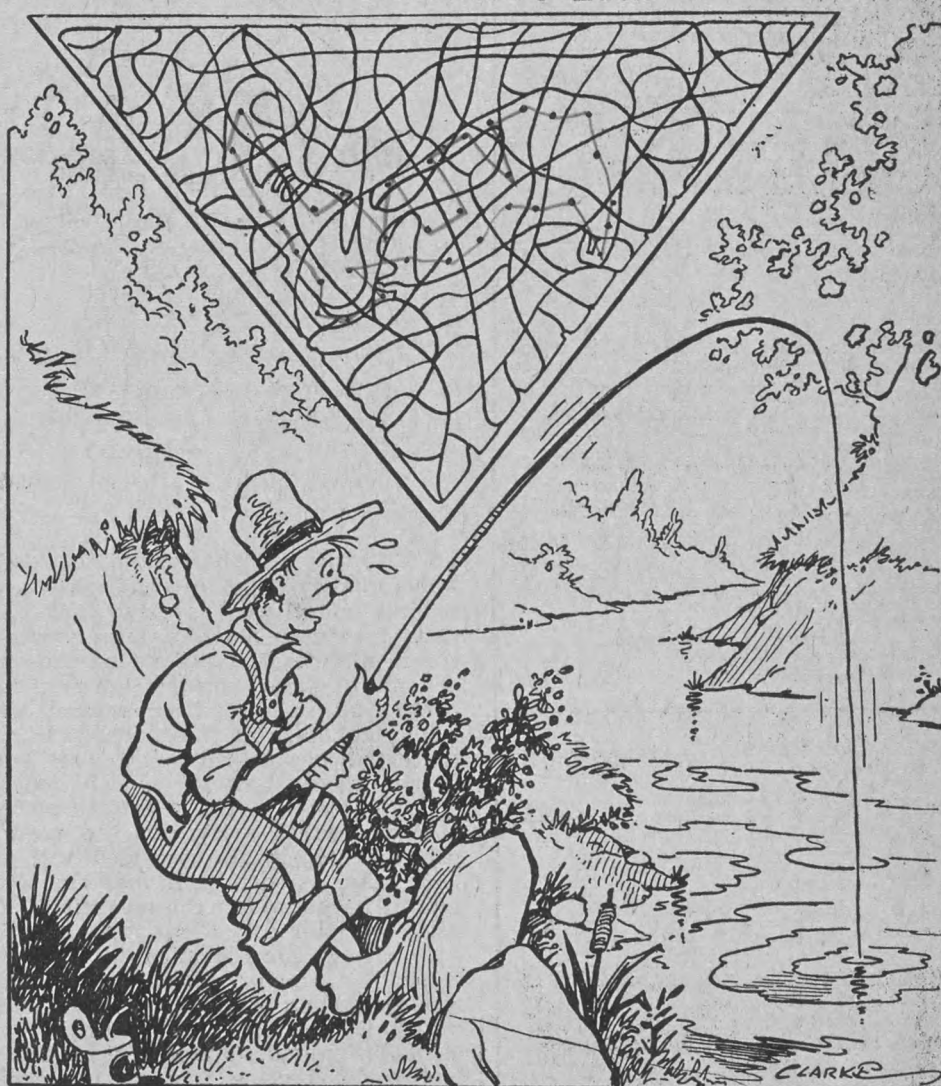
8 9 10 11 12 13 14

15 16 17 18 19 20 21

22 23 24 25 26 27 28

29 30 31

A Fisherman's Luck



Looks like Jim has hooked a big one—or maybe it's a turtle—but to really find out, take a pencil and shade in each section of the triangle that contains a dot. And see—.

Ad. Index

Apart from giving Guide readers a ready reference to items advertised in this issue, the coupon below may be used to order literature, samples, etc., offered our readers, by our advertisers. Advertisers offering literature, samples, etc., are numbered at the left and these numbers should be used in the coupon. Where stamps, labels, etc., are required an "X" appears alongside the number. The ad. itself will tell you what to send.

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THE COUNTRY GUIDE, August, 1946
Winnipeg, Man.

From the items numbered I have selected the following in which I am interested in the literature, etc., offered

Name.....

P.O.....

Prov.....

Numbers.....

Please print plainly.

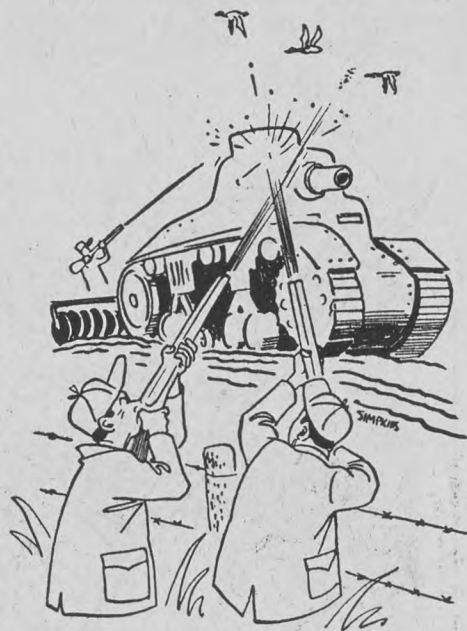


LIKE the Crystal City Courier, this publication is pleased that it does not receive replies to its expiry notices like the one received when a certain Bill Brown was notified that his subscription had expired. The reply came back, "So has Bill."

AUSTRALIAN fishermen have their troubles too. A report from a point 40 miles north of Sydney says that there is a black market in fish worms, with prices as high as 35 cents for three worms. There is no telling the depths of degradation to which black marketers will descend. Donald Gordon would never allow a thing like that to happen in Canada.

HERE'S a suggestion for the War Assets Corporation. Someone signing himself K.D.E., apparently a consistent reader of The Guide, sent in this item. A farm boy has written to the minister of defense: "Please reserve me one of them tanks when you sell them. With one of those we can do our fall plowing without fear of being killed by city hunters shooting at ducks."

Another suggestion. Why not save armor plate for the protection of farm kitchens against stray rifle bullets. Now that deer are appearing all over the prairies again the bullets are flying in every direction during the deer hunting season. At least three cases of rifle bullets crashing through farm kitchens came to The Guide's attention last fall.



IN B.C. they cut the tops of the trees before they fell them. The trees are so tall out there that they have to shorten them to get them down between the mountains. It takes a long time to get one of those monsters lying on its back. And so they have revised the whole technique of the industry, using the experience gained in the war. The timber rigger, instead of laboriously climbing a tree to top it, is fired up by a device which works on the rocket principle. He is also provided with a parachute. As soon as he has the tree topped he jumps. In the meantime, by using a motor driven saw, the ground crew already have shouted "timber." A caterpillar tractor grabs the falling tree with a pair of tongs and has it half way to the nearest sawmill by the time it hits the ground. So proficient have the lumbermen become that by the time the parachuting timber rigger has landed the carpenters are nailing the lumber from the tree into a five-room bungalow at Turtleford, Sask.

HERE'S a nice friendly letter from south of the border. It's from John C. Wentworth, R.R. No. 1, Box 96C, Peewaukee, Wisconsin.

"Just a short letter from a guy south of the border, to let you know that I think you have a fine magazine. I discovered The Country Guide about 15 years ago, when I was a kid out in the state of Iowa. The manager of the Cargill Elevator Company in our town was a Canadian and of course he had his "Guide." I always was going to subscribe to it but never got around to it until this spring, now I see what I've been missing all these years.

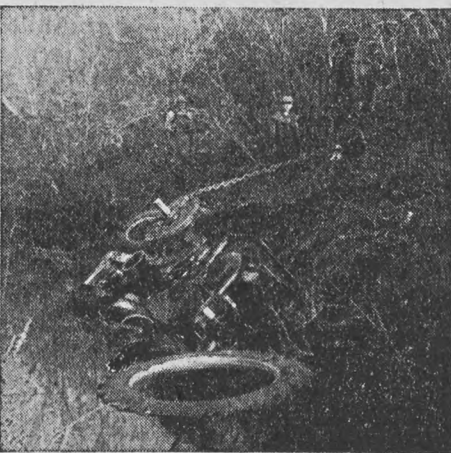
"I have always had a soft spot in my heart for Canada for I could have been born a Canadian very easily. It goes back to the time of the Revolutionary War when some of my ancestors stayed true to the British Crown and fled to Canada where they stayed and probably are spread all over the Dominion by now.

"If this should get into print I would like to hear from Canadians named Wentworth."

A. E. CROWTHER, of Mount Nebo, out Prince Albert way, heard a radio report that Jim Woods of Hazel Ridge, out High River way, had new potatoes on June 21. He writes to ask if they were dug by fast or standard time. That we wouldn't know. They were dug, however, by mountain time, which gives Alberta a distinct advantage. It is still light enough to pick potatoes in the foothills of the Rockies after it is too dark for that amiable occupation in the foothills of Mount Nebo.

He adds that he can't fold his family up and take them to church. He would have to sound a loud "Assembly" on the bugle since his descendants, including 30 grands and four great grands, are scattered. They are also numerous. He can't state the number exactly, since every time he gets them totalled up, they alter it.

THE tractor is coming into its own. Wrecked car pictures swarm all over the front pages but here is the first picture of a wrecked tractor ever sent in to The Country Guide. It was sent in by J. E. Fardoe of Brandon, Man. His son, Bill, was driving it last fall when it rolled down an incline 100 feet, turned over five times and landed in the water with both hind drive wheels broken off. How Bill came out of the accident alive no one knows, least of all Bill. Last spring it was salvaged and put to work again. Here we see it being hauled out of the water and mire.



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Practical Books and Bulletins

"A Country Guide Service"

- 22. Hardy Fruits, by G. F. Chipman—25 cents postpaid.
- 23. Farm Workshop Guide, edited by R. D. Colquhoun—Illustrations and instructions for gadgets, and practical farm plans—50 cents postpaid (or Free with a \$1.00-for-2-year subscription).
- 50. The Countrywoman Handbook, Book No. 1—Kitchen Labor Savers, Home Decorating, Pattern Reading, Getting Rid of Flies, Bugs, and Beetles, etc., etc.—25c postpaid.
- 52. The Countrywoman Handbook, Book No. 3—Nutrition (foods necessary for proper quantities of vitamins, calories, minerals, etc.), Canning Meats and Vegetables, Curing Meats, Drying Vegetables, Storing Vegetables, etc., etc.—25c.
- 53. Farmer's Handbook on Livestock, Book No. 4—Livestock Nutrition, Livestock Pests and Diseases, etc., etc.—25 cents postpaid.
- 54. Farmer's Handbook on Soils and Crops, Book No. 5—Types of soils. Erosion control. Weed control. Forage crops, etc., etc., postpaid 25c.
- 55. Farmer's Handbook on Poultry, Book No. 6—Poultry Housing; Culling Poultry; Breeding and Chick Care; Egg Production; Producing for Meat; Poultry Breeding; Pests and Diseases; Concerning Turkeys; Raising Geese, etc., postpaid 25c.

BEAUTY AND HEALTH BULLETINS, 1c Each

- 1. How to Take a Home Manicure.
- 2. Care of Hands.
- 3. Care of the Feet.
- 4. Treating of Superfluous Hair.
- 5. Daintiness in Dressing.
- 6. How to Care for Your Skin.
- 7. Skin Problems.
- 8. Take a Facial at Home.
- 9. Care of the Hair.
- 10. Hair Problems.
- 11. How to Use Powder, Rouge, and Lipstick.
- 12. Mouth Hygiene.
- 13. Getting Ready for a Permanent.
- 14. Use and Care of Hair Brushes.
- 15. How to Choose Toilet Soap.

Note:—All Beauty and Health Bulletins OR any one Handbook may be obtained free with a \$1.00 subscription to The Country Guide.

THE COUNTRY GUIDE BOOK DEPT.
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